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THE CAPTAIN

A MAGAZINE FOR BOYS & "OLD BOYS".

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No. 5.—Vol. I. AUGUST, 1899.

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"THE KING'S RED COAT."
By D. H. PARRY. *(Contd.)*

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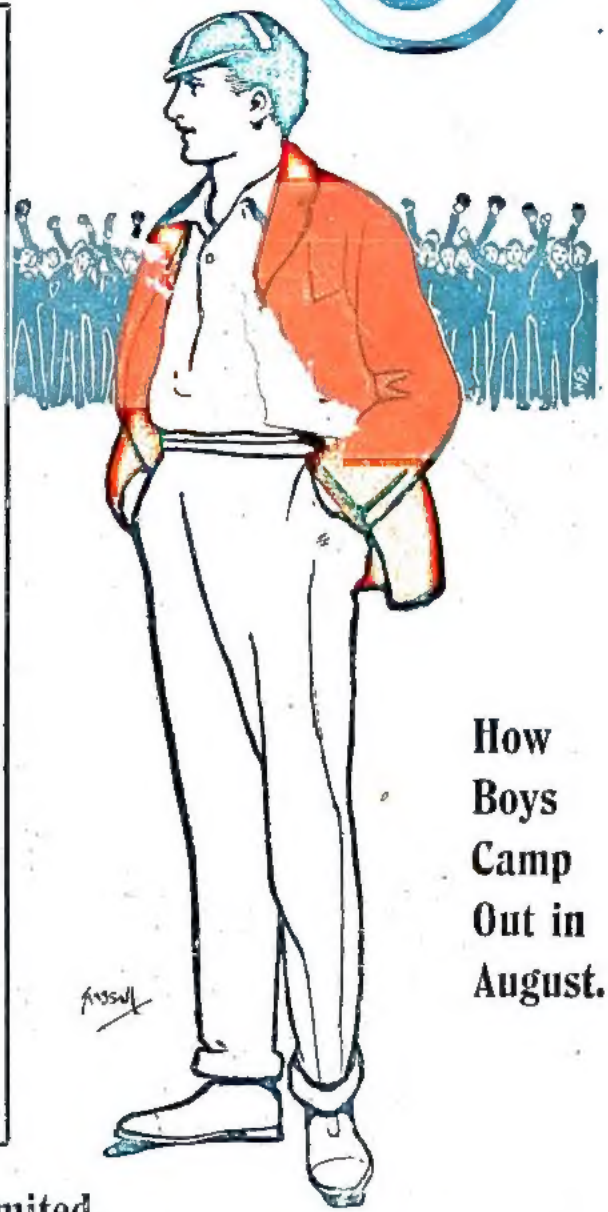

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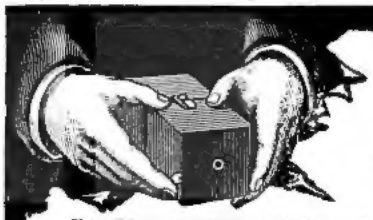

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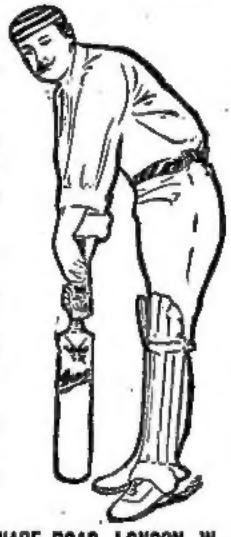

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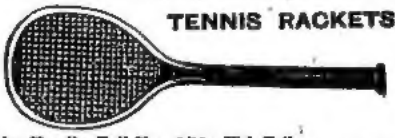

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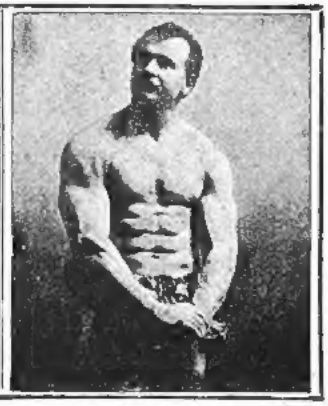

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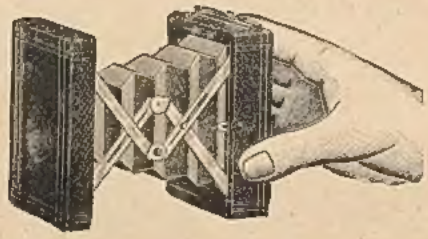

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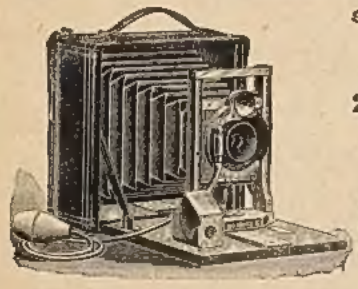

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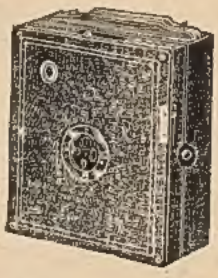

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TERMS.—With Photographic Outfit as per above list:
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Specially photographed for THE CAPTAIN *by* *Geo Newnes, Ltd.*

LORD HAWKE.

Cricket in the Colonies

A Chat with Lord Hawke

By J. Richards.

Lord Hawke will probably live in cricket history as "the travelling cricketer." Up to the present he has covered well over one hundred thousand miles in his zeal for the game; and as he is still comparatively young, he may add considerably to this record before "time" brings his innings to a close.

A request for an interview on behalf of the readers of The Captain was answered in the affirmative by the Yorkshire leader, whose most anxious task this season has been assisting in choosing the teams to represent England against Australia in the test matches.

His lordship has held a foremost place in cricket for so many years that a brief sketch of his career will prove interesting.

With, perhaps, the single exception of Dr. W. G. Grace, no one occupies a more prominent position in the cricket life of to-day than Lord Hawke.

Besides leading the Yorkshire eleven, he is the chairman of the committee that selects the England teams against Australia, and one of the leading legislators on the game in the councils of the M.C.C.

COCK-FIGHTING ON BOARD SHIP.

The Hawkes have ever been a race of sportsmen, and thus it is not surprising to find the present head of the family devoted to all forms of outdoor amusement.

He rides keenly to hounds, and shoots well; but it is in connection with the great summer pastime that he is chiefly known. In fact, wherever cricket is played, his name is familiar, and his face has been seen on grounds in all parts of the British Empire.

Such an experience

A QUIET REST ON THE ESSIQUIBO RIVER.

as his has fallen to few men, for he has played the game in every month of the year. After being busy in England from April to September, India and the West Indies have been the scenes of his operations in January, February and March. Canada was visited in October, and both Australia and South Africa have provided his lordship with his favourite recreation in November and December.

He must be nearly the champion cricket traveller, for his tours have embraced: Australia in 1887; India in 1889; America in 1891; India in January, 1892, and again in October of the same year; America in 1894; South Africa, 1895; West Indies, 1897; and South Africa, 1898.

He began his cricket career at Eton in 1874, after passing through Hawtrey's preparatory school at Slough. He played at Lord's in the Eton and Harrow match in 1878 and 1879, and was also captain of the football team in 1878.

LORD HAWKE'S PHOTOGRAPH OF A NATIVE, TAKEN AT THE MATOPPA HILLS.

Even in those days the Hon. Martin Bladen Hawke, as he was then called, had given evidence of athletic prowess, for in one afternoon, in 1878, he won the quarter, mile, and hurdles, and finished second in the 100yds., steeplechase, and walking race.

He went up to Cambridge in October, 1881, gained his cricket blue in 1882, and after playing for his university in 1883 and 1884, captained the side in 1885, when the Light Blues defeated Oxford by seven wickets.

Before going to the university he had been chosen to play for Yorkshire in 1881, under Tom Emmett, and was elected captain of the county eleven in 1883.

He still retains this position. He has now had an uninterrupted reign of twenty-six years, and his leadership has proved both efficient and successful, as the

THE GREAT MATCH BETWEEN THE KANGAROOS AND BRITISH BOW-WOWS

We hope many of our readers had the privilege of witnessing

The Long Legs won the toss and at once went in.

Their batting though full of energy seemed a trifle eccentric

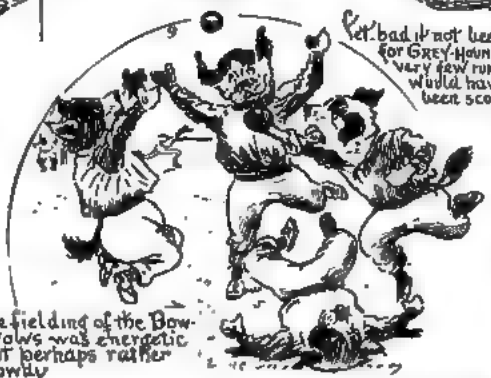
While their bowling was really immense

On the other side Bull-Dog-Captain proved himself a regular slogger

"Howzat, Umpire?"

George Lambert

The Pug had considerable difficulty in regaining his breath after a 6



Yet bad it not been for GREY-HOUND very few runs would have been scored

The fielding of the Bow-wows was energetic but perhaps rather rowdy

IRISH TERRIER proved himself a sharp-shooter point

We regret to say the UMPIRE declines to serve again.

position of Yorkshire among the first-class counties proves. Lord Hawke's principal winter hobby seems to be that of conducting teams of English cricketers to various parts of the empire.

He began these travels in 1887 by going to Australia as captain of Mr. G. F. Vernon's team. Shaw and Shrewsbury took a team out by the same boat, so that twenty-six first-class English cricketers visited the Antipodes together. They combined forces when meeting a united Australian side. After playing in six matches, the Yorkshire captain received news of his father's death, and returned home. From that year his trips have followed each other at regular intervals, and scarcely any cricketer living has had a more varied experience of the game than Lord Hawke, who looks good for many more seasons yet.

LORD HAWKE'S PARTY CROSSING A RIVER.

And now for the interview!

After we had got quietly seated, Lord Hawke discoursed pleasantly on his various tours.

"Perhaps the most peculiar conditions under which I have ever played cricket were in South Africa. There you have scarcely anything but matting to play upon, and it is laid over ground that is as hard as adamant. I paid my first visit to the Cape in December, 1895, and we reached Johannesburg two days after the raid in January, 1896. There was a great deal of excitement, but the raid did not affect our cricket match, for over £700 was taken at the gate in the three days. We saw the Boers march through the town after they had taken Dr. Jameson and his men prisoners. While out there I took the opportunity to visit the Matoppa Hills. They furnish one of the most wonderful sights in the world, and anyone who has seen these hills, with their vast caves, cannot be surprised at the difficulty experienced in driving the natives out of them during the recent rebellion.

"The West Indies have lovely tropical scenery. The native players are pretty good. When we were in Trinidad a judge offered one of the black bowlers a sovereign if he could bowl me before I had scored. The bowler won the money. But the most charming tour in the world is through India, where I travelled from the south right up to the Khyber Pass.

"You can get good cricket there, and fine shooting, and I cannot say which I enjoyed more, the shooting or the cricket.

THE MATCH AT ST. KITTS, WEST INDIES.

GENTLEMEN OF ENGLAND v. PHILADELPHIA.

"In the course of my tours I have been the recipient of many letters—especially from Yorkshiremen living in the Colonies. Some of these were evidently dashed off excitedly."

Lord Hawke afterwards showed me some of these epistles stuck in an album.

Here's one :—

HONOURABLE LORD HAWKE.

DEAR SIR,—I think you are bound to win the match. By jingo! Three cheers for the Union Jack of Old England!

YORKSHIREMAN.

Here's another :—

DEAR SIR, — Three cheers! Bravo! Repeat the same!—Yours respectfully,

YORKSHIREMAN.

Here's a scathing reproof :—

LORD HAWKE,—It's the wishes of many of your countrymen that yourself and team will be in better form to-morrow, and try and remove the disgrace you have brought upon your nation. I think it nothing but right that you should know that you emptied the pockets of your fellow working countrymen. I heard it positively asserted that you were banqueted on Sunday to unfit you for Monday. Yours, etc.,

YORKSHIREMAN.

It just shows how keenly Englishmen feel about cricket all the world over.

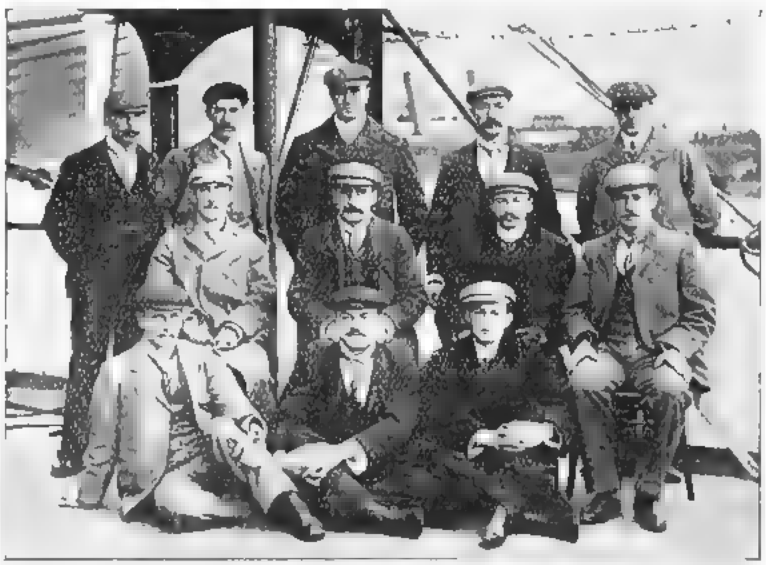
Another gentleman, whose feelings and pockets seem to have been equally hurt, wrote as follows :—

PRICE STREET, PHILADELPHIA.
9/10/91.

TO HIS LORDSHIP HAWKE.—Pardon me trespassing on your Lordship's time, but I am an old English cricketer, and I want to decide a bet of one dollar. About how many Gentlemen Teams do you think could be raised in England to beat your team now playing?

What's the matter with your fellows, anyhow? I lost a dollar on this game. I thought it would be a walk over for you. Asking your lordship's pardon,

Set against these cavilling folk, however, are the letters of many enthusiastic admirers—Britishers to the core—who extended to the English team the heartiest of welcomes. "You are sustaining cricket," says one correspondent, "which is what we are praying for. More credit is due to your team than any that has ever left the shores of Old England."



Photograph by *Elliott & Fry*

ABOARD THE S.S. "NORMAN"—THE LAST SOUTH AFRICAN TEAM.

"In 1892 I went on a shooting expedition in Nepal. The neighbouring rajahs treated me and my companions in the most hospitable manner. They lent us forty-two elephants and twenty camels to carry our luggage. We camped out all the time, and, what between shooting and fishing, had a pleasant holiday. I managed to bag thirteen tigers that trip.

"For downright fun my American trips would be bad to beat. The people were the personification of hospitality. The newspapers did not try to report the play, but devoted their columns to us personally.

"Sammy Woods took their fancy, and in one of the games he was described as follows: 'After demon Woods arrived the Staten Islanders were mowed down like wheat before a sickle. He is a big, brawny fellow; but nobody knows where he gets his speed from, unless it may come from the bottom of his pockets. During the overs he thrusts his hands deep into his flannels, and only withdraws them to field a ball. In bowling he takes a few fancy steps like a skirt dancer, and kicks out like a Georgia mule, before letting the ball go.'

"Woods thinks this description the unkindest thing that has ever been done to him except Brown's artistic tapping for Wainwright's benefit.

BROWN REMINDING S. M. J. WOODS THAT WAINWRIGHT HAS A BENEFIT.

"The thing that has struck me as being most peculiar in warm countries is the fact that, as a rule, the women do all the work while the men take matters very easily indeed.

"While in New York I caught a chill, and was unable to play for the next day or two. The reporters at once stated that I was laid up through eating too much lobster salad, and someone sent me the following:—

"THE LAY OF THE LOBSTER AND THE LORD.

"There was once a lobster in New York
They made him into salad.
His lordship eat, alas! too much,
It made him very *malade*.

"Some of the pictures their black and white artists drew of us were fearfully and wonderfully done. In our second tour a Philadelphia artist let himself go, and furnished us with a great deal of amusement.

"Anyone who knows De Trafford will appreciate the humour of the incident depicted; and from the way in which Bathurst bowled batsman after batsman it really seemed as if they were all mesmerised. The Philadelphia ground is an excellent one, and we spent an enjoyable time among the cricketers there.

"It was surprising what a number of people were too ill to go to business while we were in any of the towns. Though they could not work they were generally strong enough to visit the cricket ground, and the 'fresh air' cure was quite popular with these invalids during the tour.

"Of course we could not leave America without visiting Niagara, and the sight of the falls is one never to be forgotten.

"I have a cricket ball that was presented to me at Ottawa, Canada. In that match I was persuaded to go on bowling, and managed to hit the wicket. This so surprised C. W. Wright that he had the ball suitably mounted and gave it to me. Since then he always declares that the age of miracles cannot be past, as we were playing against a strong and thoroughly keen team."

"And what about the cricketers you have met?"

"Well, it is difficult to express an opinion about them. I always place W. G. Grace on a pinnacle by himself. He is the greatest player we have ever seen, and though good men have come up since he first made a name, I don't think we shall ever see his equal. I remember once playing in a team with him against an Australian eleven. Dr. Grace was batting when I went in, and he cautioned me to leave Garrett's off ball alone. He was out himself the very next over to the ball he had told me to leave alone.

"In those days Spofforth was a great bowler,

and, in fact, no one could touch him, though Palmer and Garrett were both good.

"A. G. Steel and Alfred Lyttelton are among the most wonderful cricketers I have met. They always seemed to be in form, though they had little practice; and A. C. McLaren is another player of the same kind.

"Then, in bowling, if we have not a Shaw or Morley now, we have J. T. Hearne, Lockwood, Rhodes, Haigh, and C. J. Kortright, and there is no better bowler in England on a sticky wicket than Wainwright.

"We had a nice tour through South Africa last winter, when my team proved strong enough for all comers. One day a picnic was arranged for our benefit, but, owing to some misunderstanding, only two of us arrived at the top of the hill where the luncheon was spread. I need scarcely say that my companion and I enjoyed ourselves, and raised the envy of the others afterwards by telling them of the good things they had missed. We came back to England in the steam-ship *Norman*."

"What is your advice to young players?"

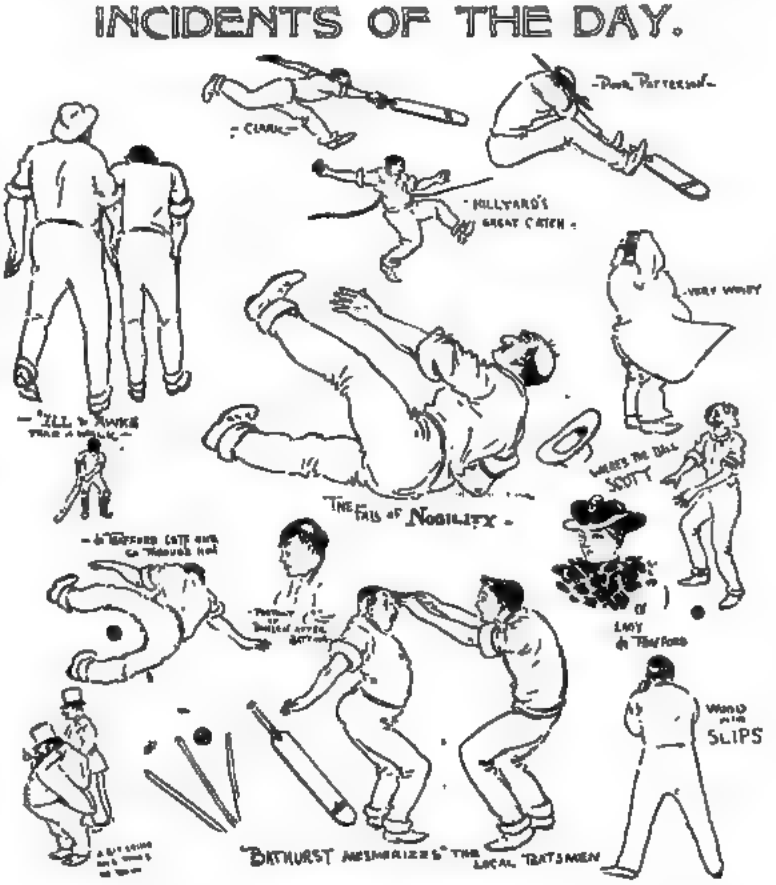
"There is one thing that should be impressed upon young players; that is, if they want to play in first-class cricket, they must really live for the game. The strain of these matches is so great that, unless a man keeps himself in condition, he will soon break down.

"There is, in my opinion, too much smoking among young players. This excessive indulgence in tobacco does them harm. Personally, I never smoke until after five o'clock in the afternoon when playing, and I feel sure that if several of our players were to reduce their supply of tobacco their cricket would benefit by the change.

"My advice to those who wish to play well is to practise fielding as much as batting and bowling; and when playing to obey their captain cheerfully. No one should think of himself only; he should remember that he is playing for his side, and do his best by cheerfully obeying his captain and working hard with him to win the match. Victories are generally gained by the united efforts of the whole team, and seldom by any one particular man.

"A captain should always try to give confidence to his team, and get them to 'buck up' whenever things are going against them. I have found it a good plan when a man has not been getting runs to put him in earlier instead of later. If you pursue the latter course you frequently make him lose heart, while the other stimulates him and causes him to try all the harder.

"A good captain never favours one man at the expense of the others, and though, I dare say, some players often think they know better than he what should be done, this does not absolve them from their allegiance to him,



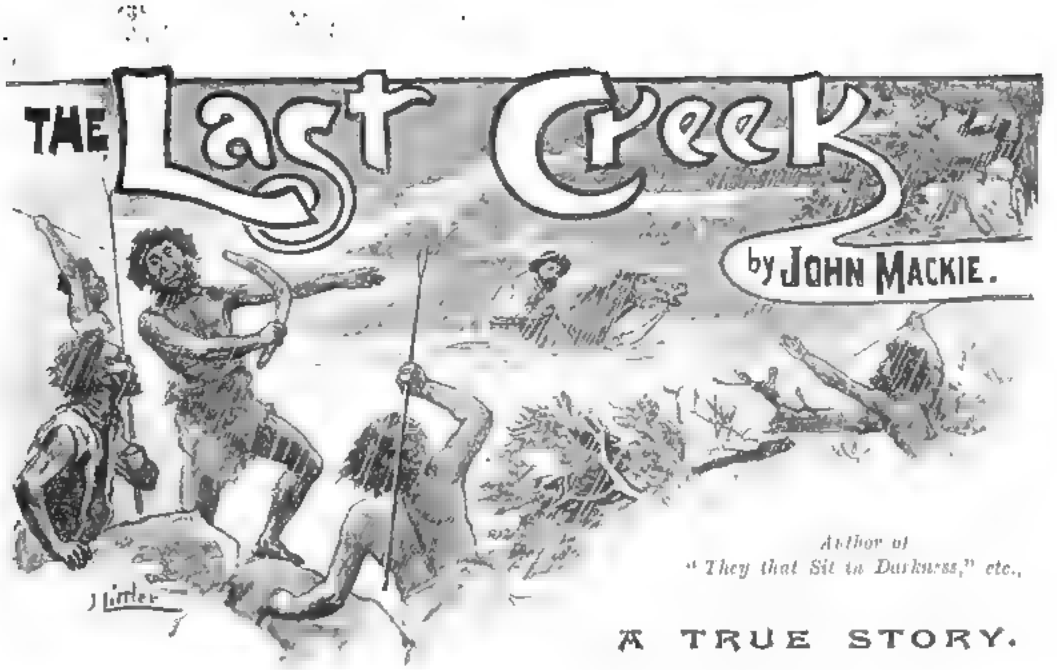
AN AMERICAN ARTIST'S SKETCH OF THE ENGLISH PLAYERS.—PHILADELPHIA V. LORD HAWKE'S SECOND TEAM.

and it is not fair for them to go round the ground cavilling at his judgment. He frequently needs sympathy more than captious criticism, but seldom gets it.

"The great improvement in Australian cricket has surprised me, though I am glad to see it. They have a longer season than we have, and their grounds are faster, and unless we take care the pupils will soon beat their old masters.

"These tours have done a vast amount of good in the past, but the days of their usefulness are now almost over, and speculative trips, such as we have seen from England to Australia, will soon cease. Whatever teams go out, should go under the auspices of the M.C.C., and not as the private venture of some prominent player."

LORD HAWKE'S TEAM AT NIAGARA FALLS.



Author of
"They that Sit in Darkness," etc.,

A TRUE STORY.

Illustrated by J. Littler.

SCHOONERS must have grub and I had accompanied ours round to Normanton for supplies, leaving only one white man, a Malay, a Cingalese, and two semi-civilised black boys to look after the station and store I had established on the lonely Calvert River in the south-western corner of the Gulf of Carpentaria.

A bushman had just arrived who had passed my place on the Calvert a few days before, and told of a sorry state of affairs. My men had run out of rations, and, what was worse, powder and shot. They were now subsisting on a little rice, what few fish they could catch in the swollen river, 'possums, iguanas, and snakes. This was certainly pretty near bed-rock; but people in the Gulf country in those days did not trouble much about their bill of fare; it was the blacks, flies, and fever that concerned them most, and the blacks at my place just then were particularly bad. They had come down in a body some days previously, killed two or three of my remaining horses, and tried their level best to get at my men. Fortunately, after a ruinous consumption of powder and shot, they had been driven off.

There was only one thing for it—I must get to my own place at any cost, and that at once. To have it left to the mercy of the blacks was to have it looted and burned to the ground, and all my schemes knocked on the head.

More important still, there were my men. I knew that if they attempted to go eastward they would find themselves hemmed in by the great creeks, and must be drowned or perish for want of food. I did not take two minutes to make up my mind. I was young, of a girth that is denied most men, and the love of adventure ran hot in my blood. It was now late in the evening, but I would start before sunrise in the morning, and some time on the following day, if I had luck, would reach my place. I had swum dozens of swollen rivers before, with a horse and without a horse; and as for the blacks, I had got used to them like the flies, and I had my "Colt's."

Next morning, while it was yet grey-dark, I strapped a small knapsack on my back, containing a quart bottle full of powder, some small shot, and other essentials, and prepared to start out. I told my partner to push round to the Calvert River as soon as the gale abated, and was rowed to the eastern bank of the river in the dinghy. The landing was bad, and here I had my first accident; for while the man who rowed the boat was throwing after me

THE PACKET OF BREAD AND MEAT FELL INTO THE RIVER.

the packet of bread and meat that was to sustain me on my sixty-odd mile walk, it fell short and into the river. Back to the boat for more I would not go; there was a considerable vein of old highland superstition deep down in my composition somewhere. I had gone on more than one occasion without food for two or three days; I could surely do it now for some thirty-six hours or so, even although I had not troubled about breakfast before starting.

Sixty-odd miles of partially-flooded country infested by niggers! It hardly gave me a thought in those days. My revolver was in my belt; the cartridges were waterproof; the load on my back was light; and, had it not been for the thought of those poor chaps on the banks of the Calvert, my heart had been still lighter.

I had traversed that uncertain track before on horseback, and, being a fairly good bushman, there was not much danger of me losing it. I wended my way through a gloomy pine-scrub; but as the rain had packed the sandy soil the walking was fairly good, and I did my first few miles as easily as if I had been walking on a macadamised road. Then I came to an open patch of lightly timbered country, and sat down on the crooked stem of a ti-tree for a few minutes to fill and light my pipe.

A sickly, wan light had by this time appeared in the eastern sky; a laughing jackass crashed into the tender spirit of the dawn, and startled me for the moment by shrieking hysterically from a high gum tree; a pale lemon glow showed over the tree-tops to the east, spread upwards and outwards, and then gave place to a tawny yellow; the few, faint stars went out one by one, like lights in a great city at break of day; a little bird among the boughs called sleepily to its mate, and in another minute a noisy flock of parrakeets flew screeching past. It was a wet, lonely, melancholy world, and when the sun showed behind the trees like a great white quivering ball of fire, and a thin, gauze-like mist arose from the damp, sandy soil, I knew that the fierce tropical day had once more set in.

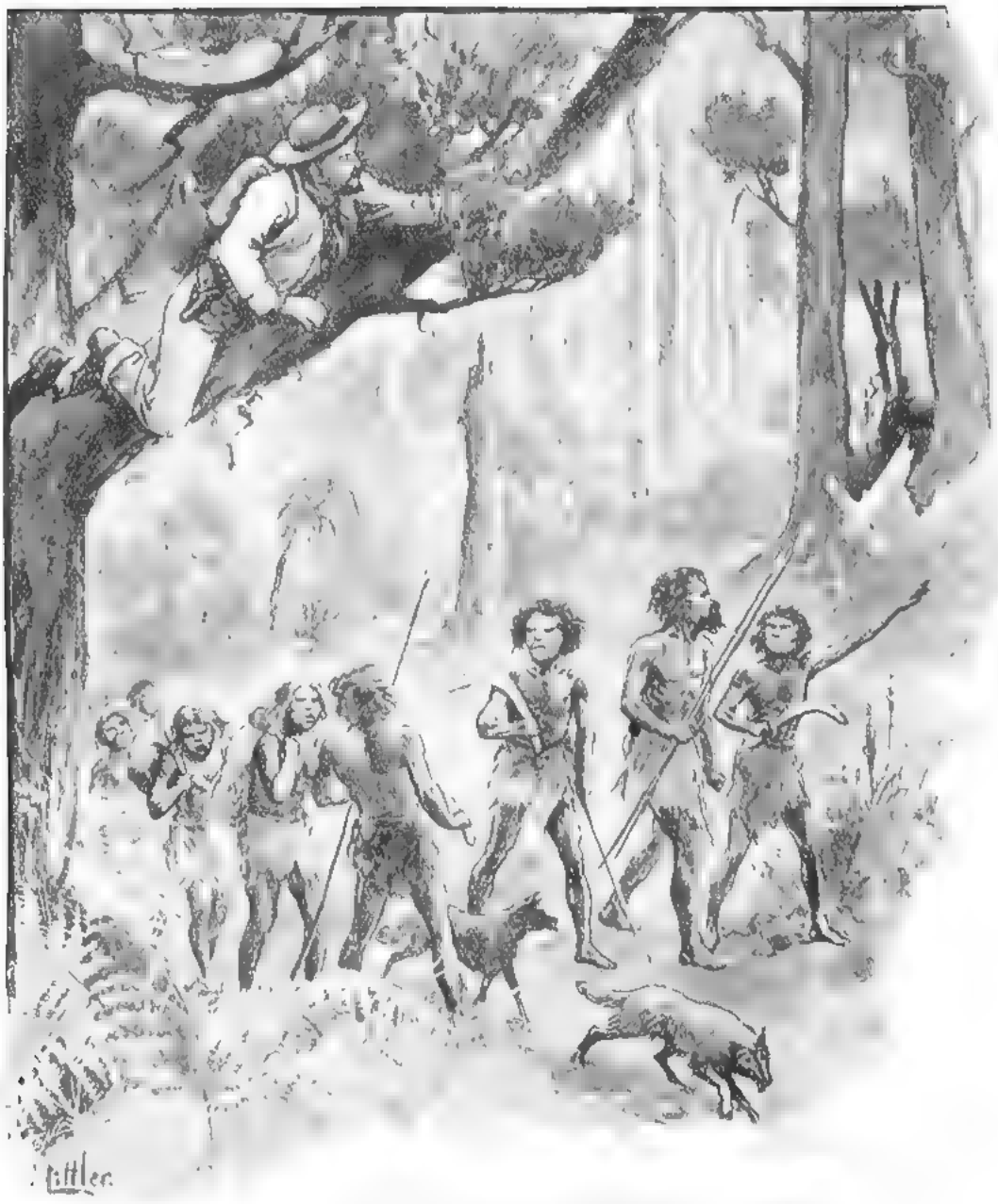
I stepped gaily out again. Dangers! Why, the walking was almost as good and pleasant as it was in any settled part of the country. Then all at once my feet went *splash! splash!* into what seemed to be a large pool of water; still, on I went. In a few yards the water was over my ankles; some fifteen or twenty yards more and I realised that it was up to my knees; fresh, warm, pellucid rain-water with dead leaves and forest débris floating through it. It was heavy wading, and I paused for a moment to gain breath and look around. There was water everywhere; it spread out like a great carpet over the fairly level ground, and only the fine points of the very highest grasses could be seen. Soon the water was up to my armpits, and then I began to swim. Even had I not been a strong swimmer, I could hardly have been drowned, for all I had to do was to climb into a tree and rest in the branches. In a few minutes more I came to a comparatively open space, and was swimming among the shaggy, drooping heads of Pandanus palms. Then all at once I found I was being carried away by a powerful current. I must get across that creek wherever it was, or else my strength must necessarily give out. Luckily my light, linen trousers and cotton shirt did not impede me much; my water-tight knapsack was but a trifling inconvenience; it was my

boots that were tiring me. I did not want boots anyhow in that sandy soil. I swam hand over hand to what must have been a giant gum tree that reared its head above the water, and, grasping a strong limb, drew myself up. I left my boots, tied together by the laces, dangling over a bough, and was descending the limb, when, to my consternation, I saw beneath me one of the largest tiger-snakes I ever had the good or ill fortune to meet in my life. It had doubtless been coiled round one of the upper branches when I first came to the tree, and being as much afraid of me as I now was of it, had again made for the trunk, only to find its retreat cut off. There was no time to cut a stick and have a sportive five minutes; besides, I had but scanty footing and room to fight nimble tiger-snakes, and so there was only one thing for it. The reptile, when I threw a small piece of dry wood at it, positively refused to budge. I took one last disgusted look at its gleaming, mottled, sinuous coils, and flat, repulsive head, from which its black, wicked, basilisk eyes looked dully out, and flopped into the water from my perch, a distance of some ten or twelve feet. At one place the current resembled a mill-race; this was doubtless the creek proper. In ten minutes more I touched bottom with my feet, and soon, to my great joy, I was stepping along on the firm sand again. I soon found the track; but on it I also found what I least desired to see—the tracks of savages going in the same direction as myself. I kept a sharp look-out after that.

The sun shone out all through that long, arduous day with a fierce, intense heat, but there was no time for rest. I swam several creeks, which carried me hundreds of yards down stream at a pace which meant certain death if I ran against the business end of a snag; and I waded and swam for many hundreds of yards at a stretch along the track in places where it was flooded. By drinking copiously of the lukewarm water I kept off the cravings of a healthy hunger. My pipe had slipped from my pouch, and, anyhow, my tobacco and matches, which I carried inside my hat, had got wet when I dropped from the tree, and this, to me, was the greatest drawback of the situation. The sun rounded slowly towards the west, and it was fast becoming dark, when suddenly I heard the jabbering of blacks at some little distance. To climb into a thick pine tree and conceal myself in its branches was the work of a few minutes. I had hardly done so before a straggling mob of blacks passed slowly underneath; the bucks, or warriors, went first with spears and boomerangs in their hands, and the gins followed carrying the picaninnies and household goods slung in numerous dilly-bags over their backs. A few wretched half-tame dingoes brought up the rear, snarling and fighting with one another. It seemed strange to me that these savages should be journeying along the track, for at other times they seem rather anxious to avoid it. Perhaps they did it for the sake of the novelty of the situation, naturally supposing that their enemies, the whites, would not be travelling during the wet season. There might have been fifty or sixty of them altogether in the band. To my intense annoyance they went on about a couple of hundred yards, and halted on what was evidently a drier piece of ground than usual to camp for the night. There was no help for it; I would have to pass the night in that tree. It would be folly to wander about in the dark. Besides, I was dead tired and could hardly keep my eyes open. I unslung my knapsack, wedged myself into a sitting position among the close, dense boughs, and, in spite of the proximity of danger and a few stray mosquitoes, was asleep in two minutes. Had I descended the tree and camped on the ground sleep must have been almost impossible on account of the insects. The blacks lit numerous tiny fires, or smudges, to drive them off.

I awoke about an hour before dawn, stiff and chilled to the bone on account of my cramped, airy position; strapped my knapsack on my back, and descended the tree. There was a silence as of death in the blacks' camp. Taking my bearings I made a wide détour, and passed round them safely. After that I avoided the track as much as possible. I must have walked nearly thirty-five miles on the previous long day, but it must be borne in mind that it was one of continuous, determined toil.

I walked on steadily all that day, hardly pausing to rest; swimming flooded creeks, and wading in places up to my arm-pits, but my progress was better than on the preceding day. I felt the pangs of hunger more keenly, but I continued drinking large quantities of water, and this, as I had often found before, to a certain degree, stood me in good stead. At noon I came to a wild, broad water-course, called Scrubby Creek, and knew I was now within fifteen miles of my destination. I had been speculating all day as to the state of affairs at my camp—wondering if my men had deserted it, and if I would find it in the possession of the savages. If so, I would have to be wary in making my approach; I would have to follow the river down towards the sea and wait and starve until the boat came round. The prospect



A STRAGGLING MOB OF BLACKS PASSED SLOWLY UNDERNEATH.

was not cheerful, but still I never for one moment allowed it to affect the course I was pursuing. If I failed, then I had done my level best to do what I could, and at least no soul-harrowing reflections would be mine.

I was just about to step into the swirling, hurrying current of Scrubby Creek, when, happening to glance around, I saw something that made my heart throb wildly, and arrested my further progress in an instant. A large number of savages were following me up, and there was not one of them but carried a spear or weapon of some sort in his hand. I wheeled about in an instant and drew my revolver, resolved to give them something more than they bargained for.

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The blacks stopped short when they found they were discovered, and spread out in the form of a semicircle; then they closed in until, with their wimmeras, they could make sure of throwing their spears with precision and effect. I waited until I also could make sure of my man; and then, as one of them drew back his arm to lever his spear home, I raised my revolver and fired. He dropped all of a heap, and I emptied the remaining chambers of my revolver at them with effect. I even made to follow them up, reloading as I walked, and they actually broke and ran before me. This was exactly what I wanted, and I seized my opportunity. I turned and dived into the brown tawny-crested creek, and by vigorous side-strokes made for a narrow island-like strip of wooded land that stood right in the middle of

IN ANOTHER MOMENT THAT SAVAGE AND I WERE WRESTLING TOGETHER IN DEADLY GRIPS.

like a bullock that has been knocked on the head with an axe. A spear whizzed past me and buried itself in the thick bark of a ti-tree close to my head. My blood was up, but I took deliberate aim, and the savage who had thrown it also bit the dust; at eighty yards my Colt's was almost as deadly as a rifle. Somewhat taken by surprise, the blacks retired, the stream. I had all but passed it when I caught hold of an overhanging bough, and drew myself into a thick clump of reeds and undergrowth. I stood up to the arm-pits in water. There was now some seventy yards between me and the bank I had just left—about half the distance I had yet to accomplish. As I expected, the blacks, who had rallied, now appeared

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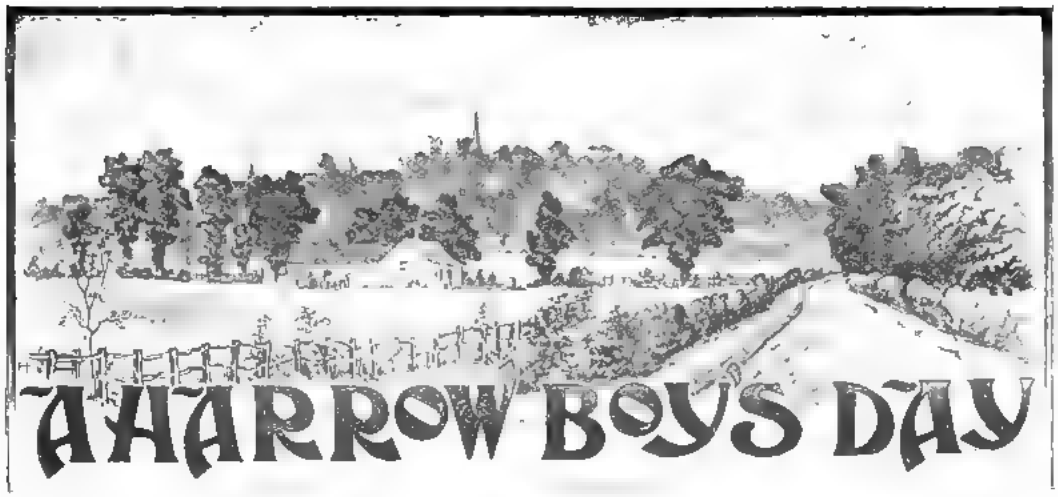
on the scene. Quick as thought I placed my soft felt hat brim-downwards on the water, and away it went sailing down that boiling torrent. The blacks saw it, and thought they had me now safely enough; they directed spear after spear at it, but I noticed that none of them took effect; they ran along the bank in a great state of excitement, shouting and skipping, and in a few minutes more were out of sight. If my hat would only continue to float, it might lead them quite a nice little goose chase.

I waited some little time, and was just about to strike out for the opposite shore, when, to my no little surprise and chagrin, two of the savages returned. They went for some little distance up-stream, and then made straight for my little island. Evidently they had thought there was something suspicious about my hat. Only my mouth, eyes, and nose, and my revolver hand were above water now, and I waited for them to come on.

And what a wait that was! Every moment seemed an eternity; I could hardly control the intense longing that possessed me to be up and at them. But I knew I must bide my time and make sure of both, otherwise they could easily elude me in the water, attract the attention of the other blacks, and then it would be all up with me. I knew the chances of my coming out of that creek alive were very slight indeed; but life seemed sweet just then, and I took heart of courage. Every now and again a little wave would unexpectedly dash over my face, and I would be nearly suffocated. Were these savages never going to reach me? The suspense was too terrible.

They reached my island, and came down the narrow strip prodding the undergrowth with their spears. In another second they were within a few yards of where I was ambushed, and at the same instant both of them saw me and up went their spears. Fortunately, the one was almost behind the other, and this interfered with their concerted action. I fired point-blank into the grinning face of the foremost savage, and he dropped where he stood. I saw the little round hole my bullet had made right in the centre of his forehead. The flint spear-head of the second black ripped open my shirt and made an ugly gash in the fleshy part of my arm. He was within six feet of me, and I levelled my revolver at him and pulled the trigger. To my dismay, the weapon snapped uselessly, and I realised that my last cartridge had been fired. In another moment that savage and I were wrestling together in deadly grips. Once he had me under water, and I experienced all the first horrors of drowning, and the waters thundered in my ears. It was surely all up with me now! But, by one supreme effort, I pulled that savage down, and then it was my turn. When I had done with him I knew he would give me no more trouble. Then I tore off part of my shirt into a long strip, and bound it tightly round my injured arm in a rough and ready but effectual fashion, and then, with only one arm which was of any real use, essayed to cross the remaining strip of hurrying flood. In a few minutes more I was on the other side, more dead than alive. Thank God! It was the last creek I had to cross.

THE END.



A HARROW BOY'S DAY

By Herbert Vivian.

With Photographs specially taken for this article by Alfred Johnson.

I ALWAYS maintain that people who refer to their school-days as the happiest period of their lives are either very foolish or very inaccurate. The happiest period is undoubtedly to be found at the university, with your first taste of freedom, and no burthen as yet of responsibility. But on the whole I can look back upon my four and a half years at Harrow with a certain amount of satisfaction, and I cherish some sentimental regard for the old place. I have met old Harrovians in all sorts of unlikely corners, from the centre of Russia to the south of Spain, and have felt instinctively that a bond of sympathy united us. I was certainly not unhappy at Harrow, but I have many other retrospects which are considerably rosier.

How far school-boys ought to be made comfortable is open to debate. I myself believe that the old rough-and-tumble days turned out sturdier stuff, but on the other hand, some of the modern hardships are open to criticism. Take the question of food, for instance. Growing boys ought to have plenty of good, wholesome fare, even though of the plainest. Now a Harrow housemaster provides the following rations:—(1) At 7.15, before first school, cups of tea and hunks of dry bread and butter; (2) at 9, breakfast, consisting of tea, bread and butter; (3) at 1, dinner, consisting of one small helping of meat, vegetables, and pudding; (4) at 6, tea, similar to breakfast; (5) at 9 p.m., bread, cheese, and swipes. Few avail themselves of the first and last, and a traditional zeal for games induces the boys to waste as little time as possible over dinner. As for the house breakfast and tea, they are only supposed to form a basis for meals, which are often very good ones, in the case of boys who possess generous relations. These receive several

THE REV. JOSEPH WOOD, D.D.
(Head master of Harrow.)

A GROUP OF HARROW BOYS.

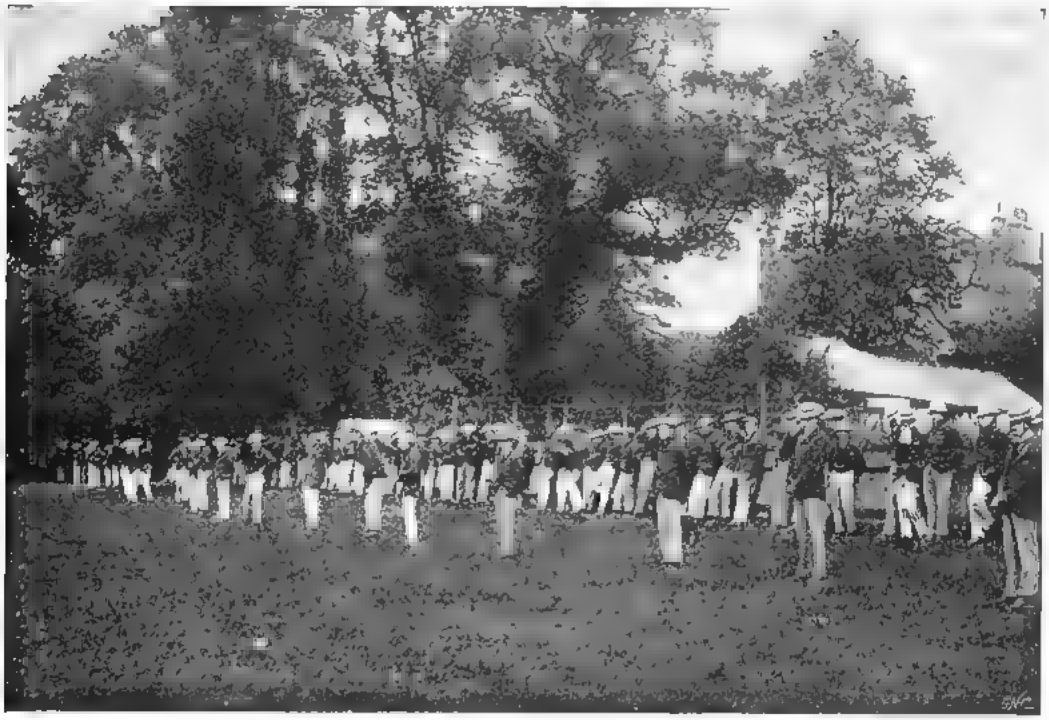
hampers during the course of a term, and their tables groan beneath the weight of hams, tongues, birds, and all manner of tinned delicacies. Besides this, most boys have a credit, known as a "tick," of from 3s. 6d. to 7s. a week at one of the confectioners.

Here every morning after first school, the kitchen at the back of the shop is full of a surging mob, engaged in yelling such phrases as "Six of cutlets with," "Four of sausages without,"* while the confectioner and his family wrap greasy cutlets in paper bags, or fill old jam-pots with the more liquid rations. A clear head must certainly be required to superintend such a pandemonium, and, above all, to keep the accounts correctly. Directly a boy has secured his prize he hurries out of the shop, just casually calling out the amount to be booked as he passes. I expect the accounts must often depend very largely upon guess-work.

I only know that my term's credit was generally exhausted at the end of the first few weeks, but then I used to make it bear charges of 10d. or 1s. for both breakfast and tea, besides sundry ices, "penny glasses,"† and cakes at various hours of the day. Then would come long periods of famine, when my breakfast and tea were restricted to the limited provisions of the house, and when I would cast a wistful eye into my "grub-shop" on my way back from "third school." Sometimes the shop could be induced to extend my credit, but this was a gross violation of rules, and rendered it liable to be "placed out of bounds," which would have meant ruin. The school authorities have a great pull over all tradesmen by holding this power of placing them out of bounds over their heads. There are, in the ordinary sense of the word, no "bounds," but the frequent "bills" (roll-calls) make it impossible for a boy to stray very far. The station and all public-houses are, of course, "out of bounds."

PRACTISING AT THE NETS.

* 6d. worth of cutlets with potatoes; 4d. worth of sausages without potatoes.
† Of home-made lemonade, a favourite beverage always on draught at every confectioner's.



CRICKET "BILL" (FOUR O'CLOCK)

I remember one confectioner being put out of bounds because he had good-naturedly allowed some boys to have wine in his back parlour occasionally. One or two of the boys concerned were in the cricket eleven, and the affair created an immense sensation, as there were rumours that they would not be allowed to play in the match against Eton. The head master was, however, patriotic enough not to insist upon that, but contented himself with flogging, "degrading," or requesting the various culprits not to return for the following term. When the incident became known, there was as much curiosity to gaze upon the scene of the delinquency as though a murder or burglary had taken place there. I remember seeing excited knots of boys discussing details on the pavement outside, and catching a glimpse of the confectioner's wife, with very red eyes, sighing among the buns which we should taste no more.

FIFTH FORM FIELD. MATCH FIELD.

COMING DOWN WEST HILL TO THE CRICKET FIELDS.

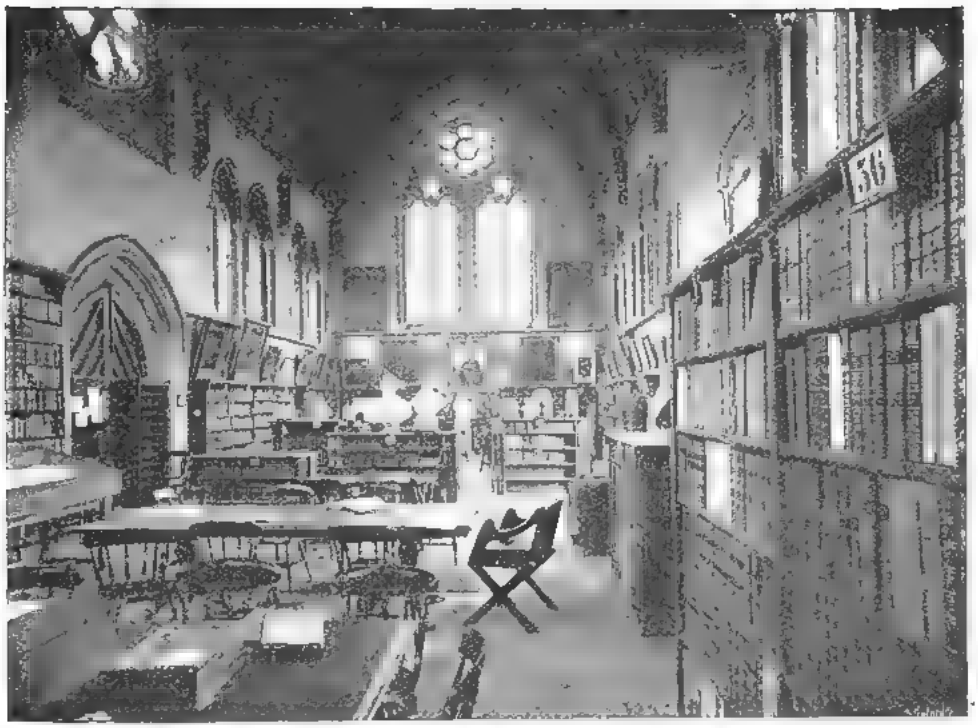
House-life and school-life are quite different aspects of existence at Harrow. Your house is almost a family, the rest of the school almost a world. It is in your house that you make friends; other boys are very rarely more than acquaintances, even those you are with all day and every day in your form. I believe that at some other schools all the boys live more or less together in one big cluster of buildings. At Harrow all houses are quite

separate; some must be fully a mile apart. There is, accordingly, a tremendous *esprit de corps* about every house. We are all patriotic about Harrow, of course, just as we are about England; but the honour and glory of the house are almost a personal matter. A boy's heart beats very high over the prospect of a member of his house getting "his flannels," whereas a defeat of Eton is almost as remote a cause for rejoicing as a defeat of the French on the Niger.

COMING OUT OF THE SCIENCE SCHOOL

Only Sixth Form boys have rooms to themselves, and not always then if there are many Sixth Form boys in the house. The usual plan is for two boys to share a room; but three, and even four, boys together are by no means an exception. The beds are made to fold up into a kind of cupboard during the day, and in old times it was the custom to shut up new boys in these beds, head-downwards, every 5th of November. This, like every other kind of bullying, had, however, died out before my day, and is now doubtless regarded as a myth. The wash-hand stands are also made to shut up during the day-time and completely conceal every trace of the toilet. In looking backward,

THE FAMOUS "FOURTH FORM ROOM."



THE VAUGHAN LIBRARY.

I am often struck by the extraordinary absence both of comfort and distinction which characterised the decoration of our rooms. The house only provided strict necessaries—one wooden chair for each inmate, a plain deal table, a chest of drawers, etc. —but even with our limited command of pocket-money, I believe we might have accomplished a great deal more in the way of adornment. Most rooms were either left like barracks or were decorated with the taste generally attributed to the seaside lodging-house keeper. Our ornaments were invariably tawdry, our decorations (bought haphazard by several boys with divergent tastes) were bound to clash, and our pictures were either framed chromolithographs from old Christmas numbers or cheap reproductions of some such hackneyed subject as "The Road to Ruin."

BASKING IN THE SUNSHINE.

Considering that we lived a large portion of our lives in these rooms, it is surprising that we

contrived to remain as cheerful as we were. To begin with, they were much too small, and ventilation was always a problem in winter, particularly as gas was the only form of light provided us. I knew one boy who kept every imaginable animal in his room, beside which the monkey house at the Zoo were a fragrant saloon. One term I was in a room with a boy who objected, on principle, to the window ever being open. Several times a day we came to fisticuffs over the question, the end generally being that his spectacles came off in the scrimmage, and he would accuse me of unfairness in profiting by their removal. I generally had my way about the window, but after a time he took his revenge by eating hard-boiled eggs in bed after the lights were out. The effluvia of hard-boiled eggs has been intolerable to me ever since.

Another necessary criticism concerns the paucity of the washing accommodation. There were only four baths for a house of forty boys, and as the monitors and Sixth Form had established a monopoly of their use in the mornings, the ablutions of the rest were few and far between. Of course, though, it is not fair to criticise from the grown-up point of view, and I do not suppose that small boys crave for baths any more than agricultural labourers do. In any case, we all enjoyed a daily visit to "Ducker"* during the warm weather, and one of my most vivid recollections is of the long rows of boys wrapped in bath-sheets basking in the sunshine, and devouring bagfuls of buns after a long swim.

From my present point of view, I think what I should most miss, if I were suddenly sent back to Harrow, would be my privacy. Of course, in schools with the dormitory system it would be a great deal worse, but as it is, a boy rarely has a moment to himself. This, I am convinced, is one of the reasons why public school-boys so easily lose their individuality and come to be moulded on one pattern. There is always someone there to criticise severely from a very narrow standpoint. In the case of ninety-nine boys out of a hundred, this is probably an advantage, but I have known several cases in which it was much to be deplored. The door of a boy's room has no key, and he is always liable to incursions either from other boys or from his house-master. It is true that we generally had a hole—bored with a red-hot poker — at our threshold, and a stick placed in it acted as an efficacious bolt; but this was only used when we were up to some mischief, such as smoking, or card-playing, which were considered such heinous offences that only quite desperate characters ever indulged in them.

"DUCKER."

In the case of a good-natured house-master—such as mine was—we generally knew when he was coming his rounds, and everything was accordingly arranged with suspicious neatness before his arrival. Indeed, I rather looked forward to his visits, and would provoke political disquisitions by

* The school bathing place. Originally called "Duck-Puddle." The Harrow dialect consists in adding the termination "er" to every possible word.

flaunting photographs or partisan newspapers where he would be sure to notice them. Our chief point of issue was the question of "tolly-ing-up," or having candles alight after 10 p.m., when the gas had been turned off. I shall never forget one night when he detected my light from the road on his way back from a masters' meeting. I heard him coming upstairs, and had blown out my candles and retired prudently to bed by the time he reached my room. I was for pretending to be asleep, but he at once taxed me with my guilt, and there was no denying it. He found what he thought was my exercise on the table, and hastened to tear it up, remarking sternly that I should not profit by breaking rules. But all the time my fair copy was safely secreted in my hat, and he had no sooner departed than I woke up all my neighbours with peal after peal of Homeric laughter.

IN THE HIGH STREET.

Fagging has always been a very mild institution at Harrow. All boys under the Lower Remove are liable to be fagged by the Sixth Form boys in their house; but, in practice, this only amounts to being sent on an occasional errand, and having to wait upon the "finds" at breakfast and tea. In my house there were five "finds," and, accordingly, five Lower boys were told off to attend to them in rotation every week. A "find" consists of a number of Sixth Form boys, who are privileged to have their breakfast and tea together in one of their own rooms. The other boys have their meals together in the hall downstairs. A fag's duties are to bring up a kettle from the kitchen, and afterwards to clear away for the "find." The plan is to go to the top of the stairs and shout "Bo-o-o-y!" in loud monotone, whenever the fag is required. When a fag is a celebrated cricketer, or some other person of importance, and his masters are creatures of little influence or character, who have merely attained their position by hard work, his services are often extremely perfunctory. I remember one boy, whose method of clearing away had at least the merit of simplicity. He would simply take up the four corners of the table-cloth, and carry off everything—teapot, slops, jam, ham, crockery, and every sort of remains, both liquid and solid —in one confused bundle. If his masters had had any pluck they would have complained to the head of the house, who would have given the offender a "whopping."

This consisted of beating across the back with a cane, and is the privilege of every monitor and head of a house. I only once had to suffer this ordeal, and then it was merely done as a formality, in order to gratify the matron. Another boy, now a Member of Parliament, and I engaged in a water-fight. We had collected all the water-jugs in the house and, after donning macintoshes and opening umbrellas, we had indulged in a regular aquatic carnival, which left a third boy's room nearly a foot deep in water, and naturally injured the matron's sense of the fitness of things. The word "whopping" is restricted to chastisement by a boy in authority; most usually for absence from compulsory football.

Flogging by the head master is known as "swiping," or "swishing." No assistant master may have recourse to the rod except with his victim's consent, which is sometimes given in order to avoid other punishments.

These comprise "lines," "extra school," loss of *exeat*,* and "sending up" to the head master.

* Leave to stay with relations from Friday to Monday once a term.

Lines have to be written on special sheets of paper with every fifth line ruled in red; and as this paper is only obtainable from a boy's tutor, it affords an automatic system of reporting conduct. Extra school is a barbarous institution. Those sentenced to it are mewed up for two and a half hours on a whole holiday and set to copy out page after page of Latin grammar. Only very cantankerous masters inflict it, except in serious cases, though it has come to be regarded as the regular retribution for failure in the holiday task. The worst feature of this punishment is that it generally carries with it the forfeiture of the *exeat*. When a boy is sent up, it is generally for some extraordinary offence, and may involve flogging, degradation from his form, or even expulsion.

SIX O'CLOCK "BILL."

Each house has a tone and traditions of its own. Among customs common to most houses are a prohibition to wear a tweed coat in your room or to receive visits from boys belonging to other houses, unless you have been three years in your house. Any attempt to break these unwritten laws would be met by the use of the word "swagger," which is as potent in its magical effect as the word "taboo" is among South Sea Islanders. All sorts of apparently innocent things are considered "swagger," and he would be a very bold boy indeed who would venture to disregard it. In the matter of dress it is particularly potent, and it suffices to check instantly any attempt to introduce a new fashion. Except in the case of boys who are distinguished at games, or who are in the Sixth Form and have been a long time at Harrow, it exacts an absolute uniformity of costume. Nor may they go to greater lengths than stick-up collars and white waistcoats. Boys below the Fifth wear Eton jackets, unless they are unusually old or big, when they may obtain special permission to wear tails—like their betters. These tails are the ordinary swallow-tail coat, which elsewhere is reserved for evening dress. Winter and summer the boys wear a peculiar straw hat, with a very low crown and a very broad brim. Of course, long use has made this costume very familiar to me, but it has often

HARROW SCHOOL VOLUNTEER CORPS MARCHING DOWN WEST HILL TO GENERAL INSPECTION.

BOAT BUILDING.

occurred to me that it must strike a stranger as very peculiar. Members of the cricket or football eleven wear a speckled straw hat instead of a white one, and generally the first intimation that they have "got their flannels" is the sight of them walking about in a speckled hat. Members of the cricket eleven are alone allowed to wear white flannels. If anyone else attempted to do so he would arouse as much amazement and indignation as a dock labourer would if he appeared at a levée in a duke's robes.

The great passport to consideration at Harrow is success at games —cricket first of all, then football. Even a dull or disagreeable boy is made much of, both by masters and boys, if he hits up a good score for his school at Lord's. Otherwise, Harrow is a perfect democracy. Titles or money do not make the slightest difference to a boy's status, as they may at Oxford or Cambridge. After games, success at work ensures most consideration. The monitors are, however, chosen from among the members of the Upper Sixth, chiefly on account of their character, for they have large powers, and considerable confidence has to be reposed in them. The ceremony of investiture

RIFLE PRACTICE ON THE OLD MILLING GROUND.

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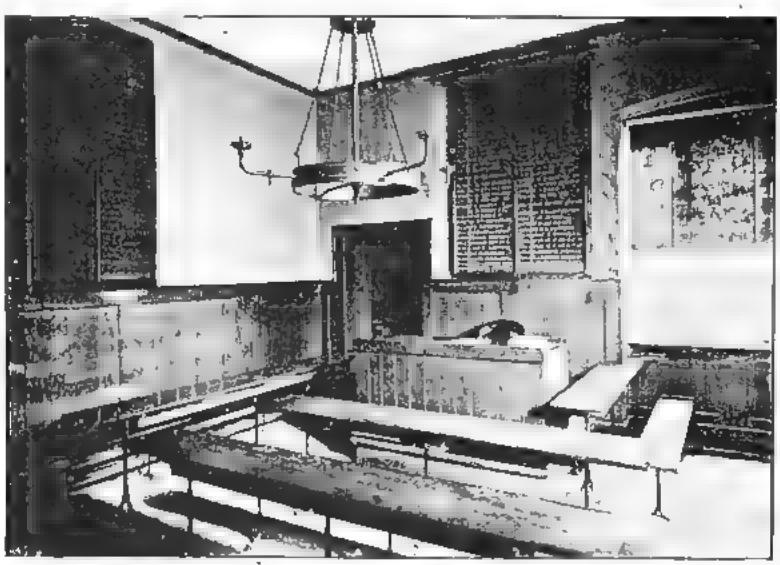
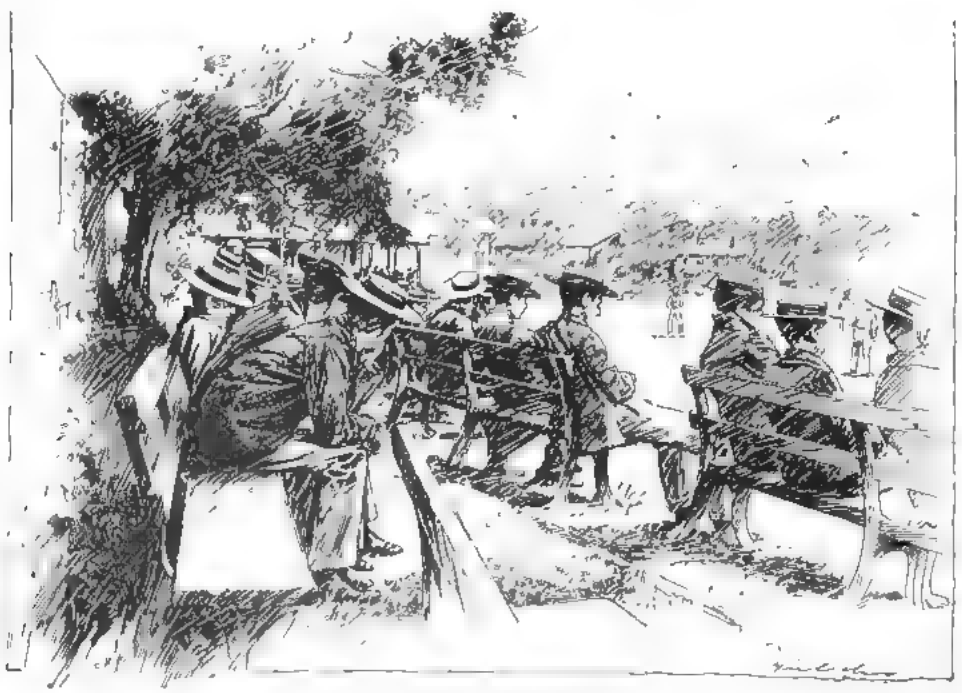
consists in the public presentation of a key to the Vaughan Library by the head master.

A word in conclusion with reference to masters and teaching. On the whole I am inclined to think that, though Harrow is a better training-ground than most schools for inspiring the instincts of a gentleman, it is not calculated to create great scholars. On the classical side, at any rate, the education is in a great measure tedious and mechanical. On the modern side, Mr. Bowen's singular gifts have, through a lifetime of patient devotion, instituted a system of imparting very varied knowledge and stimulating intelligence to the utmost.



HEAD MASTER'S CLASS ROOM.

I may be censured for making too many trivial criticisms, but they are in reality a tribute to the unassailable excellence of the school as a whole. The greatest proof of this excellence is the fact that every decent old Harrovian in the world will unite with me in affectionate regard for the school upon the hill, and will vigorously re-echo the words of its motto: *Stet Fortuna domus!*



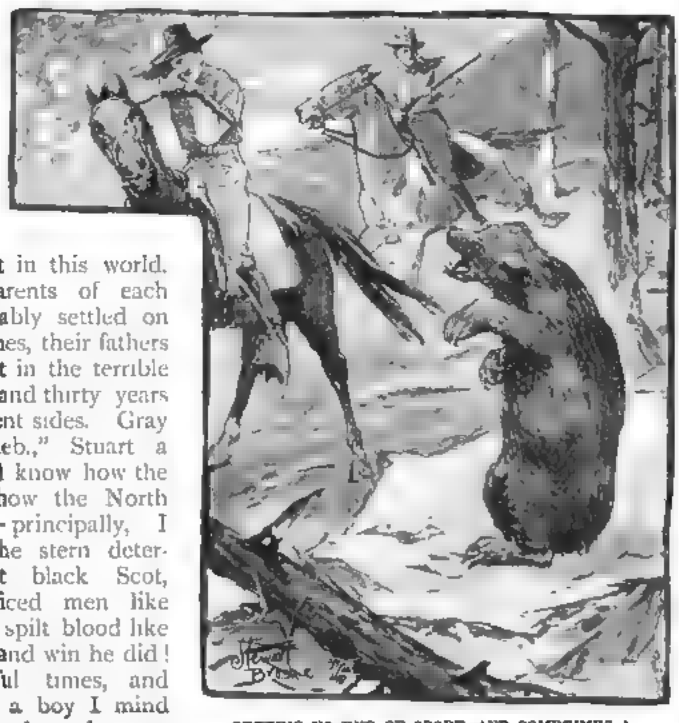
WATCHING A MATCH.

THE ROUGH RIDERS.

A Story of the Rebellion in Cuba.

By Gordon Stables, M.D., R.N.

I'll tell you at once what Dod Stuart and his old school-mate, Arch Gray, could do, and may be that will make a fair kick-off to this short but "gey true" yarn. Both could ride; they were Wild West boys. No, not cow-boys strictly speaking, though they could take a turn with any man that ever mounted a broncho at a spring round-in, and they were really and truly never more happy than when in the saddle and scouring the plains, unless when "on the war-path" as they chose to call it, with that *penchant* for romance which is never wholly absent from the breast of a youngster who is going to be worth a little more than his salt in this world.



GETTING NO END OF SPORT, AND SOMETIMES A BEAR OR TWO.

Though the parents of each were now comfortably settled on neighbouring ranches, their fathers had each been out in the terrible civil war of three-and thirty years ago, but on different sides. Gray had been a "Reb.," Stuart a "Fed.," and we all know how the war ended, and how the North was victorious — principally, I think, owing to the stern determination of that black Scot, Grant, who sacrificed men like card counters, and spilt blood like water—all to win, and win he did! Those were awful times, and though I was but a boy I mind them well, and, perhaps because there seemed to be more chivalry among the Southerners, we—my University mates and self—sided with them.

Going on the war-path was, for Dod and Arch, a mixed sort of a business, but very pleasant and full of adventure of a certain kind. Let me see now, Dod—a contraction for Donald—was just eighteen, and meant for the law; Arch was only fifteen, and meant for nothing in particular as yet, but he went to school two terms in the year at the same city where Dod was studying. Dod was tall and handsome; Arch, handsome certainly, but neither very tall nor very strong. More of a dreamer he appeared to be—in a drawing-room, that is—but in the field or among the hills all wire and fire. Stripped well, too; and, to look at his face, you wouldn't have judged that he carried such muscles under his jacket.

Taking a couple of black servants with them, two dogs, and two ponies, with a pack mule, the boys would move west and west till they came to the gulches and hills of the Rockies, and stay for a month or more, living on their guns and fishing-rods; getting no end of sport, no end of fun, and sometimes a bear or two, and more rattlers thrown in than they cared for.

Young Stuart had neither brother nor sister, so he often crossed the divide to stop for a day or two at Archie's, for Archie's sake, and, twixt you and me and the binnacle, boys, for sake of Archie's sister. Arch and his sister Allie were twins, and for the life of him Dod couldn't have told which he liked the better. There was no love-making, although Allie was very pretty, naïve, and engaging, with the raven hair and bonnie black een of some maidens of the sunny south. No, never a bit of love-making, but for all that Dod often prefaced his discourse

with Allie with the words: "When you and I get married, Allie," and the innocent child seemed just to take it for granted, and used to wonder to her little self, when alone, how she should like to live far away amongst the splendour and civilisation of some great east-coast city, the streets of which, she half believed, were lined with silver, the house-tops all of gold, with the green of waving palm-trees everywhere, and away beyond, glittering in the sunshine, the blue sea, dotted with dark ships and white sails from every land and clime.

But one day came rumours of war to stir the blood of these young fellows, and cause them to think of adventures far more exciting than any they were ever likely to come across in the Rockies.

"We're both going to go. Roosevelt's off for Tampa soon, and if he'll take us, dad, *you* won't try to keep us back, will you?"

It was Stuart *père* who was appealed to. He was at Gray's ranche that day, and the two dads were smoking and drinking something cool in the verandah.

They saw determination in the boys' eyes. They were also cool—very. The determination had come to stay.

There was a full minute of silence. Then:—

"Ted," said Stuart, "you and I fought for our country when boys. Let the lads go, and God go with them!"

"'Greed," said Gray.

And horny hand clasped horny hand.

* * * * *

"O, DODDIE, DON'T COME BACK WITHOUT MY BROTHER."

The boys were off to join the force of General Wheeler—cavalry, and about one thousand strong. They would land shortly in Cuba, and help to give the Spaniards fits. But would Roosevelt take them? They were very much agitated when they presented themselves before this daring-looking and well-set-up king of the Rough Riders. They couldn't have been more nervous had they been going up for a public exam., *viva voce*.

Roosevelt looked at them, and laughed as he listened to their story.

"You are likely lads," he said. "Off you trot, and let the surgeon have a squint at you; if it's all right, you'll go in for drill at once."

It *was* all right. Roosevelt seemed to take a real interest in the lads, and gave them a lot of good advice, which they determined they should not forget a word of, and when they left him they seemed walking on air.

They were soldiers now! Raw recruits if you like, but soldiers all the same. They loved their country, loved their home, and the dear old stars and stripes; moreover, they were going to fight in humanity's cause.

Poor Allie! Dod had kissed her tear-wet face when he bade her good-bye, and her last words were simple, but affecting enough: "O, Doddie, don't come back without my brother. I'll die if he is killed."

Dod did not, could not, forget that, nor

Google

Allie's pleading look. He would often think of it even when at drill—and drill is terribly dull. He thought of it at Tampa, at Key West, and on the sea, and he thought of it, too, when lying in camp on the first night of the landing at Sibonry.

We hear much about the romance of war, and if one has a home life and home ties, if one has mother, sister, or sweetheart, there *is* romance in war by land and sea. But there is also much that is common place, rough, and wearisome. Maybe there is a bit of real poetry in the hearts of twenty per cent. of sailors and soldiers, but the bustle and the stir, the noise and the hard work, do their best to banish it. Campaigning is really toilsome, even after one gets hardened, but at first the youthful warrior wonders how ever he could have been lured into it, and perhaps worries himself with the thought that he hasn't got grit enough to make a real soldier. Hard labour, hard tack, a hard turn-in, and, as often as not, harsh words cause him sometimes to think—as with weary eyes and aching bones he lies down at night to snatch a few hours' sleep—what a fool he was to leave his far-off happy home. Ah! but thoughts of that very home will bring sweet slumbers, and he awakes like a giant refreshed.

A young fellow's first fight is the event of a lifetime, and he finds it as different from anything he could have conceived as a Punch-and-Judy show is from a real Christmas pantomime.

Well, Dod's and Archie's baptism of blood and fire was very soon to come now, and I must candidly admit that it troubled both not a little. It troubled more than them, for I do not believe there was a single soldier in the whole of Wheeler's force who did not think a little about the immediate future.

The troops were in a somewhat tight place. They were landed to do or to die. Up on the wooded heights yonder was a truly chivalrous enemy, the Dons; they occupied a splendid position; they had rude forts on the brow of the hills, and these must be stormed; they were concealed and well armed, and they were in great force. It is true, on the other hand, that the Americans had a band of Cubans, but these were little better than children, and could only be depended upon as scouts—poor even at that.

It was curious to note the effect that certainty of a tough fight to come had upon these Rough Riders. There were old soldiers among them, certainly, men who had long concluded that, at best, this is but a very ordinary sort of a world, that death is certain some time and somehow, and that it is better met in the battle-field than on a bed of sickness. These men simply smoked, and said little. They did their duty, and they meant to continue doing it till the end, but they seemed amused in watching the behaviour of those around them. One or two were absolutely "funky," and took little pains to conceal it; others looked as reckless and dare-devil as if they were already in front of the foe; some were reading their prayer-books, and evidently expecting courage from a higher power, while some kept singing or talking, doing all kinds of ridiculous little things and making silly remarks, with hysterical little laughs, which were meant to deceive their comrades, but didn't deceive even themselves. It was all very curious, but it is always so just before the fight, for it is ever the unknown that men dread the most.

Now, had the enemy behaved like soldiers of any other civilised nation up to date in warfare, the landing of the American forces would have been effected against fearful odds. As it was, the almost insignificant, though brave and plucky, force, was permitted to disembark, the enemy retiring quite three miles from Sibonry.

They must be followed and fought on the ground they had themselves chosen, at all hazard, too. No words of mine could describe the rough nature of the country to be traversed; it was a forest, or jungle, on rolling, cliffy hills. A road lay along the foot and another led upwards. But both were altogether unsuitable for a dashing cavalry attack, so while General Young, with his regulars, was to lead his men along the low road, and pretend to attack the foe in the front, the Rough Riders, under Wood and Roosevelt himself, had the more difficult task assigned them of climbing the wooded hills *on foot*, and thus bear the brunt of the fight against a hidden and bush-protected foe. As for the paths, they were more like the beds of streamlets than anything else.

All this was known to the Rough Riders on that first night. They knew that many a man would lose the number of his mess, and that the struggle would be of the nature of a forlorn hope, but they determined to fight to win. And the thought of home and country was sufficient to give them heart.

* * * * *

Long after the sun had sunk red over the wooded hills the men lay here and there in their camp, not far back from the sea, talking low, it is true, but telling many a humorous yarn nevertheless, and many a story of wild life in the Far West. There were among the boys

in these groups those whose fathers had bled both for and against the Union in by-gone times. And the great civil war was taken up as the subject of argument and fought over again. Oh, the pity of it, at such a time too! Yet there were some who spoke most bitterly against the Southern States or old Confederates. Such a one was Dod Stuart.

He was tired, and one must always take care what one does when in this state, because fatigue and irritability are first cousins. Just as he had given vent to some almost cruel invective, he became conscious that someone stood close behind him.

It was Arch himself. In the brilliant starlight—for there was but the merest scimitar of a moon—his face looked pale and sad, and his dark eyes had a glimmer in them such as Dod had never seen before.

"Good-night, boys!" This was all he said. "Good-night, I am on outpost duty."

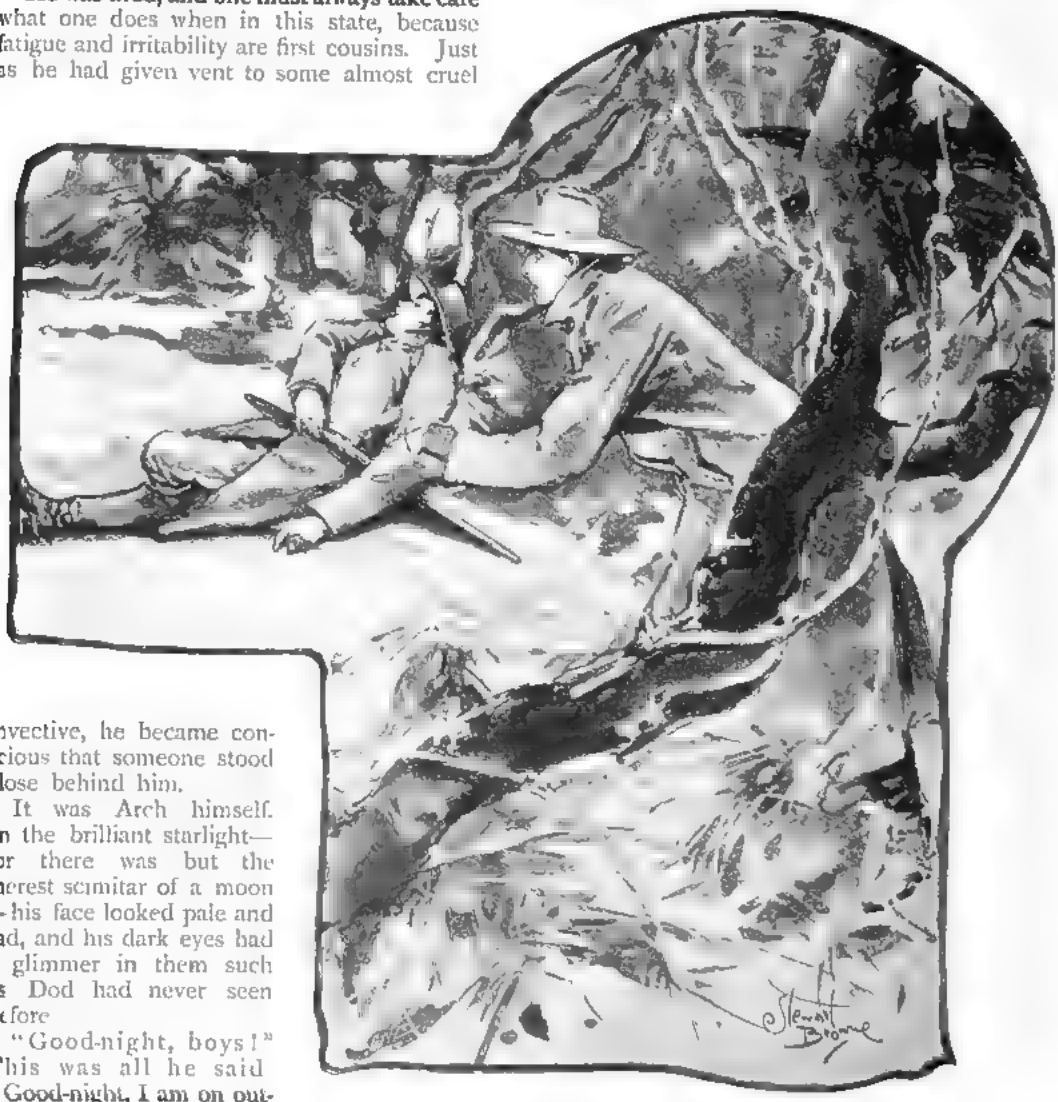
Dod stretched out his hand, but Arch seemed not to see it. He was offended. On the very eve of battle a cloud had arisen to sever friendship. And the fault was Dod's only. So *he* thought; and an hour or two after this, when he rolled himself in his cloak, it was not to sleep.

He turned restlessly from side to side, asking himself many times and oft the unanswerable question: "How *could* I have been so foolish?"

Slumber did steal over his senses for one brief moment, then was his dream a vivid and fearful one. Near him lay, dead and bloody, poor Arch, while Allie's form bent over him with anguished looks, and pale. Then he remembered her words:—

"O, Doddie, don't come back without my brother!"

Dod started to his feet at once. "I'll sleep no more," he said to himself. "I know the



NO REPLY! WAS HE DEAD?

out-post and countersign; I shall go at once and make it up with Arch. He is *my* brother as well as Allie's."

Clouds had banked up and half hidden the stars, but Dod knew the direction, and so went hillward at once. He was only challenged by one sentry, and presently found himself near the bush, and lo! yonder was Archie's solitary out-post.

But no Arch Gray!

Only a huddled heap on the ground, and Dod, trembling now like the leaf of the linn, slowly approached.

"Arch! Arch!"

No reply! Was he dead?

He was not dead, but by the Articles of War he had been guilty of a crime that is punishable by death. He had slept at his post.

ARCH FELL AT LAST, SHOT THROUGH THE SHOULDER.

Arch, when he had taken up his station, was almost worn out with fatigue, and with sorrow too. Had not his dearest friend spoken words that severed for aye the tie of brotherly love which had bound them? The wind had moaned drearily through the cactus jungle, there was the monotonous song of the cicala, and the cries of the night-birds, rendered plaintive by distance. So wave after wave of sleep had stolen over his brain, and bore the spirit far away on the ocean of oblivion.

"Arch! Oh, Arch!"

Still no answer. Then from behind Dod came the hail of a sentry some fifty yards away, and he knew that an officer was going his rounds.

Quick as thought he lifted his friend from the ground and carried him into the bush and left him.

He had just time to regain the post and seize Archie's rifle when he heard footsteps approaching.

"Who goes there?"

"Friend!"

"The countersign. Quick!

"Remember the Mayne."

"Pass on, friend!"

And it was not until a few minutes after silence had begun to reign o'er all the land and sea, that Dod ventured into the bush, and succeeded in waking poor Arch and bringing him back to the post.

Bygones were forgotten now, and quickly too. But the lad's grief was for a time terrible to witness, nor would he be comforted.

"And this," he cried, in bitterness and agony, "is the end of all my dreams. Dod, I will die, I *shall* die!"

"Hush! hush, brother! Think of Allie, and talk not of death. God himself sent my dream, that your life might be spared. Promise me you will think not of death!"

"Brother Dod — I — promise. I will not *think* of death."

* * * * *

Next day came the fighting in earnest.

Roosevelt led his boys on to death or victory as, perhaps, none but that gallant fellow could have led cow-boys.

Roosevelt loved his men, and was beloved by them, and all that day, when they fell near him dead or wounded, the bullets seemed to strike him personally. He was able, even amidst the din and excitement of the struggle against an enemy who could seldom be seen, to mark instances of heroism among his troops. Once, when he slipped and fell under a volley, which killed one man and wounded five, it was young Arch who helped him up.

Arch was here, there, and everywhere. He led the men when hope itself appeared vanishing. His shrill, treble, girlish voice inspired confidence. Now he was kneeling, firing, but quite exposed; now he was rushing onwards; now disappearing in the bush itself, and startling the enemy into flight; and anon he was kneeling beside a wounded pal, holding his canteen to his white lips.

Verily Arch seemed to bear a charmed life.

Was it bravery or madness? Neither. Arch felt that he deserved death, and he was not thinking of it, but seeking it. At the last terrible charge on the hill-top, or near it, when Roosevelt's men dashed at a redoubt which, had the Dons been anything else save cowards, they could have easily defended, Arch fell at last, shot through the shoulder muscles.

But the day was won.

Arch saw no more of the war, and his life was long despaired of.

Then came peace, and Roosevelt thought it his duty to single out for special praise, on parade, the heroes of that day on the jungly hill.

The first called forward was Arch.

"His bravery," Roosevelt said, "had been most conspicuous."

His comrades cheered wildly, but the pale, sickly lad held up his left arm. The other was in a sling. "No praise be mine, Colonel Roosevelt," he cried, while the tears streamed over his face, for he still was weak. "I was not brave. I was only courting death." Then in a few brief but heroic words—for it takes true heroism to act as this gentle boy was acting now—he told the story as you, reader, know it.

Then silence deep as death spread over the ranks. But after a few moments Roosevelt stepped forward and took Archie by the hand.

"I forgive the boy," he said. "But, men, he is yours; do with him what you will."

There was a wild shout, and next minute Arch was lifted off his feet and carried gently shoulder high around the little camp.

And so it ended.

The war was brought to a close, and the boys found themselves once more on the dear old ranch. Hand in hand, they appeared one day at Archie's father's.

"I have kept my promise, Allie," said Dod, simply, "and I've brought our brother back."

COURAGE.

I DARE do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more, is none.

SHAKESPEARE.

∴ ∴ ∴

Courage! There is none so poor,
None of all who wrong endure,
None so humble, none so weak,
But may flush his father's cheek,
And his maiden's, dear and true,
With the deeds that he may do.
Be his days as dark as night,
He may make himself a light.
What though sunken be the sun?
There are stars when day is done.

BARRY CORNWALL.

∴ ∴ ∴

My good blade carves the casques of men,
My tough lance thrusteth sure,
My strength is as the strength of ten,
Because my heart is pure.

TENNYSON

∴ ∴ ∴

He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
That dares not put it to the touch,
To gain or lose it all.

MONTROSE.

∴ ∴ ∴

Cowards die many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear;
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come when it will come.

SHAKESPEARE.

∴ ∴ ∴

Unbounded courage and compassion joined,
Tempting each other in the victor's mind,
Alternately proclaim him good and great,
And make the hero and the man complete.

ADDISON.

∴ ∴ ∴

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle,
Be a hero in the strife!

LONGFELLOW.

∴ ∴ ∴

Stand upright, speak thy thought, declare
The truth thou hast, that all may share;
Be bold, proclaim it everywhere:
They only live who dare.

∴ ∴ ∴

The brave man is not he who feels not fear,
For that were stupid and irrational;
But he whose noble soul its fear subdues,
And bravely dares the danger nature shrinks from.
As for your youth whom blood and blows delight,
Away with them; there is not in their crew
One valiant spirit.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

∴ ∴ ∴

This is true courage, not the brutal force
Of vulgar heroes, but the firm resolve
Of virtue and of reason. He who thinks
Without their aid to shine in deeds of arms,
Builds on a sandy basis his renown;
A dream, a vapour, or an ague fit
May make a coward of him.

WHITEHEAD.

∴ ∴ ∴

Yet it may be more lofty courage dwells,
In one weak heart which braves an adverse fate,
Than his whose ardent soul indignant swells,
Warm'd by the fight, or cheer'd through high debate.

HON. MRS. NORTON.

∴ ∴ ∴

I argue not
Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot
Of heart or hope; but still bear up and steer
Right onward.

MILTON.

School Captains

Hamish Gray — W R Warren — A R Roberts

St Mark's, Chelsea

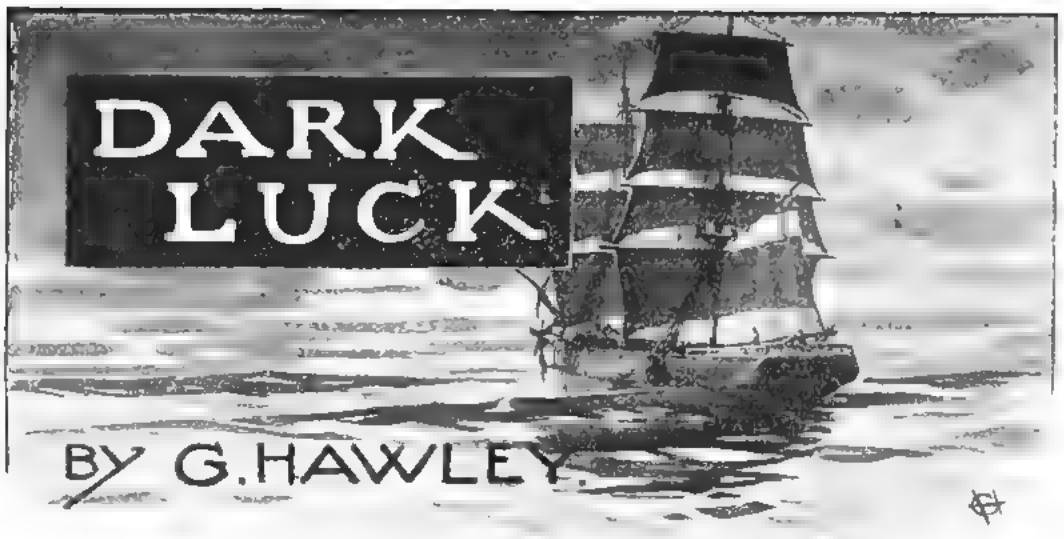
R C Richards

Denstone — Mill Hill

A F Pentland — F L Venables

Drogheda — Dulwich — Berkhamstead

(FIFTH SERIES.)



Illustrated by the Author.

PART I.

Captain S. Joshua Griggs shuffled up and down his poop in the very worst of possible humours. His brig, the *Number One*—which was an abbreviation for "Take care of number one"—lay becalmed on the outer edge of the Indian Ocean monsoon belt. Five whole days had she rolled idly under a sweltering sun. Five whole days, too, had an idle crew drawn their rations without a qualm of conscience.

He was a tall, gaunt man, dressed in cast-off and misfitting clothes. Much seafaring under tropical skies had painted his face a bilious yellow. His grey eyes peered out suspiciously from under overhanging brows, and with a cunning that showed the foundations of his very soul. To get money by any means save at the risk of personal danger was the sole business and pleasure of his life.

Like master, like man; and like captain, like ship follows just as readily. The brig was painted with a cheap green paint, two new pine boards in her bulwarks excepted, and these glared like cheap jewellery. Her rigging and sails were thin and weather-worn, the latter patched and re-patched in every square foot of their surfaces. Still, there was one new sail, the maintop-mast stay-sail, and this flaunted its yellow whiteness brazenly to the setting sun.

Captain Griggs had sorted his present crew out of many former ones for the one commendable quality of tameness. They were that kind of poor souls who are surpassed in bravery by the common earthworm. In the imagination of his crew Captain Griggs was a ruffling bully of the deepest shade. With any other deep-sea crew he would have been scuttling round the decks in fear of his life within forty hours of leaving port.

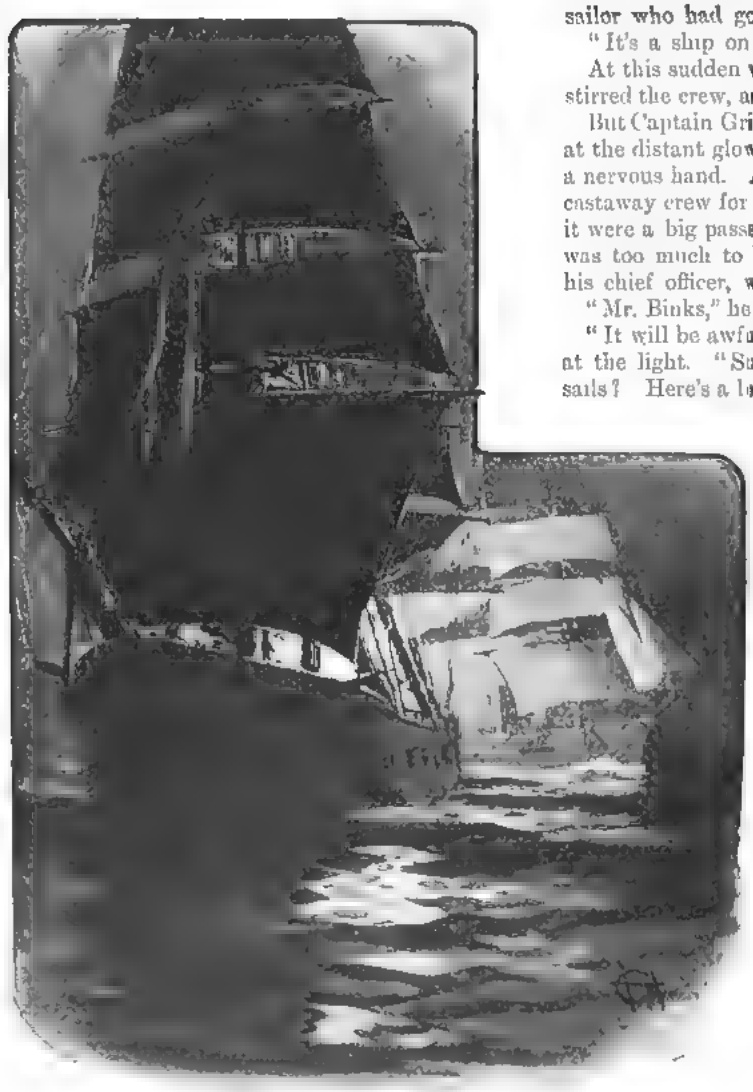
At present the supper tins were being carried from the galley to the fo'c'sle-head. The sun set, and soon the tropical night hid the meekly roystering crew from sight; but not from hearing, for their sad voices chanted a mild sea song to the thin strains of an accordeon. As Captain Griggs heard the plaintive melody, he scowled in the direction of the fo'c'sle-head and muttered:—

"There's too much bull beef in 'em. They're getting fat and mutinous, and then what'll happen? No work for 'em—painting the ship costs money, and they've nearly scraped the chain cables as thin as dog-chains. Never a derelict ship comes my way for me to pick up and set 'em to work, and here I've been forty-five years a-sailing."

At this last thought he fell to reviling his unkind fate in unmeasured terms. Other captains were picking up distressed and castaway ships—why not he? He addressed this query to the darkness, and the heavy dew-soaked canvas flapped heavily to a sudden roll of the ship as if in answer.

The night was oppressively hot and close, and the smell of heated wood and blistered paint hung heavy in the air about the ship. There was no moon, and there was no light on the brig save in

the binnacle. No sailing ship could run into them, while as for steamships they would have been heard a couple of miles away, so still was the night. Thus Captain Griggs economised his lamp-oil with perfect safety. And it was this economy, as it chanced, that brought him his dark luck.



THE SAILS OF THE "NUMBER ONE" WERE ILLUMINATED BY THE FLAMES ON THE BURNING VESSEL.

Only a few miles away on that silent sea something was happening; and if Captain Griggs had had his lights burning it would not have happened.

It was just as a small air of wind sent the complaining sails to sleep that a glimmering light began to show in the distance, and presently was noticed by the brig's crew. But in a few minutes it was discovered that it was not a ship's light. It was not a lighthouse or beacon either, for the Maldive Isles, the nearest land, were as yet out of range. Suddenly the buzz of voices questioning one another was struck silent by the cry of a sailor who had gone aloft:—

"It's a ship on fire!"

At this sudden wonder, a quiver of excitement stirred the crew, and they climbed up the rigging.

But Captain Griggs stood motionless. He stared at the distant glow, fingering his scant beard with a nervous hand. A ship on fire! That meant a castaway crew for him to feed. What, indeed, if it were a big passenger liner? This ghastly idea was too much to be borne alone. He turned to his chief officer, who had just come on deck.

"Mr. Binks," he cried, "this is a terrible affair!"

"It will be awful, sir," said the mate, squinting at the light. "Shall I set the hands to wet the sails? Here's a breeze coming, and the sooner we get down to her the better for her people, poor wretches."

"Run down to her!" half-shrieked Captain Griggs. "I'm believing she's an Indian liner, full o' dainty pick-and-choose-grub people—not to say a word about a big hulking crew of fat steamer men."

But Mr. Binks called to mind a case where a crowd of shipwrecked passengers had subscribed hundreds of pounds for the captain of the ship that had saved them, "and the crew also," he added, with plaintive emphasis.

At this roseate story, Captain Griggs grew bold with hope—and avarice. The latter part of the mate's story was probably an addition, he reflected. Shall, he would not be mean. The passengers could give his crew a few tips if they felt so inclined.

"Square away, Mr. Binks!" he cried; "we'll run down and save 'em; and there's no saying but what you'll be able to make a decent pile by letting your berth to the swells."

So Captain Griggs, lured by the bare suggestion of making money without risk, headed the brig for

the rising light, and in an hour was so close that the sails of the *Number One* were illuminated by the flames on the burning vessel.

Captain Griggs stared at her, a crestfallen and disgusted man. It was not a liner crowded with rich passengers, all eager to pay extravagant sums for a dry plank on his deck, but a big clipper ship. Not a hail came from her, not a human being was on her deck.

As yet only the cabin under the poop was alight, the flames pouring through the doors and windows that gave upon the deck. It was a mystery of the sea. Here was a fine ship utterly deserted, and so far without cause, for a big crew could have extinguished the fire in half-an-hour, and this was patent to all on board the brig.

"Where's her crew?" asked Captain Griggs of his officer.

"Goodness knows! I don't. There's no sense in it either, for there's no boats around."

"There's two gone from the forward booms. Why have they got off her, and why have they pulled out of sight? Tell me that, Mr. Binks!"

Mr. Binks scratched his head in perplexity, and said:—

"Why, if her crew came back they could knock the fire out in half-an-hour."

Captain Griggs nodded, and then both in the same breath cried aloud: "We could!"

"Mr. Binks," said Captain Griggs, with unction, "we'll save her and salvage her, and you shall have a percentage!"

He laughed with glee, clapped his mate on the back, and called to his crew. At last the luck he had sighed for had come to him.

In a few minutes Captain Griggs and all but three men were in the boat, and presently on the burning ship, and dragging the buckets from the racks.

It was a tough fight, but, under the stimulus of visionary shares in the salvage money, the brig's crew put forth all their strength, and within the hour the last smouldering embers had been extinguished.

A lamp was lighted and the cabin explored. Everything in the state room was a mass of charred fragments. The side berths were completely gutted, the partitions burnt outright; under foot a water-sodden mass of half-burnt straw and wool from the mattresses squelched softly at every footstep.

But the steward's pantry, which was near the break of the poop, had escaped intact. Round this place the men were hanging suspiciously. Captain Griggs shouldered his way through them and entered the pantry. It was handsomely provisioned, and, at the sight of sugared hams, smoked tongues, fine cheeses, and a rack full of bottles of liquor, the mouths of the crew watered.

Elated beyond measure at his luck, their captain handed them a bottle of rum, which was speedily mixed in a bucket of water and passed round the thirsty group. But Captain Griggs was more dainty. He found a bottle of fine old brandy, and even above that half-a-dozen bottles of soda-water. Wiping his hot face, he sat down in a chair and mixed a stiff bumper. He hunched himself up, trying off-hand guesses at the worth of the ship and her cargo. He was a rich man now, but he would finish his voyage to Calcutta—certainly he would. And then he would go back and buy up a plot of land in Botany, along Sydney Harbour, and build a row of tenements, and every Monday morning he would walk down and gather the rents—"every Monday morning," he repeated, nodding complacently, and reaching out his hand for the glass. But not in time; another hand, a big brown hand, reached across him, and seized the tumbler. Captain Griggs fell back in amazement. A weather-tanned, black-bearded man was nodding at him over the glass.

"Here's luck to you!" said the stranger, and forthwith poured the beverage down his throat. At this Captain Griggs rose up speechless.

"Fill yourself another," quoth the stranger, with a large and generous wave of his hand. "I've been without a drink for twelve hours, and that though I am the skipper of this ship."

He entered the cabin, and even to a less critical eye than Captain Griggs's the very manner of his doing it proved his title to the hilt. There was a large, free air about him, and a look on his face as if accustomed to move a big crew by short and sharp words. His black eyes glanced truculently from under thick and mobile eyebrows, ready to stare down all opposition. Still, for all that, the humorous wrinkling about their corners gave him an open look of bravery.

Captain Griggs stared so long at him without moving that the stranger refilled the glass and passed it to him.

"Who are you?" he asked, as Captain Griggs, still silent, and his eyes still on him, raised the tumbler.

"Captain of the brig out there, the *Number One*," he faintly gasped; for what with the excitement of the night's work and this last sudden surprise, his mouth was as dry as desert sand.

"Glad of your company, sir," quoth the stranger. "I'm Captain Tobutt, of this ship, the *Attila*."

With a shaking hand Captain Griggs poured the liquid down his throat.

"Have another," cried Captain Tobutt.

His companion assented, for he was considerably

IT WAS A TOUGH FIGHT, BUT, UNDER THE STIMULUS OF VISIONARY SHARES IN THE SALVAGE MONEY, THE BRIG'S CREW PUT FORTH ALL THEIR STRENGTH.

shaken by the unexpected appearance of a claimant to the ship. But under the inspiriting influence of the liquor his courage rose to face the coming discussion about the salvage. His rights were at stake, and this overrode all curiosity as to the startling fact before him—a clipper without a crew, and a captain dropping down from the clouds as it were.

"Your owners," said Captain Griggs, with a weak smile, "will be pleased that I tumbled across you in time."

"Just so," cried the stranger heartily, "this will be a good night's work for you and your crew."

At this frank acknowledgment of his salvage claims Captain Griggs fairly bubbled over with delight. He giggled mirthfully and poured out another bumper. As he set down the empty glass he suddenly asked: "But where's your crew, captain?"

"Levanted, sir! I'm like the last rose of summer, left blooming alone. Pass the bottle." He drank thirstily, setting down the glass with a crash. "But," he cried hotly; "they'll bloom again, if I get my hands on 'em! They were a crowd, if ever I shipped one. Mutin-eed, that's what became of them. They're out there——" said he, sweeping his hand across the horizon, which was already showing up black against the dawn.

"But I'm hungry," he cried, and, placing a newly-boiled ham on the table, he sat down and began to carve with such skill and nicety that he might have been in an hotel, and the ship and mutineers a matter of print in a story.

Captain Griggs watched him uneasily. Instinctively he felt that for him to overreach this man at making terms for the salvage of the ship would be a game requiring the nicest and the deepest kind of skill. True, he had all rights on his side, but to state the case openly and bluntly wanted the class of courage that he did not possess. To brazen out a mutinous crew of thirty-five men as the man sitting opposite had evidently done, was a feat beyond his powers of comprehension. Yet all his curiosity was now alive to hear how it came about, and presently, as Captain Tobutt had satisfied the first pangs of his hunger, he heard the story.

By sheer luck the *Attila* had shipped a crew of what are tersely known at sea as "hard cases," the third mate alone excepted; he, in Captain Tobutt's words, "was no better than a boy just 'way from his mammy." With this exception there was not a limp man among the whole of the crew. They were the desire of Captain Tobutt's

"LEVANTED, SIR! . . . MUTIN-EED, THAT'S WHAT BECAME OF THEM"

heart. For three months he had lived the life of a royal despot, hectoring, bullying, punishing; a word and a blow was the order of the day on the high seas with him. He and his officers slept with one eye open and their revolvers under their pillows. But at last an ominous quietness fell upon the crew, and this, to the experienced of such crews, hinted at coming trouble. "That," said Captain Tobutt, slicing at the ham, "would not have troubled me a hang, but I'd over three thousand pounds of the owners' money on board, and just then the first mate got wind of it, and by thunder, he joined in the mutiny! The second mate we'd lost overboard off the Cape; and the third, the mammy boy, joined 'em for fear of his carcase. It was last night when the crush came. You couldn't see a hand before your face, and that saved me, I guess; for when they came I'd just slipped on deck two seconds before, and away I scooted right forward through the fo'c'sle and into the bowsprit—ours is an iron one—and pulled some old dunnage boards and mats over the hole. Then I waited for things turning up, and dropped asleep. Your people woke me, so I knew that my lot had cleared out. Guess you don't waste your lamp-oil, skipper," he laughed. "They'd not have been such fools as to fire the ship if your lights had been showing. They meant to settle the *Attila* and get on shore as a shipwrecked crew, and me drowned. Aren't they lambs?"

Captain Griggs listened breathlessly to this account. At the time when the "crush" had come on board the *Attila* he had been listening to the gentle merriment of his tame crew. The swashbuckler spirit of the speaker dashed Captain Griggs's soul to the ground. His courage was rapidly oozing away, so the sooner he made terms the better. Nervously clearing his throat, he began:—

"You'll be wanting a few of my men to help you home with this ship?" he asked.

"Just so," cried Captain Tobutt, pulling out a cigar case. "How many have you?"

"Eleven, all told, and myself."

"Eleven!" said Captain Tobutt, tilting his

chair back and scientifically bringing his heels on the table. "That's a small dose for this boat. Guess it will take the whole lot of you to get this wind-jammer into port."

"Couldn't you just run her under lower canvas with six of my people? At a pinch I could manage with the rest."

"And then it will come on to blow monsoons and mix things aloft, and somebody else will be picking this ship up, and then where's *your* salvage, eh, captain? No, sir; this ship will swallow the whole of your crew for one watch. pass the matches."

There lay the whole case in a nut-shell, and for once in his life Captain Griggs thought swiftly and acted promptly. Forgetting that caution which is the chief armour of a man driving a keen bargain, he cried out on the word:—

"That's it, captain! We'll put all my men on board and tow the brig." He leant across the table, giggling at the audaciousness of his proposal and furtively watching for the effect of his words on Captain Tobutt.

It was at this moment, as the latter slowly removed his cigar from his lips, that a cry and hubbub broke out on deck.

In the east the daylight was now completely come, though the hollows of the swell were still curtained with darkness. The men were all crowding in the lower rigging, pointing to the distance. The two captains joined them and caught a passing glimpse of two boats dark against the sky; their oars pulled two quick strokes before they were lost in the next hollow. They were coming with desperate haste.

As the ominous-looking boats leapt into sight again Captain Tobutt peered keenly under the edge of his hand. Then he turned to Captain Griggs.

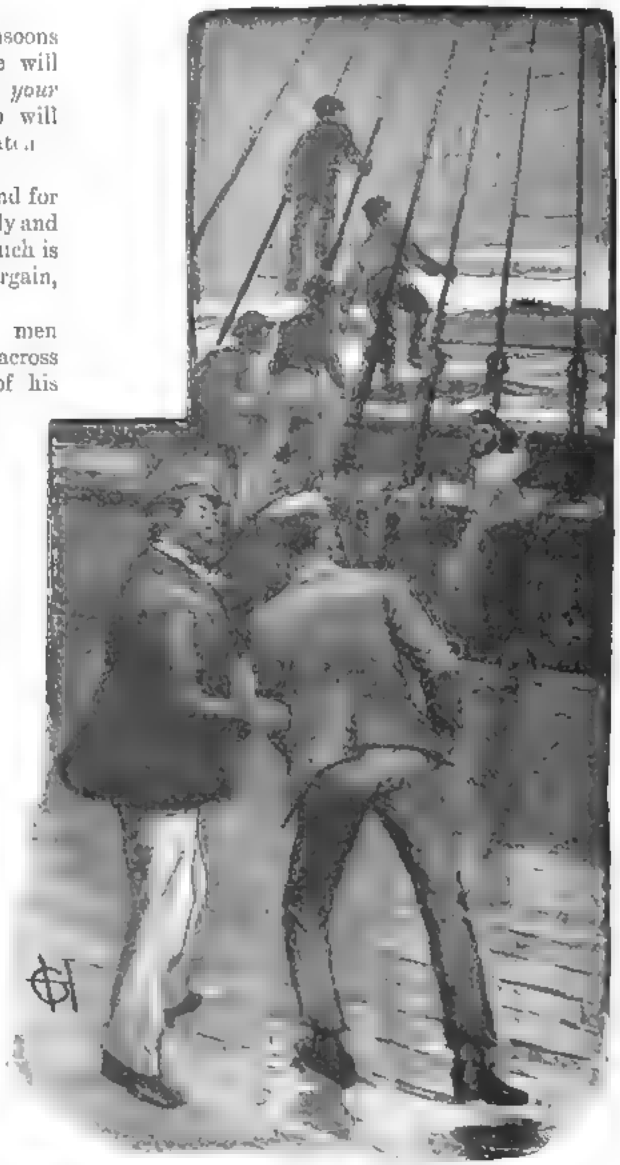
"Captain," said he, grimly; "I reckon your little salvage scheme is up a tree. There's thirty-three men in those boats, and they're coming back to see who put the fire out."

"The mutineers!" gasped Captain Griggs.

"Yes, my son. Thirty-three of the hardest cases that ever shipped for sea, and they're singing a morning hymn and a funeral march in one, and it's 'Dead men tell no tales!'"

"Good Lord!" cried Captain Griggs in a horror-stricken voice; and that was all he could say. He heard as from a great distance Captain Tobutt calling out: "To the boat, men, and pull like old Harry for the brig."

And even on the word Captain Griggs was hurried in the boat. The sound of thumping oars and panting men came to him as in a dream; but presently, as the well-known fittings of his cramped brig fell under his eyes, his mind recovered somewhat of its former state. But he still shivered as if a cold night wind had blown over him, for this passing glance of dark life had shaken him to the core. Thirty-three armed and evil-minded men were to be run from as fast as



THE TWO CAPTAINS JOINED THEM, AND CAUGHT A GLIMPSE OF TWO BOATS DARK AGAINST THE SKY.

sail could be made. He held up his hand to feel the breeze, and shrieked out: "Up helm—square away!"

Captain Tobutt glanced at him, and an upright vein in his forehead stood out like a cord.

"Square away?" cried he. "Why, how's that? No, sir, we'll just dodge the brig round 'em, and chivey them into port, or till some big ship comes up to help us."

"No, no!" cried Captain Griggs in a very panic of fear. "I'm going to leave 'em and go on my course——"

"Now hold on," broke in Captain Tobutt; "you're just chucking away all your salvage. Say the word, and we'll hop round 'em. Remember, we are in the track of the Calcutta boats."

"I'm done with passenger ships," roared Captain Griggs. "It was them as brought me into this mess, and I'm going! I'm going, I tell you!" He swung up and down the poop in his excitement, and collided heavily with Mr. Binks. "You old woman!" he cried, shaking his fist at the trembling officer. "You old woman! You, with your tales of passenger ships, get forward, or I'll—I'll starve you!"

THE MUTINEERS.

At this direful threat Mr. Binks straightway flew down the poop ladder and disappeared forward of the galley, and was not seen aft again till dusk.

Meanwhile the boats had reached the clipper, and Captain Tobutt was scanning her through the glasses keenly, and with a set mouth. A stealthy change of sail was going on. He turned to Captain Griggs.

"You'll not stay?" said he.

"No, not for a whole ship full of millionaires."

For a moment Captain Tobutt curled both ends of his moustaches, looking at him the while with a mocking smile, and at last cried:—

"Then, by thunder, you've got to! Look, they're going to run you down!"

Captain Griggs jerked round with the swiftness of a marionette. He looked at the clipper, and his jaw dropped. She was slowly forging ahead to cross the brig's track.

"Oh!" he cried, helplessly. "Whatever brought me into this mess?"

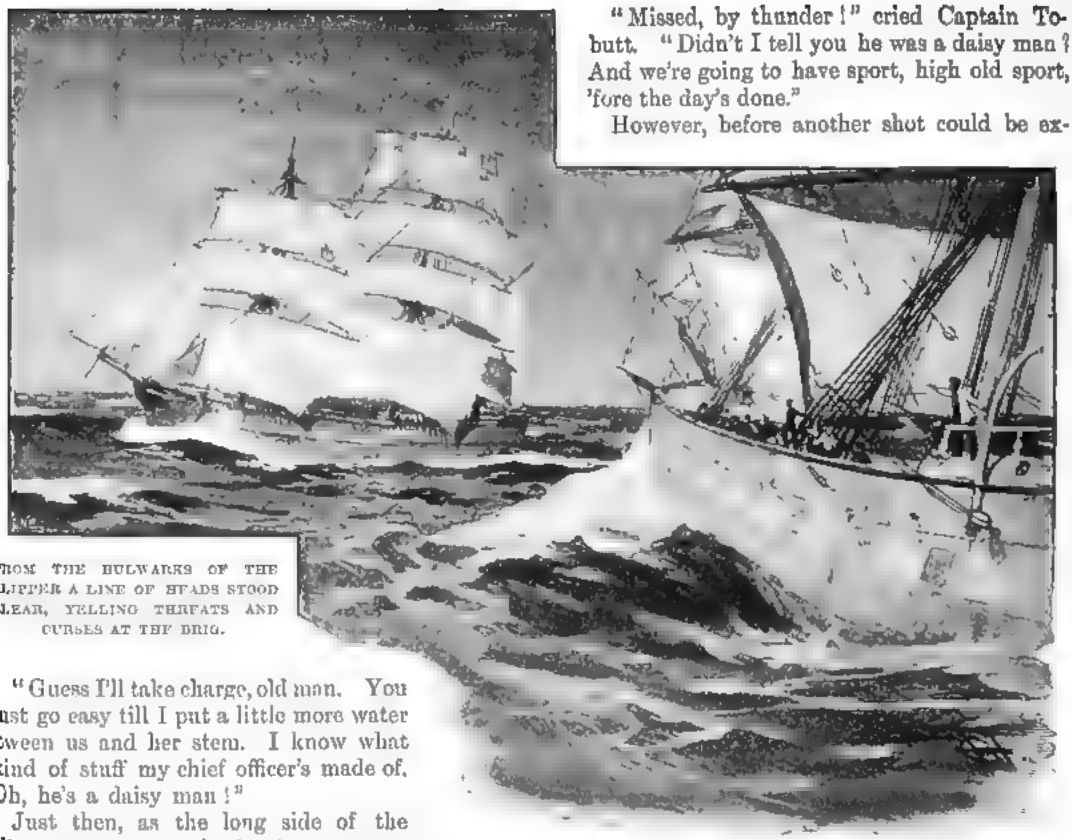
"Salvage, sonny—salvage," chuckled Captain Tobutt.

The *Attila* was now leaning over to the breeze. Every sail was set and drawing, and an ever-broadening ribbon of foam curled beneath her cutwater. Now and again, as she slightly rolled to windward, and offered her deck to the rising sun, there came trembling flashes from the brass work about her decks. It had an evil effect on the nerves of Captain Griggs. It was suggestive of firearms.

He hung on the wheel-spokes, blinking at the coming horror like a man fascinated. All the time he was aiding the helmsman to put the brig before the wind. That was the course to destruction, but Captain Griggs' one and only thought was to run away, and to go before the wind seemed the quickest way out of trouble. The two vessels were approaching each other along paths at right angles, and these, as every seaman on board the *Number One* could see at a glance, must presently meet. And as they recognised this, the fact slowly dawned on them that they were to be run down, drowned, and clean wiped out of existence, for on that depended the safety of the clipper's crew. As Captain Tobutt had truly said, "Dead men tell no tales." The tame crew looked desperately at their captain, murmuring among themselves. The worms were ready to turn. Already the face of the helmsman was white with fear, though, from sheer habit, he gave a spoke and took a spoke as the brig yawed uneasily as if scenting her danger.

At last, with a cry of fear, the crew broke like running water, and flew to the sheet and tacks, calling the while to their captain "Luff! luff!" Two of their number burst on the poop, dashed Captain Griggs from the wheel, and sent the brig up in the wind. So near had been the race that the *Attila* ripped through the seas within a ship's length of the brig. She was turning, too. It was going to be a case of greyhound and hare.

When the men swept Captain Griggs from the wheel they anticipated Captain Tobutt by some few seconds only, and he now, as their dazed commander staggered to the companion hatch and sat down, gaily cried to him:—



FROM THE BULWARKS OF THE CLIPPER A LINE OF HEADS STOOD CLEAR, YELLING THREATS AND CURSES AT THE BRIG.

"Guess I'll take charge, old man. You just go easy till I put a little more water 'tween us and her stem. I know what kind of stuff my chief officer's made of. Oh, he's a daisy man!"

Just then, as the long side of the clipper swept past the brig's quarter, a horrid roar broke out from her, and above her bulwarks a line of heads stood clear, yelling threats and curses at the brig.

"That's for me!" cried Captain Tobutt, with a fine show of pride and a dancing light in his eyes. "They've seen me!"

This was true, for one man, standing on the burnt-out poop, was peering hard at Captain Tobutt, and he at him.

With the swiftness of lightning both their right hands shot up, and the two reports fell in together in the same instant of time.

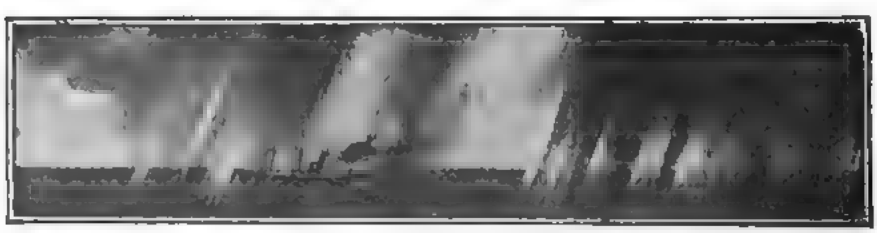
"Missed, by thunder!" cried Captain Tobutt. "Didn't I tell you he was a daisy man? And we're going to have sport, high old sport, 'fore the day's done."

However, before another shot could be exchanged, the ships had moved and put a network of rigging between the combatants.

Sport there was already, for the "daisy man's" shot had struck the wheel, and gashed the face of one of the helmsmen with a splinter.

"Another hand to the wheel!" roared Captain Tobutt, as he jerked out the empty cartridge from his revolver; "and you go below and get the mate to patch you up. The fun's just beginning."

(To be concluded in our next.)



A SHOWER IN THE INDIAN OCEAN.

"My Favourite Character in Fiction."

By The Editor.

Readers of The Captain between the ages of fourteen and twenty were asked to contend in friendly rivalry on the subject of "their favourite characters in fiction." The prizes offered for competition were hotly fought for. As character after character came boldly before me, championed by some ardent young pen, I fell to dreaming of them, and the books they appeared in, and of happy hours spent with those books, until my reverie was interrupted by the rude entrance of the printer's boy, who wanted *"June results, please!"*

And what characters, think you, seemed to have taken a closer hold of my readers' youthful affections than any others? Neck-and-neck, first one in front, then the other, ran Dumas' famous hero, D'Artagnan, and Dr. Conan Doyle's magazine creation—Sherlock Holmes. These were the two which, if I may put it that way, "cropped up" most frequently.

Wrote a sixteen-year-old boy:—

It may seem an unpardonable offence in a British schoolboy to say that his favourite character in fiction is drawn from the work of a French novelist. But what boy does not love, admire, yea, even wish to emulate D'Artagnan, and long for a repetition of the days when a man's best friend was his sword? D'Artagnan's most striking qualities are his loyalty to the King and his devotion to his friends. Perhaps the side of his character which mosts appeals to a school-boy is his ability to get out of scrapes. No corner is ever too tight for him. Perhaps nothing about him is so convincing, so pithy, so much to the point, as his sword. It is always ready to hand and he to handle it.

The following was sent in by a girl competitor:—

What a sad, yet glorious picture Charles Dickens has given us of "Sydney Carton"! Dissipated ne'er-do-well, "wrecked in port," he yet excites our keenest sympathy. Throughout his whole life his worst enemy was himself, and his abilities were ever at the service of others less capable than he. How indignant one feels with the pompous and bombastic Stryver, who thrived on the products of the young advocate's brilliant intellect! Carton's love for Lucie was almost worship. What a sad revelation of his own life did he make to her, sure, if not of her love, of gentle sympathy and pity! Feeling that he himself would sink lower, dragged down by his enemy, drink, he knew, that even if their lives could have been united, in spite of his love, he would have dragged her with him. This strange avowal ended with the wish that she would sometimes think there was a man, who, for her or one she loved, would give his own life. Misjudged, misunderstood by the rest of the world, he unburdened his full heart to the one being on earth who had the power to rouse his better self. In how full a measure was that vow fulfilled! Darnay, then Lucie's husband, brought within the clutches of the dread tribunal of the Revolution, was condemned to the guillotine. Sydney Carton, taking advantage of his resemblance to the prisoner, successfully installed himself in his place. Charles and his wife escaped to England, and Sydney Carton went to his doom as Number 23! Poor Sydney Carton! To him "love was a good thing, but port better, and death best of all."

This by a boy of seventeen:—

My favourite character in fiction is Colonel Newcome, dear, noble, lion-hearted Thomas Newcome. Where else in fiction do we get such a magnificent picture of an honourable, warm-hearted, upright English gentleman, as in Thackeray's immortal work? and, above all, where is there such a touching and pathetic piece of writing as in that final, crowning passage, where "he, whose heart was as that of a little child" answers Adsum for the last time on earth, and passes to the great roll call on high, before the Master's throne? Which of us, I wonder, has not shed tears as he bade farewell to the dear old man, who had fought so well on earth the battles of his Master and his Queen, and which of us has not instinctively compared him to his own father? Happy, indeed, the boy who can find the parallel exact. From the very beginning, where he shows his disgust at Captain Costigan's song, down to that last pathetic death-bed scene, he seems to stand out among a world of people actuated only by selfish ideas of personal aggrandisement and wealth. English fiction possesses no nobler, braver, more lovable character.

Many such extracts I should like to quote, but space forbids. I must find room, however, for what a boy of fifteen says about the inimitable Sherlock:—

This model of all fictitious detectives—though he does not like the title—possesses a great many attractive qualities. His professional methods naturally claim the greatest part of one's attention; but that is not everything. You cannot fail to notice that he is something more than a mere machine. Whenever instances of deceit and wickedness occur in his cases, he invariably evinces disgust. He is accused of egotism and conceit. Now he himself gives a splendid explanation of the difference between conceit and proper self-esteem, and proves the wrong in depreciating one's abilities when they are evident. He will never lose his originality. He is remarkable for being almost the only hero—if he can be termed a hero—who is not affected by the Tender Passion. . . . I shall always consider that Dr. Conan Doyle has endowed the literary world—especially the juvenile contingent—with a most fascinating character, one worthy of contemplation.

Before me lie some beautifully written essays on the immortal creations of Dickens—Little Dorrit, Little Nell, Dombey & Son, Captain Cuttle, Mark Tapley, David Copperfield, Sam Weller, and so on through that vast portrait gallery. Sydney Carton is especially popular; in fact, self-sacrifice appeals very strongly to the young reader. Other favourite characters are Colonel Newcome, Hereward the Wake, Amyas Leigh, Rudolph Rassendyll (the girls love him!), the many boy personalities in Talbot Baines Reed's unique public school tales, Uncle Tom, Ivanhoe, Rob Roy, the Vicar of Wakefield, Adam Bede, "Girt Jan Ridd," the "Last of the Mohicans," and that other mighty coloured gentleman, Mr. Haggard's "Umslopogaas."

WHAT I WANTED TO BE.

SIR GEORGE NEWNES, BART.

You ask me, Mr. Editor, to say what, as a boy, I wanted to be when I became a man. Many things.

My ambitions were kaleidoscopic, changing year by year. I quickly passed through the 'bus and engine-driver stage, and soon ceased to regard these useful and estimable citizens as the most important functionaries in the country.

Fennimore Cooper then kept me for a long time in an undecided state of mind as to which tribe of Red Indians I should lead on to perennial victories against fearful odds.

Having wrestled with, and conquered these and numerous other juvenile ambitions, I was sent to a boarding school. There I became profoundly impressed with the importance of religion, and I wanted to become a preacher. Six of us who were of like mind and spirit agreed to hold a weekly prayer-meeting. As it happened, there was an old disused summer-house at the end of the grounds which would very well serve as our little conventicle. It was quite away from the school, and we hoped there to be left undisturbed. So we were for a time, and we did enjoy those quiet devotional evenings. With a sense of security we became bolder, and it was suggested that, in addition to our prayers and reading of the Scriptures, we should sing a few hymns. This was opposed on the ground that if a certain section of the other boys heard us, we should be chaffed out of our lives, and possibly have our meetings violently interrupted. "But," said one boy, earnestly, "we need not sing loudly, and I should so like to have a few hymns like we do at home on Sunday evenings." And we determined to risk it. One night we must have forgotten our resolution, and sung too loudly; we were heard! Before the next meeting we were told by a boy who was in sympathy with us, but who was afraid to join us, that it had been arranged that we were to be attacked. He told us all about the plot. They had recognised the honourable necessity of only invading us with the same number as ourselves—namely, six; but as they were to be the biggest picked fighting boys in the school, we could not quite see where the honour came in. We held a consultation. One or two thought we had better give up for a time, but more plucky counsels prevailed, and it was decided to hold our meeting as usual, whatever happened. The eventful night came, and we turned up in good time at the summer-house. We were all more or less excited, as we knew there was going to be trouble. But we had a consciousness that we were doing right, and that gave us courage. One boy opened with a prayer, crude but fervent, perhaps, because of the circumstances, even more fervent than usual. Then another of our little band read a

SIR GEORGE NEWNES, BART.

Google

chapter of Scripture, which was specially selected to give confidence to Christian martyrs. After that another boy began to pray, and before he had gone far we heard sounds that told that our enemies were upon us. The boy pluckily continued praying, albeit in a tremulous voice; he was only a little chap. Nearer they came. We had locked the door, but it did not take much to burst the rickety thing open. When they saw us on our knees, two or three of them shrunk back as if in shame, and one cried "Don't!" But their leader, a great hulking bully, twice as big as any of us, jumped on the table and kicked our Bibles about, and shouted, "Get up, you silly softies, and we'll knock this nonsense out of you." Then the others, brought back by these words to their former temperaments, began cuffing us, and so we had to fight.

For some time before I had been wishing to be a preacher; now, for the moment, "what I wanted to be" was a prize-fighter. But they were all bigger lads than we. The unequal struggle could not last long. We did our best, but were badly beaten. The little weekly prayer-meeting in the old summer-house was broken up, and persecution, not for the first time in history, prevailed.

After leaving school I formed another and very different ambition. The old story—I became stage-struck.

So infatuated was I that for about a year I used to go with a friend—equally bitten—four nights a week to the theatre. We knew better than many of the critics the plot of every play that came out about that time, and the characteristics of every actor and actress upon the London stage.

We both wanted to go upon the boards.

One night we fell in with a broken-down actor, who told us that the first thing we must do was to learn stage-dancing. He recommended to us a friend who would teach us quickly. (I rather fancy Lord Russell's Bill against secret commissions would have come in here.) However, we went three times a week to take lessons, and got on very well. To this day at Christmas, or when yachting, or on other occasions when one sets aside mature dignity, I give my friends examples of what I learnt when pursuing a now buried ambition.

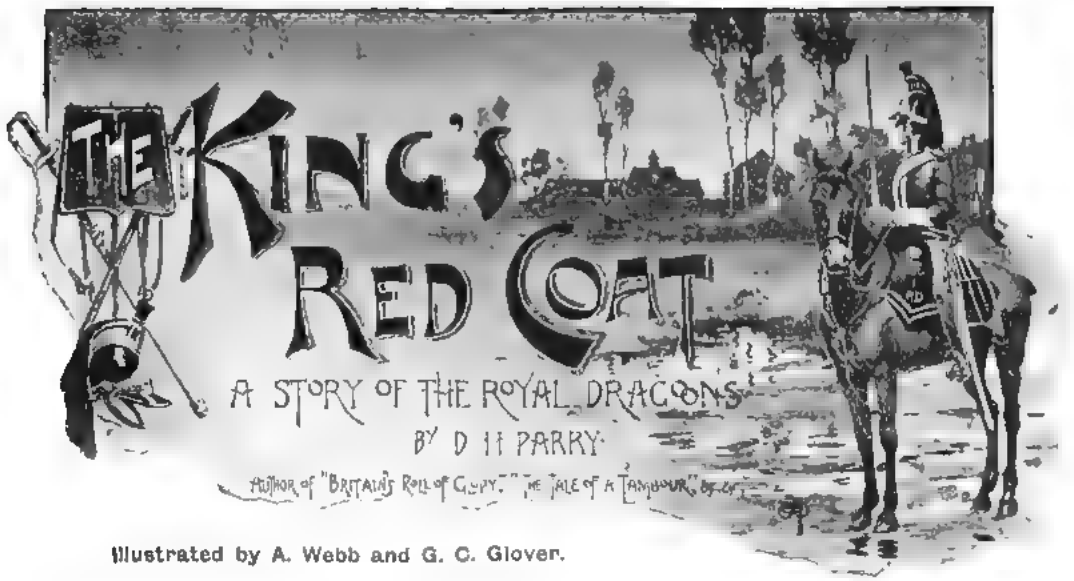
The end came in this way. Our actor friend took us behind the scenes of a small theatre, where we remained for two hours—we came away cured.

Parents, if you have a stage-struck son, let him spend an evening in the wings of a third-rate theatre.

My next ambition was destined to take practical shape. I became a greedy devourer of all kinds of periodical publications. Besides my own purchases I used to pay a newsagent a shilling to let me spend a couple of hours in his shop, turning over the pages of the various publications, and, as he took most of those issued, it was very interesting. There I examined them, criticised them, and tried to improve upon them.

In fact, at that time, my thoughts were largely upon journals and magazines, and I suppose they have been largely upon them ever since.

THEY SPURRED FOR THE SCENE OF COMBAT, FOLLOWED BY DATCHETT'S GALLANT HUSSARS.—(See page 504.)



Illustrated by A. Webb and G. C. Glover.

SYNOPSIS.—(CHAPTERS I.—XI.)

It is the period of the great Peninsular War, and Will Mortimer is gazetted cornet in the 1st Royal Dragoons. He is rigged out with a uniform, and with all possible speed accompanies his uncle, Captain Dick Datchett, of the 10th Hussars, to Spain. Heavy weather overtakes them as they are journeying across country to join the English army, and they seek shelter in some out-buildings of a farm. Here they are discovered by some French cavalry, commanded by the Chef d'escadron Zaminski; a hand-to-hand fight ensues, and eventually Will and the captain cut their way through to the English lines. Will rides up to his regiment, but hardly has he been introduced to his brother officers, when a shell enters the chest of his horse and explodes. Will miraculously escapes being blown to bits, and for many weary months lies in the hospital. On his recovery he rejoins the army, and shortly afterwards detects a Spanish officer, Zuazo di Gamboa Basta del Zadora, in the act of stealing Wellington's despatches. The Spaniard rides off with them, and Will follows him, but, when he has almost overtaken the thief, is captured by a band of brigands. Disarmed and bound, he is standing in their midst, when his old enemy, the Chef d'escadron Zaminski, rides up and recognises him.

CHAPTER XII.

IN WHICH THE CHEF D'ESCADRON ZAMINSKI SHOWS HIMSELF IN HIS TRUE COLOURS.

THE peak of the chef d'escadron's *schapska* threw a strong shadow across his great hooked nose, and out of the shadow glistened his eyes.

His yellow moustache, carefully twisted out and thickened with horsehair, bristled fiercely above the square chin; and, as Will looked up at him, he felt his heart sink lower.

But after the first momentary shock the boy's British pluck began to come uppermost, and he returned the lancer's gaze resolutely, resolved that whatever his fears might be, at least he would not show them.

"Yes, monsieur, we have met before," he said quietly, "under different circumstances, too."

"*Ma foi*, yes," said Zaminski, without taking his eyes off him. "It is my turn now, *hein?*"

There was just the faintest suspicion of scorn in the smile with which Will greeted the remark; perhaps it would be more correct to term it incredulity that a brave enemy should meditate reprisals for what had clearly happened in fair fight, and the lancer saw it.

"How old are you?" he said abruptly.

"I shall be seventeen in September," replied Will. "If——"

"If what?" asked the chef d'escadron, sharply.

"If I live until that time, monsieur."

Major Zaminski laughed a great laugh that showed his white teeth and wrinkled his visage into a multitude of little furrows about the eyes and cheeks, as though the heat of the sun had suddenly cracked it.

Then he became grave on the instant.

"My child"—and there was a curious undertone of sadness in his voice—"you will be a colonel when the vultures are busy with the bones of Zaminski; but, attention! These brigands speak naught but their own language; tell me, how come you in their hands?"

"I was captured on the road yonder, five miles back," said Will.

"How, in a skirmish? Your patrol was attacked—eh?"

"No, I was alone."

"Ha, riding with despatches?"

"Pardon me, monsieur, that is my affair," replied Will, tightening his grip on the paper he had crumpled up, and which was now hidden in his clenched fist.

"*Tonnerre de guerre!*" cried the Chef d'escadron Zaminski, "and only seventeen next birthday!

A SUDDEN LEAP SENT GARCIA AND HIS MONEY INTO A CLUMP OF PRICKLY ALOES.

There is a great future before you; but, seriously, you are in bad hands, and it will be a case of ransom, with probably a cruel death even when the money is paid—have you thought of that?"

"I have thought of nothing, sir. I have not had time," and there came a faint quiver into the boy's lip, as he stood there bound and helpless.

"Courage, my friend!" said the lancer. "There is a way out of it if you wish, and I am very willing to serve you, but you will have to be my prisoner, and give me your parole not to attempt to escape."

"And be sent to Verdun until the war is over. No, monsieur, I shall certainly try to regain my own people!" cried Will, a red spot burning on each cheek.

"Bah! not at all. With your parole once given I will keep you with the army until you shall be exchanged—my word of honour upon it, and Zaminski never lies. Come, decide quickly, my time is the Emperor's, not my own," and the Pole smote his thigh impatiently.

There was something about the brown-faced blustering man, alternately smiling and frowning, that inspired Will with confidence.

He felt one of the guerillas snipping the gold lace from his tails under cover of the conversation, and he made up his mind there and then.

"I give you my parole, monsieur," he said.

"That is good," cried the chef d'escadron, and then he spoke in Spanish to the guerilla leader.

"Garcia," said he; "this officer must go with me to headquarters. He it is that I was seeking this morning with my men."

"But, monsieur, that is hardly true," said Will.

"True!" cried Zaminski. "Where will you find anything true in this world? Is war itself true? Bah! You are quite right, you are only seventeen next birthday, and have much to learn."

Will bit his lip at the rebuke.

"You will keep the horse, Garcia," continued the lancer; "though," he added in a lower tone, "it is an iniquity to allow that beautiful creature to remain in the hands of such a scoundrel—and monsieur here will give you what money he has upon him when you have unbound him, if you have not taken it already."

The rascals hesitated, but Major Zaminski merely raised his eyebrows and said "Ha!" which very expressive observation they understood so perfectly that the cord was instantly untied.

"Now give them your purse and we will march," said the chef d'escadron.

Will emptied a little pile of dollars from the netted silk bag in his fob, handed them to the scoundrel named Garcia, and put the purse back again.

"Oh, he," laughed Zaminski. "A *gage d'amour*, and only seventeen next birthday! I wager me you were thinking of mademoiselle's fair fingers when you fell in with these thieves."

Will often thought of them, and the brown eyes too, and wondered what pretty Mary Robin was doing among the roses that clustered round the lattice windows of the old-fashioned parsonage.

He hid his face for a moment in Ladybird's mane, and then, kissing her soft nose for the

last time, turned away, and walked beside the lancer.

Suddenly the major pulled up.

"*Nom de Napoleon!* Here comes your horse, and as Garcia had not wit enough to keep it, you shall resume possession."

Ladybird whinnied joyfully, and coming to a stand beside her master, caressed him with her shapely head, snorting the while, as if to get the flavour of Garcia and company out of her nostrils.

The moment Will and the major were out of sight, the mare had plunged so hard that Garcia yelled for assistance, and two of his gang seized the bridle, while a third, who had been a priest in a seminary before the war broke out, and knew nothing of horses, tried to hold her by the tail.

She quickly disposed of him by a stroke of her hoofs, which nearly killed him; but the others hung on, and, quivering with thoroughbred indignation, Ladybird stood stock still.

When they let go, however, and Garcia began to divide Will's dollars, she saw her opportunity; a sudden leap sent Garcia and his money into a clump of prickly aloes, where he was about as happy as a highlander in a gorse bush, and away she went down the road at a pace that defied pursuit.

"Well, mount, my friend," laughed the chef d'escadron. "Yonder are my fellows, waiting at the bridge; you shall soon see what life is like under the Eagle, and as I have taken somewhat of a fancy to you, I will try to make your captivity as pleasant as possible."

Will got into his saddle with very mingled feelings, all the while keeping a tight grasp on the little ball of paper that had cost him his liberty, and wondered how he should dispose of it.

The chef d'escadron, meantime, pressed on at a brisk trot, and the two strange comrades were soon at the bridge where Zaminski's squadron sat lolling on their horses.

"Say nothing of that affair in the barn, my friend," said the chef d'escadron. "I do not think it probable that any of the others will recognise you, and it is better so. They are a little rough

"MY COMRADES, I PRESENT TO YOUR FAVOURABLE NOTICE A BRAVE ENEMY."

"CARRAMBA!" MUTTERED ZADORA, "I AM PURSUED!"

now and then, but, *mon dieu*, they have good hearts—and, when I think of it, how are you called, monsieur?"

Will told his name, which the lancer at once rendered as Mortimé, but the rank bothered him.

"How, *cornette?* What is that? Is it possible, then, that monsieur blows the horn?" and some annoyance found its way into his face at the suspicion that after all he had only captured a bandsman.

Thanks, however, to the superior intelligence of "those who come from the north" rather than Will's French, the chef d'escadron finally identified him as a *porte-étendard*, and recovered his equanimity.

"Ha!" he cried to the officers of the squadron who rode out to meet him, attracted by the King's Red Coat beside their leader, "I have brought you a most charming gentleman with me—quite young, but of remarkable sagacity, and a fine *sabreur*. My comrades, I present to your favourable notice a brave enemy, the Porte-étendard Mortimé; and, monsieur," he continued, waving his hand in the direction of the knot of horsemen, "permit me the felicity of making known to you the Capitaines Rickart, Miquart, and Briquart; the Lieutenants Chickart and Sickart; and the Sous-lieutenant Parigot Manèque Grandvalet de Fleurac!"

This was all uttered so seriously that Will had the greatest difficulty to prevent himself laughing outright, but as he bowed low over his holsters the horse-tail on his helmet came to his rescue by hiding his face.

They were a fine, bronzed set of men, those French officers, some of them short of stature, but all intensely military, and full of what we call "swagger."

When they were doing nothing else, they pulled their moustaches and said "*Parbleu*," or "*Nom de Napoleon*"—all except the sous-lieutenant, who took a violent dislike to the English lad at first sight, and was at no pains to conceal it.

"My comrades," said the chef d'escadron, "monsieur has given me his parole; I shall presently conduct him to Jourdan. And now, forward, trumpeter!"

CHAPTER XIII.

HOW WILL MORTIMER FOUGHT A DUEL WITH THE SWORD.

MEANWHILE, that high-souled gentleman, El Capitano Zuazo di Gamboa Basta del Zadora pounded his hardest along the rocky road in the vain hope of coming close enough to Will Mortimer to shoot him in the back.

The piebald was almost done; anyone but his rider would have seen *that*; but the Spaniard still spurred him unmercifully with true Spanish indifference to the claims of dumb animals.

Suddenly he jerked the panting beast on to his hind-quarters, and, bending down, listened to something the wind had been whispering in his ear, which the floundering hoofs had drowned.

"*Carramba!*" muttered Zuazo di Gamboa Basta del Zadora, "I am pursued—on, contemptible worm; on, pig in horse's shape!" and the reeking piebald, trembling in every limb, made a gallant attempt to fulfil his master's wishes.

Looking back, the traitor saw the road he had just traversed, curving along the mountain side almost in a semicircle, and winding away out of sight at the far end beyond a point of rock.

The river brawled over its boulders below him, and swine were feeding among the oak woods that clothed the opposite side of the valley.

An eagle soared above him, and the blue sky palpitated with the heat of the June morning, but he saw nothing, except that point of rock and the scarlet figure that suddenly trotted into view.

Anyone but the Hon. Marmaduke Fitznumbskull would have kept his eyes in front of him when engaged on such a mission, but as the Hon. Marmaduke rounded the corner he chanced to be turning in his saddle to speak to one of his party.

"*Madre de Dios!*" exclaimed Zuazo di Gamboa Basta del Zadora, "I am a dead man!"

The piebald plunged out of sight of the pursuers with a last despairing effort, and shambled down into a limping walk; Zadora broke into a sweat of mortal terror, promising candles by the bushel to Our Lady of Assistance; and the Hon. Marmaduke, ignorant of the prize almost within his grasp, raised an immaculately-gloved hand, and said: "Halt!"

The little party of the Royals, hastily despatched by their colonel, under the first officer he met, pulled up and scanned the valley before them.

The black horses were in a lather and the men eager for the chase, but there was nothing in sight; only another of those seemingly endless curvings of the road which they had been swinging along at a fast trot for the last half hour.

"Beg pardon, sir," said the sergeant, "but with your leave I should like to ride to yonder bend of the track. There seemed to me something like a cloud of dust settling down there."

"Oh, dear no—quite absurd, my good fellow," said the Hon. Marmaduke, surveying the road casually through his glass. "We've done enough of this for one morning. The thing's ridiculous. Turn 'em round and we'll go back."

The sergeant bit his lip, and had disrespectful thoughts of the Hon. Marmaduke.

"Very well, sir," he said to his officer, and then gave the command so savagely to the men that they winked at each other, knowing what was in his mind.

And so it happened that Zuazo di Gamboa Basta del Zadora escaped to work more mischief; the vultures settled on the carcass of Pedrillo's horse, and at the next muster Cornet Mortimer was reported "missing."

* * * * *

Meanwhile Will was riding silently along by the side of the Sous-lieutenant De Fleurac, conscious that that young gentleman was regarding him with the concentrated essence of contempt.

He was short and very slim, with a budding moustache on his upper lip, which was in imminent risk of being pulled up by the roots, so often did the sous-lieutenant tug at the poor little hairs in his premature attempts to train them in the way they should go.

He was of that type of lad—peculiar to France and Germany, thank goodness—which plays with a soft ball until well on in its teens, and then becomes exceedingly bloodthirsty and pines for the weapons of grown men.

Will had felt for some time that his companion had been staring at him in a highly unpleasant way, and at last he turned towards him with the colour mounting to his brow.

There was no mistaking the sneer of studied insult on De Fleurac's lip, but Will's steady gaze transformed it on the instant into a monkeyish grin, and a faint spot of red glowed on the young Frenchman's cheek.

"Monsieur is good enough to regard me with impertinent curiosity," said the French boy. "He has possibly not seen a soldier before, since there are none among the English *canaille*."

"The impertinence is on your side," said Will very quietly, though he was inwardly boiling.

"*Pauf!*" sneered De Fleurac. "That is not a very clever retort; you English, then, are as little renowned for wit as for courage."

Will's face grew dark as a thundercloud.

"You would not dare to say those words if I were not a prisoner!" he said hotly, at the same time unconsciously pressing Ladybird closer.

"I say what I like and when I like," snapped De Fleurac, making his horse canter slowly, and thereby throwing up a cloud of dust which blew across Will's face.

Will pushed Ladybird on a pace to escape this fresh annoyance, but De Fleurac, who was a good horseman, followed him up and laughed as he watched the result of his mean trick.

"You will either go forward, or rein back—one or the other, monsieur," cried Will, losing his temper, and slipping the crumpled despatch into his left gauntlet.

"I am not under your orders," sneered the sous-lieutenant; "besides, I have instructions to keep a sharp watch on you in case you break your parole," and he threw into his voice an expression of the most exasperating scorn.

"If I break anything it shall be your head!" cried Will suddenly, and riding close to him until their knees touched, he dealt the sous-lieutenant a terrific backhander, which forced him on to the blue valise behind his saddle.

"You pig, you have struck me!" screamed De Fleurac, as his horse reared. "This shall be to the death—I will kill you!"—and hearing his cry, the capitaines Miquart and Briquart, and one of the lieutenants came up in time to see him reeling and Will with his arm still raised.

The entire party had turned at the sound, and Zaminski spurred from the head of the squadron.

"What is all this?" he demanded sternly. "Sous-lieutenant, explain, if you please?"

"Ha, the *coquin*, he has hit me!" cried De Fleurac, sobbing with vexation and pain, for his cheek had already swollen up and his left eye was closing. "He made to escape—the English dog!—when I said, quite politely, 'Monsieur, is it this way that brave men treat their parole?' And then, with a fist like a hammer, he struck me—struck a De Fleurac—and I will kill him!"

"You miserable little liar!" shouted Will, so fiercely that the rascal reined his horse hastily behind that of the Capitaine Miquart. "He has insulted me by every means in his power, and I *had* to hit him; and, what is more, I'll just punch his head until he doesn't know he's got one! What I tell you is perfectly true, Major Zaminski—look at his face!"

Major Zaminski had already been doing so, and, knowing well what manner of contemptible animal was Parigot Manèque Grandvalet de Fleurac, had drawn his own conclusions, but there was another matter which outweighed all considerations of mere justice.

The sous-lieutenant had been *struck*; and when a French officer has been struck there was, is, and ever will be, only one course open to him.

"Monsieur Mortimé," said the chef d'escadron, very gravely, "you were probably in the right.

The Sous-lieutenant De Fleurac will consider himself under arrest, but"—and this was uttered with a deprecatory bow and a shrug of the shoulders that made his epaulettes flap—"you will not refuse him the satisfaction usual in such cases?"

"Yes, monsieur must fight!" echoed the others in one breath; and the Lieutenant Chickart said, "I will act for De Fleurac."

"And as for me," said the Capitaine Miquart, "my services are at the disposal of Monsieur Mortimé."

"Hold, my friends," said the chef d'escadron, "there is one thing we have overlooked. The Englishman is a prisoner, and if Jourdan should hear of this—*ma foi!*—the 8th Light Horse Lancers will get a bad name."

A visible shadow crossed the faces of the fire-eaters.

"*Sacre bleu!*" said De Fleurac. "Have I not told you I should kill him? The dead tell no tales."

"Silence!" thundered Zaminski. "Which ever way it goes you will not come out of it with clean hands."

"Gentlemen," interrupted the English cornet, "I will fight that fellow, since it is your custom. All I ask is time to write a few words, which you will send to my home if I fall. I know what is in your minds, but, believe me, the maréchal shall never know of this matter from my lips."

"What did I say?" cried the chef d'escadron. "This is a brave boy, my comrades!"

"Do me the honour to give me your hand," said the Capitaine Miquart, in a loud voice; adding in an undertone, "You have the choice of weapons—swords, remember. With the pistol De Fleurac will kill you!"

* * * * *

The sun had gone towards the west; not far, but enough to throw a curious semicircle of shadow across the dusty grass.

With their backs to the sun, and sitting motionless in rapt attention on their horses, were the men of the lancer squadron.

The officers were dismounted, in a group for the most part, but the Capitaine Miquart stood alone at some little distance, and the chef d'escadron had taken up a position midway between him and the rest.

Will Mortimer, tall and grim visaged, was prodding the turf mechanically with the point of Miquart's sabre, and the sous lieutenant, De Fleurac, having adjusted the wrist-knot of his own weapon, puffed out his chest and nodded.

He was scowling ill-humouredly, having anticipated certain success with his Versailles pistols, and now it was to be an affair of the sword he was less confident of results.

"*Commencez, messieurs!*" said the chef d'escadron; and they commenced.

De Fleurac appeared taller when on foot, and the disparity in height between the two combatants was consequently less marked, but the Frenchman was slimmer and more lithe in his movements, and there was a vindictive light in his eyes as he bent forward and crossed swords.

The bright steel blades grated like two cornstalks in a breeze and the watchers drew in their breaths.

It seemed as if they were never to begin, but were bending nearer and nearer to each other.

Then a flash, and a zigzag gleam of the sun-kissed sabres; Miquart ejaculated "Ha!" and all the breaths were discharged again.

De Fleurac had lunged like lightning and the dragoon had parried him.

Once more those vicious blades touched each other side by side, rising and falling with a faint hissing sound, and again De Fleurac lunged and jumped back again.

His mouth twitched at the corners, and he was visibly paler, and on to the ground fell some red spots, unnoticed by them all.

"This English boy has a coolness most remarkable," thought the Capitaine Miquart. "When he is roused he will be *magnifique*."

A moment later they were engaged again, and when they fell back the sous-lieutenant grasped his face in his left hand.

There was blood oozing through the fingers of his white gauntlet and down his neck. Will had slit the skin from his ear along the entire length of his jawbone.

"Hold!" cried Zaminski; "that is sufficient."

"Not for a De Fleurac!" cried the sous-lieutenant, starting forward. "He struck me!"

"As you like," said Will, between his teeth; "but look to yourself this time, for I shall strike you again."

The men of the squadron bent lower over their holsters, and the Capitaine Miquart assumed the pose of a wicket-keeper, with a hand on each thigh.

De Fleurac sprang round his enemy with incredible agility, and the two young men revolved in a circle which was ever narrowing, until at length, with a cry that was something like a snarl, the lancer threw himself on to Will and thrust wildly at his throat.

A head guard sent the curved blade harmlessly above his helmet, and before De Fleurac could recover, the dragoon's sabre passed completely through the yellow plastron and embedded itself in the muscles of his shoulder, the pommel striking sharply on the silver button below the epaulette-strap.

"*Halte!*" shouted Zaminski, and halt it was, for, brandishing his left arm in the air, Parigot Manèque Grandvalet de Fleurac sank backwards into the arms of his second, gasped two or three times, and showed the whites of his eyes.

A sergeant dismounted and came forward with a canteen of brandy, which Zaminski put to the sous-lieutenant's lips, and while he was so doing the sergeant plucked a handful of grass and saluted the English officer.

"Permit me, monsieur," said he, making pretence to wipe Will's reeking blade, but in reality observing him closely.

"Eh, then," he muttered under his moustache, "I am right—it was the same hand that slew the poor Grogowski. Wait, my pig, you and I have accounts to settle!"

"Bah!" screamed the sous-lieutenant, returning to consciousness. "I will kill him—I—will——"

but the effort was too much for the wounded lad, and with a glare of inextinguishable hate, he fainted a second time.

"I am very sorry, messieurs, for the misfortune that has attended your comrade," said Will, his honest British heart rising superior to all petty sentiments.

"My friend," said the Capitaine Miquart, drawing him aside; "these little circumstances will happen, but I beg you to entertain no regrets. When the regiment marched for Germany, and our squadron was retained in this accursed Spain, they left us De Fleurac for our sins—we owe you thanks for ridding us of his presence for a time, and I shall always cherish my sabre in memory of the brave foeman who has wielded it so well—but, hola, what have we here?"

Will turned his head in the direction of the capitaine's gaze, and saw with very mingled feelings that other captain, Zuazo di Gamboa Basta del Zadora, approaching them on foot, leading his jaded piebald by the bridle.

For an instant Will thought he was about to turn tail and fly; but the next moment Zadora advanced, pale as ashes, and made a profound bow to the French captain.

Beyond a crimson flush which he could not repress, Will made no sign of recognition, and when, after a few words of conversation, Miquart transferred the traitor to the chef d'escadron, no one could have guessed that any understanding existed between the two officers thus strangely thrown together in an enemy's lines.

What Zaminski said to the Spaniard Will could not hear, but there was something in his gestures, and the haughty way in which he drew back from Zadora, that showed our hero how the gallant Pole estimated a traitor.

Will was equally in the dark as to the purport of a message brought at full gallop to the major by a dashing aide at the moment when they had lifted De Fleurac on to his horse, and were tying him in his saddle.

Whatever the order, it had the effect of breaking up the knot of officers, who ran to their horses, looking grave, and of starting the squadron at a brisk trot due north, two men supporting De Fleurac in the centre, while Zuazo di Gamboa Basta del Zadora did his best to keep up with the rear, where he swallowed more dust than he had bargained for.

CHAPTER XIV.

AN INTERRUPTED NARRATIVE.

For several days and nights, halting only to rest the horses and snatch a few hours' sleep, the Polish lancers pushed on.

The weather became a little cooler in consequence of some rain, and that fact probably saved the wounded De Fleurac, who still travelled with them, often unconscious from the agony of his wound.

A HEAD GUARD SENT THE CURVED BLADE HARMLESSLY ABOVE HIS HELMET.

"Why do you not leave him in charge of the doctors—surely you have hospitals like the British army?" said Will one day to the Capitaine Miquart, who, in common with the rest of the squadron, had been growing more and more silent and perturbed.

"My friend," he replied, curtly, "it is not my habit to be rude, as you will doubtless do me the honour to admit when we have severed our acquaintance, but you must ask me no questions."

Will bowed, and took the advice, only he kept his eyes and ears wide open, and drew his own conclusions.

It was evident that the French were retreating, and that in haste.

They overtook columns of marching infantry, all pressing northward, and once an army corps, with long trains of artillery, the sun glinting on the brass cannon until they seemed on fire.

Will chanced to ride close to the lumbering guns, and on one of them he saw the Republican cap of Liberty and the name "Terrible," while the next bore the *fleur de lys* of Louis XVI.

You can see some of those guns in the Tower to-day, taken at Waterloo, and still read their names above the touch-hole.

At length, one night, the lancers unsaddled in a dense corkwood, videttes were posted, and a general air of relief seemed to pervade officers and men.

Two large fires were lighted, and the hot soup was soon bubbling, sending a fragrant odour through the bivouac, the first time they had smelled it for many days.

"*Tonnerre de Ciel!* Jourdan is taking a leaf out of the Emperor's book. I have not made such a march since the campaign in Poland, six years since," said the chef d'escadron, wiping his moustache on the back of his hand. Hola, Monsieur Mortimé, come and sit beside me. I have had no opportunity of enjoying your amiable society of late; shall I tell you a story?"

Will's face was reply sufficient, and the other officers drawing nearer, the chef d'escadron beamed upon the world in general, and the bivouac fire in particular.

On the other side of the blaze sat De Fleurac, muffled in his cloak, and beside him the Spanish traitor, who had become strangely intimate with the sous-lieutenant of late; while, with that familiarity peculiar to the French service, a sergeant sat on the bank with them—he of the hawk's nose who had recognised our hero.

"All the world has heard of the great Battle of Marengo," said the chef d'escadron with a grandiloquent wave of his hand, "how Bonaparte, as we called him then, came near to being defeated by the Austrians; and Dessaix and Kellermann restored the fortunes of the day.

"*Ma foi!* yes, that is history; but few know that a division of ten thousand Austrians lay idle one short league away, all through the combat, listening to the cannonade, and never moving hand to musket!

"No, that has not yet been given to the world. A force strong enough to have fallen on our rear and routed us utterly—a force of ten thousand whitecoats held in check by *one man*, and that man Zaminski!"

The chef d'escadron looked very fierce, as well he might, with such an Homeric memory to relate.

"Listen. It was in this way.

"On the evening before Marengo was fought, I had been sent by Lannes to warn some distant posts that the Kaiserlicks were about to march on Genoa, and that they must be upon the alert.

"Riding all night, and in a hurry to return for the battle we knew was approaching, I found myself with the dawn at an Italian village, whose name I have forgotten, nor is it marked on any map I have seen.

"Half hidden by a grove of solemn Lombardy poplars was a house of some pretensions. I entered, drew my sabre and mounted a staircase; everything was costly, yet in the bare, uncomfortable Italian style, and still no living soul, until, in a small room which had evidently been a lady's boudoir, I found the most enticing breakfast ever laid to tempt a famished aide-de-camp!

"*Nom d'un pape*, I was young, and I was very hungry; the dishes were all marked with the letter K, but the entire alphabet would not have deterred me just then—I forgot all but my appetite, and throwing myself on to a gilded sofa under the window, I ate ravenously.

"It might have been ten minutes, perhaps it was longer—I know I had swallowed my third cup of coffee out of a Sévres *tasse* when I heard horsemen outside.

"Hastily removing my hat, and with my mouth full of ham, I looked down on to an astonishing spectacle, which would have terrified a less strong nerve than that of Zaminski.

"An Austrian general officer was dismounting at the door, but what was worse still, line upon line of white coats piling arms on the road and in the fields, showed me that I was in the midst of an Austrian army corps which had just marched up and meant to stay there.

"I was more annoyed than alarmed, though the position was serious; but I knew that everything depended on my keeping my wits

"ALL THE WORLD HAS HEARD OF THE GREAT BATTLE OF MARENGO," SAID THE CHEF D'ESCADRON, WITH A GRANDILOQUENT WAVE OF HIS HAND.

about me, and I straightway began to sharpen them.

"'Bah!' said I to myself, 'yonder general is their celebrated Könighümpfen, the man who is so fat that they allow him two days' start of the other divisions and then have to wait for him. Yes, that accounts for the K engraved on his *batterie de voyage* here—*ma foi*, and all solid silver, too!'

"At that moment spurred heels sounded in the outer room, and a young officer came jauntily in, evidently to inspect his commander's repast and see that it was entirely *en règle*—I think he must have been his personal attendant.

"'*Himmel!*' he gasped—and then I took him by the throat, and said in German, 'Silence, or you die!' But the sight of my uniform did not awe him in the least, for he was a brave man, and his sword was out in a twinkle.

"I was sorry, but I had to do it, for there were more of them to come; so I ran him through, rolled his body under the sofa, and retired behind the door, wondering how it would all end.

"Just then there sounded a ponderous stamping in the outer room, and the heavy breathing of a large man unused to a steep staircase.

"'It is Monsieur le Général,' thought I, and it was, but—*sabre de la gloire!*—such a general I had never seen," and the chef d'escadron laughed aloud.

"He was like all the rascally commissaries who grow fat on their plunder turned into one, and his waistcoat alone would have made a standard for a demi-brigade.

"He had certainly five chins; I counted them later on; but the instant he had loomed into the room I closed the door behind him and shot the bolt.

"He had no eyes for anything but his breakfast, and, waddling straight up to the table, threw himself into a huge chair and blew a mighty breath that fluttered the window curtain.

"'Where are you, Carl?' said he, fumbling to loose the massive gold sash that girdled him.

"'If Carl is the young gentleman in the red breeches,' said I, stepping forward and presenting my sabre at his breast, 'then Carl is under the sofa. I am the Citizen Lieutenant Zaminski, general, and if you speak above a whisper you will take your *déjeuner* in the other world!'

"*Mon dieu!* that man's face it is not possible to describe. He opened a mouth like a bear in the Jardin des Plantes, and quivered like a jelly.

"I had no plan; things would have to develop themselves; so I glared very fiercely, and under the window the Austrian band struck up a drinking-song—the hippopotamus, then, took his meals to music.

"'Come, sir,' said I, 'while you eat I will talk to you. There is here some ragout which is quite delicious, and these eggs are not yet cold—but permit me to take a simple precaution,' and I bound his ankles to the legs of the chair with his own sash, fixing him with my eyes meanwhile, and the poor beast never daring to move.

"I wager he had not seen his feet for twenty years—it was a physical impossibility.

"I drew a bottle of wine from the great silver cooler, and was about to pour out a glass for him when the band suddenly stopped, and a roll like thunder vibrated across the plain.

"'The battle has begun,' thought I, 'and Zaminski is not there!'

"Then a horse galloped up, voices shouted in German, I heard someone dismount, and the clank of a sabre at the room door.

"'Mind!' said I, 'your life is a hostage for mine!' and knowing that the messenger had come up alone—for no one dared disturb Könighumpfen at such a moment—I opened the door.

"A Hungarian hussar officer, very gorgeous, entered saluting.

"'His Excellency requests your immediate support, sir,' he panted. 'He desires you to march on the Bridge of Boromida, and take the *sans-culottes* in the rear.'

"'My friend,' said I, 'I do not think that arrangement at all desirable.' And seeing that I had to deal with another brave man, I was again sorry, but I rolled his body also under the sofa."

Will gasped with astonishment, and the chef d'escadron heaved a little sigh of regret.

"Listen to the braggart," whispered De Fleurac to Zadora on the other side of the fire. "But he tells a good story all the same."

"I thought Könighümpfen was going to have a fit," continued the chef d'escadron, and the distant cannonade grew louder and louder.

"He drank some wine, and lay back in his beautiful white coat all laced with gold, and looked at me as if I were a wild beast, though I am sure I pressed him with all the delicacies in turn, but in vain.

"An hour passed, and another messenger came—his horse fell dead from fatigue as he pulled up—and again I opened the door.

"*Ma foi*, it was the same tale, and I said to myself, 'Zaminski, if you cannot get out, at least you can perform a great duty—this addle-pated division will not move without orders from their leader, and every moment of delay is helping your comrades over there.'

"That made three dead men at breakfast with the general, and the fourth came on the heels of the third!

"I saw him below, where the Austrian officers were fuming and boiling, and the sight of him gave me an idea.

"He was of my build, also with a fair moustache, and in less than five minutes he was on his back in the room, and I was drawing off his leather boots.

"The general crossed himself as I combed out my moustache with a table-fork, after the manner of their young men, and with all the haste I could muster I slipped off my blue pantaloons and was thrusting one leg into the crimson ones of number four, when——"

What happened Will was fated never to know. A volley of carbines rent the night. Everyone sprang up with a cry of alarm, and into the circle of the bivouac firelight dashed a score of mounted figures, shouting an honest British "Hurrah!"

Blue and white, and a touch of scarlet. He knew the uniform as he jumped on to the bank to escape the flashing sabres, and he knew the hearty

BUT AS THE LAD FELL, DICK DATCHETT REVENGED HIM.

voice that cried: "There he is, boys! Stand clear, Will, until we've done the business!"

"Save the major!" shouted Will, with a pang of anxiety for his late captor. But the major had already saved himself, and the lancers were flying through the darkness in a mighty panic—quite excusable under the circumstances.

* * * * *

"Now, old fellow!" cried Captain Dick, "if you want some fun you must ride as you never rode before! There's a fight on the carpet—if we can only get up in time!"

Once more Will found himself astride Ladybird, who had answered to his whistle amid the general stampede, and uncle and nephew galloped side by side in the cool morning towards the great plain of Vittoria, where King Joseph Bonaparte was about to cast the last die for his tottering throne.

With much to ask and to tell each other, they talked in shouts, and as the crackle of musketry came on the wind they spurred for the scene of combat, followed by Datchett's gallant hussars.

"No use trying to find the Royals," cried the captain. "You stick to me and see service with the Tenth for once—bless 'em! I've only just found you after a desperate hunt, and I'm not going to lose you now!"

But the country was alive with French patrols; and a thick vapour made it difficult to recognise friend from foe; and after some narrow escapes, it was not until the retreat had begun that our friends fell in with the regiment, although they were in sound of firing for hours.

You know the story of Vittoria, and how Joseph crowded his army and an immense train of baggage, guns, and all the ladies of his Court into a valley ten miles by eight.

How Wellington poured in his red battalions and blue gunners, and fought them inch by inch, and then let loose his gay light-horsemen on the flying foe.

In vain Will looked through the rolling smoke for the scarlet ranks of his own men; the Royals had bad luck that day, and were chiefly in reserve, only losing one man by a round shot; but the Tenth were in their glory, and it was "Hussars to the front!"

Like a whirlwind they swept along the cloud of carriages, guns, and wagons that crowded the causeway. The magnificent cavalry of Napoleon, wasted by incompetent leaders, made a brave stand, but the retreat became general.

Joseph bolted, Jourdan bolted—leaving his marshal's bâton behind him—and their fine army was utterly wasted.

* * * * *

"Right shoulders forward—charge that colour!" cried Captain Dick, as a mass of green-coated chasseurs swept across their path.

Ladybird at the same moment felt a sharp blow on her croup from a spent ball, and before Will knew what she was up to the mare was in the centre of the green jackets.

A furious chasseur officer charged him in defence of the colour, and their swords crossed. Next moment the Frenchman's blade pierced him, and the sky danced in black spots before his eyes as he swayed backwards. But as the lad fell, Dick Datchett revenged him.

(To be concluded.)

WHEN YOU LEAVE SCHOOL.

Something in the City—(Second Article).

A BUSINESS in which great strides have been made in recent years is insurance. The chief branches of it are life, fire, marine, and accident insurance. The best way to get into an insurance company is to obtain a recommendation from a director, and forward it, together with a written application, to the manager.

Some insurance companies hold an examination for their clerkships, but by far the most important qualifications for a post in a good insurance company are a thorough general education, a good appearance, intelligence and smartness. No premium is required, but very often a term of from four to five years' apprenticeship has to be served, during which time some slight remuneration is generally given. At the end of the apprenticeship the salary is fixed at anything varying from £60 to £100 per annum, depending upon the ability the youth has shown.

The prospects of a clever youth who has entered an insurance office at the age of seventeen, and has taken care to make himself thoroughly acquainted with every detail connected with his special branch, are most excellent. A reputation for exceptional ability in calculation and mathematics may bring him to the post of actuary, where he may easily earn a salary of from £500 to £1,000 per annum. Or if he is in a large marine insurance company, like Lloyd's, he may receive as underwriter from £2,000 to £3,000 a year.

If he reaches the very summit, and becomes —by ability alone, or by ability and influence combined—a manager of a leading insurance company, he will get anything from £4,000 to £5,000 per year.

Taken as a whole insurance companies offer the most remunerative—and the most quickly remunerative—posts to really smart men.

Even as the agent of a good company, whose business it is to secure policies, a man may easily earn five or six hundred a year. The post of agent, too, is one that requires no very special knowledge of the business. The successful agent must be able to talk well. He must be well dressed and smart in appearance, and the more influential friends he has the better for his prospects.

For the youth who can afford to give the time for five years' apprenticeship without any immediate return except a little pocket money, a clerkship in a bank offers good opportunities. No premium is required, but it is desirable for candidates to have had a good general education and to have passed some examination like the Oxford or Cambridge Junior before leaving school. A knowledge of book-keeping and of French or German is also very useful.

Many banks give preference to youths who have obtained the Commercial Certificate from the London Chamber of Commerce or some other similar institution. In applying for a post it is well, if possible, to obtain a nomination from a director.

Bank clerks would always do well to become members of the Institute of Bankers during their five years' apprenticeship. The annual subscription is only 10s. 6d., and the Institute grants certificates to those who successfully pass its examinations. These examinations are held annually in May in London and many provincial centres. The examinations are hard and require careful preparation, but the certificate granted is of great service.

Of course, the posts offered after apprenticeship vary in the different banks, but anyone with good qualifications can be sure of obtaining an influential position. Chief clerks in banks command a salary of from £400 to £2,000 per annum, in accordance with the size and importance of the bank, and the post of manager carries with it a salary of from £500 to £4,000 per annum.

I come now to a very important and very remunerative kind of employment, which offers more scope for the display of a man's personal powers than almost any other I could name, viz., commercial travelling.

Commercial travellers are the diplomats of commerce, but, unlike ambassadors, they do not receive a royal welcome everywhere they go. The necessary qualifications of a good traveller may be summed up in the one word, "smartness." Goods nowadays do not sell themselves. You may carry, if you represent a wholesale drapery house, very fine samples in the way of silks, stuffs, lace, etc., all got up to please the eye; but unless you are able to talk about them well, and to persuade other people into buying them, you are no use as a commercial. A good traveller can make an indifferent article sell like wildfire, while the very best goods will

remain unsold by the man who lacks "smartness."

It does not matter, then, very much what your early training, or what your school attainments have been. What is of paramount importance is that you should cultivate the "gift of the gab," have unlimited confidence in yourself, and not allow yourself to be snubbed or sat upon.

It will not greatly matter if you have but scanty knowledge of the business you represent. Some of the most successful travellers have no expert knowledge at all. They are simply known as capital fellows, who can tell good stories, and who always look well dressed and presentable, and whom people are pleased to see.

It is no unusual thing for firms to employ as travellers men who have had no experience whatever, and who are simply sent on the rounds with a supply of samples to do the best they can. A friend of mine who was up at Oxford some years ago, where he was known as a very good sort, was obliged, owing to pecuniary troubles, to come down without taking his degree. For some time he could not succeed in getting anything to do. He aimed, perhaps, too high, as so many University men do. At last, however, on the strength of his good appearance and well-known talking powers, he was taken on as a commercial traveller by a firm of jewellers. He was an immediate success. In less than a year he was earning over £500 per annum in commissions, and now he drives a smart brougham, and is said to make at least £2,000 a year.

Of course, some trades require more special knowledge than others. Representatives of a drapery business, for instance—a trade which, by the way, is greatly in the ascendant—require to have some thorough knowledge of stuffs and fabrics.

The salary of a commercial traveller depends entirely upon the house he is representing, but, as a rule, the average income a good man may earn on the road ranges anywhere from £300 to £1,000 a year. The usual custom that has hitherto been followed by the majority of firms was to allow a man a small salary and a good commission on sales, but now it is becoming more and more customary to increase the salaries and allow little or no commission.

In recent times firms used to allow their travellers as much as 30s. a day for expenses. Then it got reduced to 25s., then to a guinea, and now the usual amount is 15s. per diem.

One of the most desirable trades to be identified with as a traveller is that associated with silver and electro-plated goods. Travellers in this business are generally recruited from the ranks of those who have been connected with it for some years. A boy who has entered a factory at an early age, after serving for two or three years as junior, will become a salesman. As a salesman he will receive from £60 to £100 per annum, and if he is sent on the road to represent his house his starting salary will be about £200 a year, with commission and expenses.

The advantages of a commercial traveller's life are very obvious. Constant change of scene, variety of life, social intercourse—these are only some of the many advantages. But it cannot be insisted upon too strongly that the life is only suitable to a man who has these social and sociable qualities in a marked degree. For the bashful and retiring man, or even for the decidedly domesticated man, the life means nothing but hardship, disappointment and humiliation

The profession of a chartered accountant also offers good prospects as a career for a smart boy.

Compared with other professions, the preliminary expenses are small, the stamp duty on the indentures only amounting to 2s. 6d.

An apprenticeship of five years from the time of being articled has to be served, except in the case of graduates of a university, when the term is reduced to three years. A premium ranging between one hundred and two hundred guineas is required according to the standing of the firm articled to.

No one can be articled until he has reached the age of sixteen, and has passed the Preliminary Examination of Chartered Accountants.

The examinations are three in number—the Preliminary, Intermediate, and Final.

For the Preliminary a good, sound, general education is necessary. The subjects are as follows:—

Compulsory.—Writing from dictation, English composition, arithmetic, algebra to quadratic equations, Euclid (Books I.-IV.), geography (Great Britain and Ireland and one European country), English history (from B.C. 55), elementary Latin.

The *optional* subjects, of which any two may be taken, one of which must be a language, are: (1) Latin (set author); (2) Greek (set author); (3) French; (4) German; (5) Spanish; (6) Italian (in these subjects, passages are set for translation, and questions in grammar are given); (7) higher mathematics, algebra, trigonometry, and Euclid, I.—VI.; (8) physics -elementary mechanics, hydrostatics, and pneumatics; (9) chemistry (inorganic); (10) animal physiology; (11) zoology; (12) botany; (13) electricity and magnetism; (14)

geology; (15) shorthand (dictation at rate of seventy words a minute).

The Preliminary Examination is held in London and provincial centres in June and December.

Certificates of exemption are issued to graduates of any university in Great Britain, undergraduates of Oxford, Cambridge, Durham, and London, and Oxford and Cambridge Senior and Junior Locals.

Accountants are sought for as secretaries to land syndicates, savings banks, building societies, and the position of borough accountant is one of the most lucrative and responsible posts in our municipal government.

A fully qualified chartered accountant may always rely upon making at least £300 per annum, and some of the larger firms count their incomes by many thousands.

To bring to a close this article on Employment in the City, although, of course, many branches have had necessarily to be omitted, a few plain hints may not be out of place. First of all, the boy who intends to go straight from school to the City should make the very most of his opportunities for acquiring a sound general education. It will stand him in good stead all his life. He should pay particular attention to his practical subjects, such as book-keeping and shorthand, and also to the study of modern languages.

Secondly, he should not be content to fancy that his education is "finished" (most absurd of expressions) when he has left school.

In the truest sense his education is only just starting. The boy who, immediately he has thrown off the discipline of school, also throws up all mental cultivation, has little chance of success in life. Continue some definite study, then, in your spare time. Specialise and gain a thorough knowledge of some special subject connected, directly or indirectly, with your business. A man's commercial value increases in proportion as he knows something or can do something better than his fellows.

And last, but by no means least, cultivate while still at school business habits of promptitude and smartness. Don't put off till to-morrow what you should do to-day. Learn to make some definite progress every day, and learn, above all, to make practical *use* of the knowledge you have previously gained. Take your life work in the proper spirit, not flippantly and lightly as a thing of small moment, but seriously and conscientiously, as befits one who is in earnest. Learn to give and take, to submit yourself with good grace to authority, and so to fit yourself for becoming in turn a leader. Take your disappointments and failures—you are sure to have them—bravely, not brooding on them sulkily, or contrasting your own misfortune with other men's good luck. So shall you learn life's hardest lesson—the lesson of self-dependence. So shall you become a true man—and never were manly men wanted more than at the present time.

A. E. MANNING FOSTER.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

In reply to many correspondents I am glad to state that the next article of this series will be devoted to Farming and Agriculture. The various Agricultural and Colonial Colleges in England will be fully dealt with, and the article will, I hope, be illustrated by photographs.

Rex (LONDON).—You must be under seventeen years of age. For full particulars apply The Registrar, Burlington House, W

James E. (MARYLEBONE).—I shall be pleased to send you the name of a good coach, privately, if you forward me your address and a stamped envelope.

Lex.—There are two examinations for the bar. As you are an undergraduate you will not have to pass the preliminary, but you must apply for admission to one of the Inns of Court and "eat your dinners." I shall be happy to send you the name of a good law coach, *privately*, but I cannot recommend one in these columns. You will, I think, see the names of several in our advertisement pages.

Mabel.—It is a very hard life, and I can hardly recommend it for you. Why not brush up your shorthand, learn typing, and try for a post as secretary?

Literary Boy.—Short story writing is somewhat precarious as a means of livelihood. You should try to combine it with other regular work until you have made your name.

Alfred K.—Apply the Civil Service Commissioners, Cannon Row, W.

Chas. J. W. Very glad you found letter helpful. Shall be pleased to hear from you again. Good luck to you in your examination.

Shelburn.—Shall hope to hear that you have been successful. Do not apologise for length of letter. I like it.

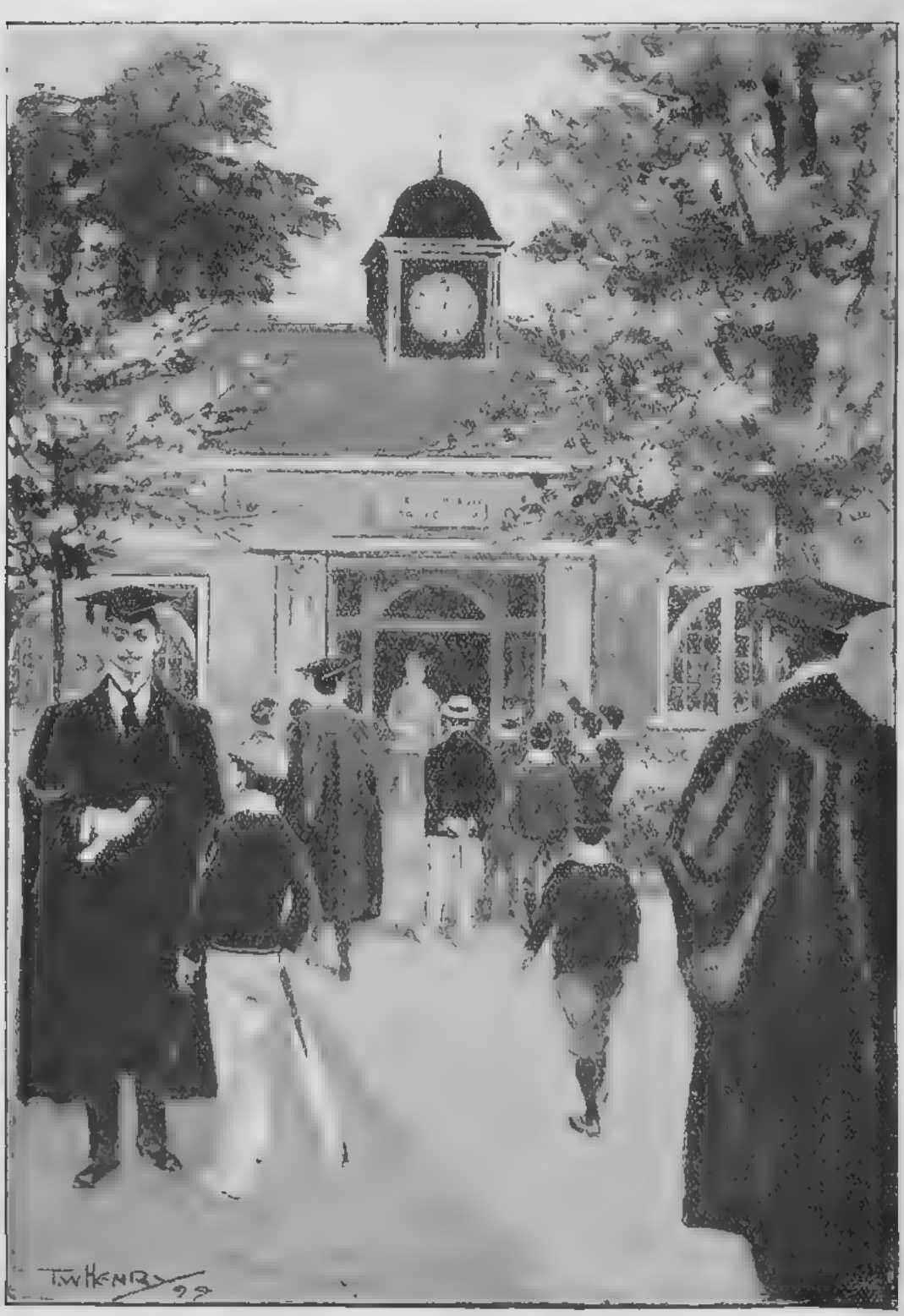
G. H. C.—As your father possesses the influence of which you tell me, I should think that it would be quite possible for him to obtain for you the nomination now, so that when you are nineteen years of age you can go up for the examination.

F. J. P.—It is not necessary for you to be a certain number of inches round the chest, nor is your height taken into consideration. The medical examiners merely require that you should be free from all physical defects and in normal health.

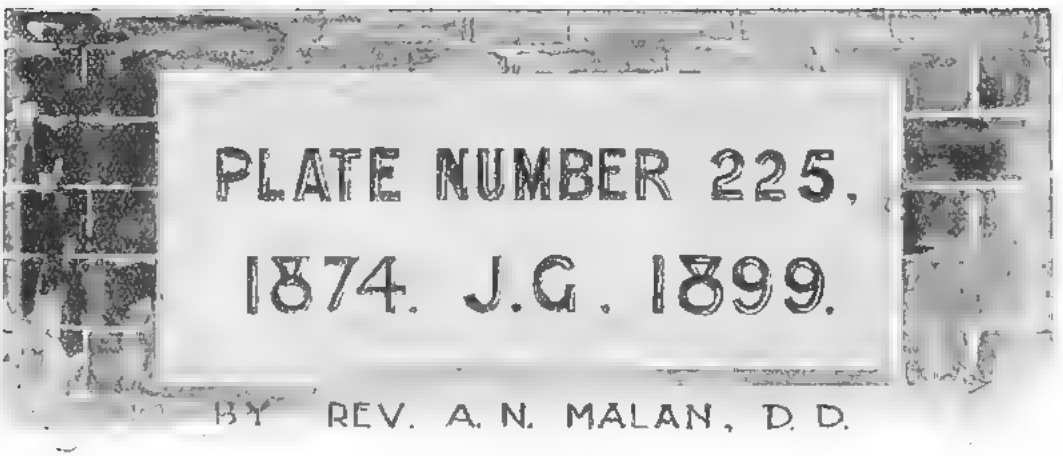
J. A. E.—Dublin University Engineering School has a very good standing amongst British colleges, and the degree to be obtained there is considered quite as good as elsewhere. The authorities at your college will be best able to advise you as to the practical part of the work, and if you go and have a talk with one of your professors on the subject, he will know better than I the best place for you to go.

W. F. B.—If you will write to any of the C.S. coaches who advertise in THE CAPTAIN, and ask them about the examination for which you desire to enter, they will be glad to give you particulars.

N B.—*Owing to pressure on space it is only possible to print a few replies every month. Mr. Manning Foster will, however, be pleased to reply by post to all correspondents who enclose a stamped addressed envelope.*



THERE WAS ONE THING ABOUT THE NEW GYM. WHICH PUZZLED THE BOYS



Illustrated by T. W. Henry.

When Dr. Crowbar, the head master of Stanbury School, informed the captain of the games that an "old boy" was going to give them a new gymnasium, there was great rejoicing among the athletes. A site was chosen, plans were prepared, the ground was pegged out, the foundations were laid. Then the walls quickly rose, and, at last, the boys knew that when they returned after the Easter holidays they would find the building finished.

Their expectations were fully realised—universal approval was expressed. The old "tin shed" had been removed, and its place was planted with evergreens, greatly adding to the effect.

There was one thing about the new gym. which puzzled the boys. A white slab of freestone over the entrance bore the inscription:—

PLATE NUMBER 225.

1874. **J. G.** 1899.

What did it mean? The School Calendar enabled them to identify "J. G." as John Grove, who had been a boy at the school during the years 1862—1870; and the date 1874 on the stone did not bother them much—they said it was a mistake.

But what had Plate Number 225 to do with it? Juniors asked the Sixth Form—they could not tell. The assistant masters were appealed to—they did not know. "You must ask the head master," they said. So the captain of the games went to the great man and asked him. The answer was: "I am not at liberty to tell you."

Curiosity was excited to the highest pitch. At last, one day, the head master made a communication about it. He gave out in school that Mr. John Grove, the generous donor of the new gymnasium, was going to pay him a visit, and he hoped the boys would take the opportunity of thanking him for his noble gift. "We propose that you should give an assault-of-arms, to show Mr. Grove that you are turning his generosity to good account. Possibly he may enlighten you on the inscription."

When the appointed day arrived the competitors selected for the various events were in good training and high fettle. A large company of visitors had been invited, and all available space was filled.

When Dr. Crowbar escorted Mr. Grove to the seat of honour on the dais a storm of cheering greeted him. He smiled and bowed his acknowledgments. The entertainment began, and a very successful programme was carried through, to the satisfaction of all concerned.

At the conclusion the captain of the games made a speech, thanking Mr. Grove in the name of the school for his generous gift. Then Mr. Grove made some remarks, in the course of which he said:—

"I congratulate you upon the display you have just given us. It is good proof that you appreciate your opportunities and put this building to a good use. Dr. Crowbar tells me that the inscription above the door puzzles you, and that there is some curiosity to know what it means." ("Hear, hear.") "Well, I should like to tell you—but I fear there

is not time.' ("No, no!") "I have to catch a train in less than a quarter of an hour, and I could not possibly explain it satisfactorily in so short a time. It has reference to certain incidents which occurred in 1874—so you at least understand the reason of that date." (Cries of "Plate Number 225!") "Well, look here, boys, I will not disappoint you. I will write out a full explanation at my leisure, and forward it to the editor of the school magazine, and if he thinks fit to insert it, you will be able to satisfy your curiosity, if not I daresay he will be good enough to tell you what my paper contains."

Uproarious cheering greeted this announcement, and Mr. Grove left the room to enter the doctor's carriage, bound for the station. The promised solution of the mysterious inscription appeared as follows in the next number of the *Stanburian*, under the signature of John Grove.

In 1874 I held a tutorship in Hampshire my pupil being the only son of Mr. Crewarth, of Dursborough Hall. Squire Crewarth—as he was popularly called—was a thoroughly harmless old man, very fat, and of placid temper, except when suffering from gout—then his good lady would make allowance for an occasional hasty word. He had white hair and whiskers, which he wore short. He also wore a high black bowler hat when he took his daily walks about the park, plodding slowly along the roads and paths of his domains, planting his feet deliberately, leaning heavily upon his stick, and sitting down often on some rustic seat, from which he could only rise with difficulty after two or three ineffectual efforts.

He had never made an enemy—he never browbeat a servant. His neighbours respected him as a worthy man; his dependents with one voice praised him as a just and considerate master, generous, and free from all affectation of pride. He was the very last man in the world who might have anticipated the shock which hung like the sword of Damocles over his venerable head. The single hair which suspended it snapped one morning in June of that year 1874.

The squire entered the breakfast-room. He took his seat at the table, at which were already seated his wife, his son, and myself. The butler brought in the letters. Squire Crewarth looked at his consignment, and opened one of the letters addressed in a strange handwriting. As he read it his full under lip quivered, and his rubicund face grew pale. He returned the letter to its envelope, placed it under the rest, and made a pretence of eating his breakfast. I could not help noticing symptoms of inward agitation in his demeanour.

When the meal was finished, and his wife and son had left the room, the squire said to me:—

"I have received an extraordinary letter, Mr. Grove; please run your eye over it."

He handed me the letter. It was extraordinary. It consisted of a rude drawing of a skull and cross-bones over a coffin, beneath which the following words were written in a scratchy hand with a fine-pointed pen:—

> As sure as you live you will be dead before the year is out. Your footsteps are dogged. You will be murdered in cold blood.
>
> (Signed) CREEPY SKULLCRACK.

The letter was addressed: "Richard Crewarth, Esq., Dursborough Hall, Portisfield, Hants."

"Not a pleasant greeting for a summer day," said the squire; "somewhat calculated to interfere with the digestion—eh? What had I better do?"

"Well, sir," I replied, "we must find out the scoundrel who wrote it, and bring him to justice. What do the post-marks tell us?"

We examined the envelope. The stamp was cancelled with "P 79." The Portisfield mark was clear, but the mark of the issuing office was not to be deciphered even with a lens. It had been carelessly impressed with a stamp nearly dry. No impression of the name was evident, except half of what looked like final ON.

"Hundreds of places end in ON," said the squire.

"True, sir," said I; "that will not help us much. The stamp may tell us more. I know something about stamps. Will you lend me the lens? Thanks. Every stamp bears the number of its sheet. This one is 225. Then the letters at the four corners. This has A. A. This stamp was the left-hand top corner one of a sheet of 240 stamps, numbered 225. Can that be of any use?"

"Humph! I don't see that it can."

"Well, sir, there is something more yet. The cancelling mark, P 79, is the office number of the place where the letter was posted. I will go to the post office and inquire what the place is."

"That is a good idea—and, look here—you must not let out about the contents of the letter. Strictly secret between you and me. If my wife heard of it, she would never know a day's peace."

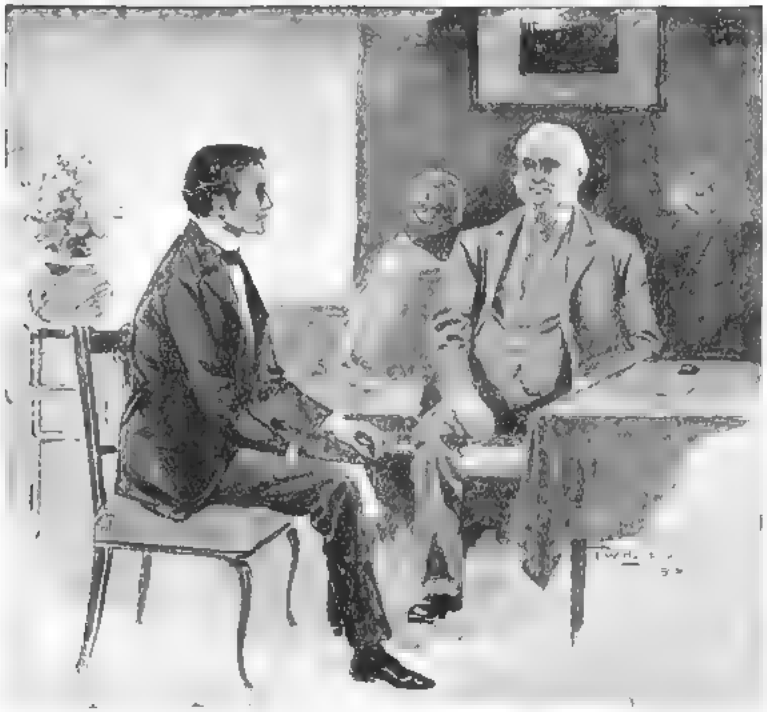
"Certainly, sir; not a soul shall know."

I went to the post office, and soon returned with the intelligence that the letter was posted at Wocketon, in Rutland.

"Do you know anyone at Wocketon, sir?" I asked the squire.

"Wocketon! Never heard of the place. What an extraordinary notion! I don't like it at all!"

There was something pathetic in his evident alarm.



"WE MUST FIND OUT THE SCOUNDREL WHO WROTE IT."

"I am deeply sorry, sir, that you should be subjected to such infamous annoyance. I suppose some would profess to laugh at the threat as idle and ridiculous."

"Perhaps. I can't. I haven't the nerve of former days. What am I to do? Shut myself up behind bolts and bars? Never stir out? It would kill me! Better fall by the murderer's hand than that!"

"We must find out who wrote the letter."

"How? Would you advise me to employ a detective? It would in some measure alleviate the anxiety. Shall I telegraph to Scotland Yard?"

"I think it would be wise. But, before doing so, would you allow me to go to Wocketon and look round? I might possibly find a clue. I could be back to-morrow night—no time would be lost."

"Very good of you, I'm sure," answered the squire. "I should be much obliged if you would do so. The 10.30 express reaches Waterloo at 12.33. How could you get on? Let us consult Bradshaw."

We found a train from St. Pancras at 2 p.m. which reached Oakham at 5.20.

I started at once, and after a long journey I reached Oakham. A three-mile drive would land me at Wocketon.

As the fly growled along, I tried to fancy myself an experienced detective; but the clue seemed flimsy enough to daunt my enthusiasm. It was probable that the stamp was purchased at the village post office; it was possible that, being the first stamp of a new sheet, the person who sold it might remember who bought it. If I could find the sheet and locate the stamp A A 225, I should have a solid basis to work upon. It would not do to ask at the post office to be allowed to examine all the stamps in stock—that would rouse suspicion. It would be useless to ask for a penny stamp, on the chance of its belonging to sheet 225. But it might answer my purpose to ask for a sovereign's worth of penny stamps. That course might most likely produce the evidence I wanted. Yes, that must be the first move. I called to the driver, telling him to put me down at the post office.

The village was reached before six o'clock. I noticed clean-looking cottages clustering about the church—shops of the grocer, baker, blacksmith; children playing on the green, geese, and a donkey or two; a typical village inn, where I resolved to pass the night. Near it was the post office. I paid the fare and entered the post office. A woman was in attendance. I asked for a sovereign's worth of penny stamps. She unlocked a drawer and took out a sheet of stamps. I saw that one stamp was wanting to make the sheet complete. She took another single stamp, and handed me the lot.

I walked across to the inn and engaged a room. Then I examined my stamps. The plate number of the sheet was 225—the top corner stamp belonging to it was upon the envelope containing the anonymous letter. My heart bounded with excitement. I smoked a pipe and pondered. I gazed at the peculiar writing of the address. Some one in the village wrote it—bought the stamp at the post office, and posted the letter at once. Should I go and ask at the post office? It might bring the scoundrel to my knowledge at once—or it might rouse suspicion and defeat my purpose. Should I show the envelope to the landlady and ask if she knew the handwriting?

Should I take a stroll through the village and see if it would yield a suggestion?

I decided to take a stroll round—the village was not very extensive. From a central point, where streets crossed at right angles, I wandered up and down for a while without noticing anything to attract attention.

But presently a quaint, old-fashioned, gabled cottage, with tie-beams of oak intersecting the walls, brought me to a halt. A board over the door was inscribed "*Eli Pidgeon, Geologist, Archæologist, and Bird-Stuffer.*" In the window were displayed odds and ends of old wares, a pair of brass candlesticks, a few stuffed birds, eggs, shells, fossils, sheets of foreign stamps, specimens of blue china. But, beyond all this, the chief object of attraction was a notice, written in a hand closely resembling that of the threatening letter. The notice gave information that letters could be written within from dictation.

I stood spell-bound. Here was a discovery of startling importance—if not the actual solution of the mystery! I entered the shop; the owner was evidently before me—an old man, bent, and of spare build, with long grey hair, bespectacled—poring over a musty volume.

He laid down the book and looked at me. A light of intelligence beamed in his grey eyes; his aquiline nose and thin lips lent an aristocratic air to his well-proportioned face.

"Are you Mr. Eli Pidgeon?"

"I am, sir; at your service."

"You are a geologist and archæologist, I understand?"

"I am, sir."

"You have sundry curiosities on view—are they for sale?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you write letters, I presume, for any of the villagers who cannot write for themselves?"

"I do, sir."

Then an idea struck me.

"Since you write letters from dictation, I should like you to write one for me. It does not matter if the dictator is able to write, I suppose?"

"Not at all, sir. Sixpence a sheet is my charge. Let them all come!"

I proceeded to dictate, and Mr. Eli Pidgeon wrote, while I narrowly watched his face.

DEAR MR. CREWARTH,—I have made a good journey to Wocketon, and have made the acquaintance of Mr. Eli Pidgeon, geologist and archæologist, who also writes letters for those unable to write for themselves. He has kindly written this for one who might have written it himself.

MR. ELI PIDGEON.

I told him I could do the finishing up myself, and I got him to direct the envelope to "Richard Crewarth, Esq., Dursborough Hall, Portisfield, Hants."

On returning to the inn I carefully compared the writing of the two letters and identical addresses. There was such a remarkable resemblance between them that I felt convinced I had made the grand discovery. But it puzzled me to understand how Mr. Eli Pidgeon could have been so absolutely callous to such a broad hint that his threatened victim was not going to sit still and await his doom.

The more I considered the matter the more perplexing did it appear. What possible motive could an inhabitant of this obscure village have for threatening the life of an inoffensive gentleman who had never hurt a living soul?

I paid another visit to the post office, and found the postmaster on duty. I plunged desperately into the business.

"I bought this sheet of stamps here an hour ago—complete except for the first stamp. That first stamp had been used for a letter sent to a friend of mine by some unknown correspondent. Can you remember who bought that stamp?"

"How is it possible?" asked the man, looking at the sheet. "How do you know it was that identical stamp?"

"Here it is. See for yourself. Look at the letters A A, and plate number 225, and your office stamp of cancellation."

"'Tis so," said the postmaster. "Not many gents know so much. Are you a detective?"

"No; I am only anxious to find out who wrote that letter, and I should be glad if you could help me. Did you sell that stamp?"

"I may have, or not—can't say."

"Your wife waited on me; do you think she might have sold it? Would you ask her?"

"Certainly. Here, Mary" (calling through the door at the back of the shop), "you're wanted."

The woman soon appeared, and could not remember. They sold a good many stamps, and were not expected to remember who bought them.

I went out and strolled on the village green, watching the groups of villagers who came to enjoy the cool of the summer evening after the day's toil was done. There were maidens with their swains, and some men were playing a game of quoits. Old gaffers sat about in tall hats smoking churchwardens. I spoke to some of them and encouraged their curiosity to know whence and why I had come to Wocketon. I told them I had come from Hampshire, and asked if any inhabitant had ever been so far south.

"No," said a blear-eyed veteran; "I don't suppose any of us has. Hampsheere be a powerful long way from Wocketon, I reckon — beyond Lunnon town, maybe."

I went back to supper at the inn, and made a resolve to ask Eli Pidgeon on the morrow if he wrote the letter.

I carried out my intention next day immediately after breakfast.

"Good morning, Mr. Pidgeon. I have called again on a matter of importance. I have here a letter, written under a feigned name to a friend of mine, stamped with a stamp bought at the post office up the street, and posted there. I have compared the writing of that letter with the one you wrote for me yesterday, and they are so much alike that I conclude you wrote the other letter. Look at the two addresses. Am I correct? Did you write it?"

Eli Pidgeon looked carefully at the address.

"No, sir; I did not write that."

"Are you sure? Is not the writing the same?"

"It is like, in a way, but different. I never make big 'C' like that; I always curl the end of the stroke. I never make small 't' as tall as 'l.'"

"Have you a wife or child who writes like you?

"HAMPSHEERE BE A POWERFUL LONG WAY FROM WOCKETON, I RECKON—BEYOND LUNNON TOWN, MAYBE."

L

THE NOTICE WAS DISPLAYED IN THE POST OFFICE WINDOW.

Have you taught writing to any person living in the village?"

"Neither one nor the other. I have no wife or child, and never taught anyone to write. It is odd the writings should be so alike—a freak. Caterpillars sometimes imitate twigs of the shrubs they feed upon."

"True; but not to the point. I must tell you that the letter in this envelope, written in a hand which closely resembles yours, threatens the life of the gentleman to whom it is addressed. The writer is guilty of felony, punishable with penal servitude. We are doing our utmost to discover the writer and bring him to justice. On my return we shall at once put the matter in the hands of a London detective, to whom I shall tell the results of my visit to Wocketon."

The old man was visibly perturbed by this announcement.

"That is a very serious business, likely to get me into trouble."

"You will have to appear in court and prove your innocence. There is ground of suspicion against you. It is as much to your interest as mine to find out who wrote the threatening letter."

"It would be a terrible thing to be charged with such a dastardly act," said the old man. "I am sorry I wrote that letter for you. I never thought you wanted to entrap me."

"I do not want to entrap you. There is no need to doubt your word. You have nothing to fear if you are innocent."

"I have a deal to fear. Do you call it nothing for an honest man to be suspected of a felonious act? I have a reputation to guard as well as you. It's nothing less than dragging me through the mire!"

I was sorry to leave Mr. Pidgeon in such distress, but time was short, and I had to hurry off. I called on the rector, who received me kindly, and listened to my tale of woe. He was surprised.

"It is strange," he said, "that our little insignificant village should sound a note of discord to be heard so far afield in a village possibly of no wider fame. As you had never heard of Wocketon, I never heard of Dursborough."

"It is equally strange," I replied, "and serious. Mr. Crewarth is old and infirm—he is terrified at the threat—and the effect on his health, bodily and mental, may be disastrous, unless the culprit is discovered."

"I can imagine it," said the rector; "and I would recommend you to put up a notice in our post office offering a reward for information—and also to take our policeman into confidence. Will you write a notice while I send for the policeman?"

"Thank you, sir—I will."

The rector provided a large sheet of paper and a parcel's pen. I wrote :—

£20 REWARD.

Whereas some ill-disposed person wrote (or got written) a letter threatening murder to a gentleman, and posted the same letter at Wocketon on June 15th, 1874—Notice is hereby given that the above reward will be paid to anyone who shall furnish such information as shall lead to the conviction of the offender.

The policeman was fully advised—the notice was displayed in the post office window—I gave out that a London detective would immediately be put upon the scent—and I set forth on my return journey. On reaching Dursborough Hall I was shocked to see the alteration in the worthy squire. He looked years older.

My visit to Wocketon had the desired effect, though we never actually discovered the offender. But two days after my return, Squire Crewarth received another anonymous letter from the same person without any attempt to disguise the handwriting. It read as follows :—

Dear Sir,—I am in a terrible fright. I cannot sleep at night. I believe I shall go mad. Oh, sir, do please forgive me! Please do not let the detective come to Wocketon! If he caught me I should be sent to prison, and it would break my mother's heart. Oh, dear, good, kind sir, please forgive me! I will confess all. I only wrote it for a joke. I had been reading "The Adventures of Nic Nobbles, Forger," and I thought it would be fine to write an anonymous letter. I did not mean to be wicked. I got father's directory and opened it anywhere, and copied the first name and address I saw, and I tried to imitate the writing of old Eli Pidgeon, because Nic Nobbles always wrote in a feigned hand. I never meant any harm. Oh, dear, good, kind sir, I do beseech you to forgive me this once! I will never do it again. I dare not sign my name, but I mean every word of it. You'll see I do, because no one will ever try to murder you. It was only a joke. Please do forgive me!

No magic draught ever produced a more immediate and beneficial effect than that letter. The squire read it at the breakfast table, and was another man. The colour returned to his face, he laughed and joked, and when his anxious wife hoped he had a good appetite, he declared he never felt better in his life.

When we were alone together his joviality was expressed with unrestricted freedom. He actually danced about the room, waving the letter.

"God bless you, Mr. Grove, you have saved my life by going to Wocketon. Read that!"

I read the letter—the squire repeating its words and commenting on them.

"There's a genuine ring about it, eh? Don't you think so? Not a doubt of it! Some young chap was up to a lark. He is more frightened than his victim after all! Good luck to him—I forgive him from my heart!"

"There is no doubt about its being a genuine confession and plea for pardon, sir."

"Not a shadow of doubt, thank God!"

So there was an end of a wild-goose chase. And what has it got to do with your new gymnasium? you will be asking. That is soon answered. I can jump with one bound to the second date—1899.

On New Year's Day my nephew Robin came to spend a few days at my house. He brought with him a collection of stamps, of which he was very proud. He asked me if I ever went in for collecting? The question reminded me of Squire Crewarth. I remembered the sheet of "penny reds" which I had never looked at for five-and-twenty years.

They lay slumbering in a drawer. I went and fetched them. You should have seen Robin's amazement as I unfolded them.

"Oh, uncle, how magnificent! What can they be worth?"

"I don't know—twopence a piece, I daresay."

"Much more than that," he said. "I've got the 'Specialist's Catalogue' upstairs—let me get it."

He ran off and fetched the book.

"What is the plate number of the sheet?" he asked.

"Two hundred and twenty-five," I answered.

"Is it possible? Look here! See what it says"—(his hand trembled so he could hardly point to the place)—"'Number 225, unused, 40s. each; used, 8s. 6d.' Oh, uncle, what a prize!"

I looked at the book—there was no doubt about it.

"Well," I said, "it seems that I have made a valuable collection without intending it. Let us see what it is worth—239 stamps at 40s. each, £478, and one at 8s. 6d. £478 8s. 6d."

The nephew was pale and speechless with amazement.

"I must realise my fortune, Robin. I will go up to London to-morrow, and see what will come of it."

I went to the famous dealers in Philately Street, Soho. They were no less amazed than Robin. They said the sheet was probably unique, since Plate Number 225 of "penny reds" was extremely rare. The envelope bearing the first stamp of the sheet, which they called an "original," added to the interest and value of the sheet. And, to cut it short, they offered me, then and there, a cheque for £500 for the lot.

I thanked them, and accepted the offer. The cheque was written at once, and I left the shop.

As I journeyed home I resolved to devote that cheque to presenting a new gymnasium to my old school.

There, boys! I hope your curiosity is satisfied.

Bowling, Fielding, and General Hints.

By C. B. Fry.

Let me begin with a general hint that concerns batting. Practice is the occasion for learning how to play. In a match you must forget all about how you do this stroke or that, and, simply concentrating your attention on every ball as it is bowled, play it as the instinct of the moment impels you. If you get thinking how you are to play you take your mind from the ball, which is fatal. If you have practised diligently your habits of playing will be so settled that you are unlikely to make your strokes otherwise than at the nets. In any case, as a practical hint: In matches think of the ball and trust to your eye.

Bowling is a difficult subject to tackle on paper. The fact is, save for a few simple pieces of advice, it is next door to impossible to help would-be bowlers. However, here goes.

EVERYONE HAS A NATURAL ACTION

in delivering the ball. There is no point in telling you what actions are good and what bad; for whatever yours may be, it is not much use trying to alter it. Perhaps it is worth while remarking that the higher you keep your arm the more sting are you likely to impart to the ball. Nevertheless, some first-rate bowlers have had low actions. Bowl naturally, and with your natural action always. Especially avoid chopping and changing your mode of delivery. Young bowlers often fancy they have cultivated a new action that is better than their usual style. It is a delusion. In bowling, it is a case of your own or none.

Some bowlers have by nature more spin and sting than others. One bowler sends down stuff that pitches and comes off the ground as from a feather bed: another, with no apparent reason for the difference, makes the ball nip off the pitch like a marble off a granite wall. This spin is a gift. But mind this—if you have the gift in a small degree you can increase it. Therefore, always intend in your mind to

MAKE THE BALL NIP FROM THE PITCH

Constant intention leads to increase of power. Remember Mr. Sandow's dictum that to increase muscle you must do more than exercise it; you must think what you are doing. The body obeys the mind. The more you *will* to bowl with spin, the more likely are you to achieve the power of so doing.

You must be sure and find out what distance of run-up and what sort of run-up before bowling best suits you. Most good bowlers take not less than six strides or so. But the faster the bowler the longer the run-up—in reason, of course. Be sure to stick to your run-up; make it a confirmed habit, so that you need never think about it. You must have your mind free for concentration upon evicting the batsman.

The two great principles of bowling are:—

"DIRECTION" AND "LENGTH."

You must learn to bowl the ball in the direction you want, and to pitch it where you want. Some people say "Bowl straight and keep a good length." But that rule is rather liable to make a novice imagine he must always bowl at the wicket. A great mistake.

To master direction you must simply practise bowling till you acquire the power of sending down the ball in the line you wish. Put up one stump and aim first straight at it; then aim a foot outside it. The point is to be able not only to hit the middle stump, but to send down at will a ball that passes about six inches outside the off stump. Remember that if you accustom yourself in practice to bowling straight at the middle stump, and nowhere else, you will gain a *mechanical habit of straightness, not a power over direction.* Do not confuse these two things; the former is not much use save against poor bats; the latter is a big part of first-rate bowling.

It is not easy to be precise about "good length."

LENGTH IS NOT A FIXED QUANTITY.

It differs with different batsmen and different states of wicket, and different paces of bowling. Given a certain batsman, a certain wicket, and a bowler of a certain kind, then there is a spot on or near which the ball may be pitched with more inconvenience to the batsman than if pitched elsewhere. The slower the bowler and the slower the wicket, the smaller in extent is the spot. A bowler must obtain a similar command of length as of direction. He must be able to pitch the ball where he wishes. He must find out by experiment what length of ball is most inconvenient to each batsman in the circumstances of the day. Then he must use his skill in pitching the ball, having acquired this by

diligent practice. The best test of "inconvenience to a batsman" is to note the spot which finds the batsman in two minds whether to play forward or back; that is the spot to keep aiming at.

NO ONE CAN TEACH YOU HOW TO MAKE A BALL BREAK.

That you must learn by experiment. When you can make the ball break, remember that good length is the first and essential point, break a subsidiary aid. Never sacrifice length to break. Again, remember that if the wicket is such that the ball will not bite, to try to make it break is useless. Try other dodges, such as changes of pace and direction.

If the ground bites well do not put on too much break—that is silly. Thank the wicket for saving you trouble, and be satisfied with an inch or two; that is enough, just enough to beat the bat.

Be enterprising in practice. Find out what you can do, or might learn to be able to do. Use your natural advantages to the full. If nature has given you an off-break, perfect your control of it; leave the leg-break to the future, and *vice versâ*.

When you bowl in a match

REGARD THE BATSMAN AS YOUR DEADLY FOE,

and try to get him caught or stumped if you cannot clean bowl him. But go for him somehow, heart and soul. If he feels you are hostile you will find him the easier victim. Above all, do not let him feel you consider yourself unable to get him out. Never forget that there are other ways of outing a man besides clean bowling him. *Verb. sap.*

The great thing in fielding is to be keen. It is nonsense to say anyone can field if he tries. Some men can never field well, however hard they try. But everyone can be keen, and the keener you are the better you will field. Watch the batsman with all your eyes; expect a catch every ball and a ground-hit every other. Stand ready, with your hands handy.

INATTENTION IS THE CHIEF CAUSE OF BAD FIELDING.

It is easy to be surprised into dropping a catch you would swallow if on the *qui vive*.

In throwing in from the near field, aim full pitch at the chest of the bowler or wicket-keeper—if the men are running. From the long field aim at the top of the stumps, and you will send the ball an easy first bounce.

Never remember a failure in cricket, except for the purpose of avoiding the cause of it in the future. Nothing stops a man getting runs or wickets more than bearing in mind the occasions on which he has failed.

You are sure to have runs of bad luck. Skill, not luck, gets you big scores and good analyses. But however great your skill, you may sometimes find everything go wrong. Forget each mishap, and start again without losing heart. Mr. W. L. Murdoch once played eleven innings with a top score of seven. In his next effort he made 211. So never despair. Play your game, improve it as much as possible, and try your hardest. Then you will be the best kind of cricketer.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H. F. Mackie. Do not force your length of stride in sprinting. In practice keep in mind the value of a long stride, and your stride will imperceptibly increase. In a race think of nothing save getting to the other end in the shortest possible time.

J. M. Ousey.—Both questions too difficult for me—like the bowler in question.

"Glendale."—Your decision was wrong. P was out because they had not crossed. As A got back before P reached A's crease, and as they had never crossed, A must be regarded as never having left his crease.

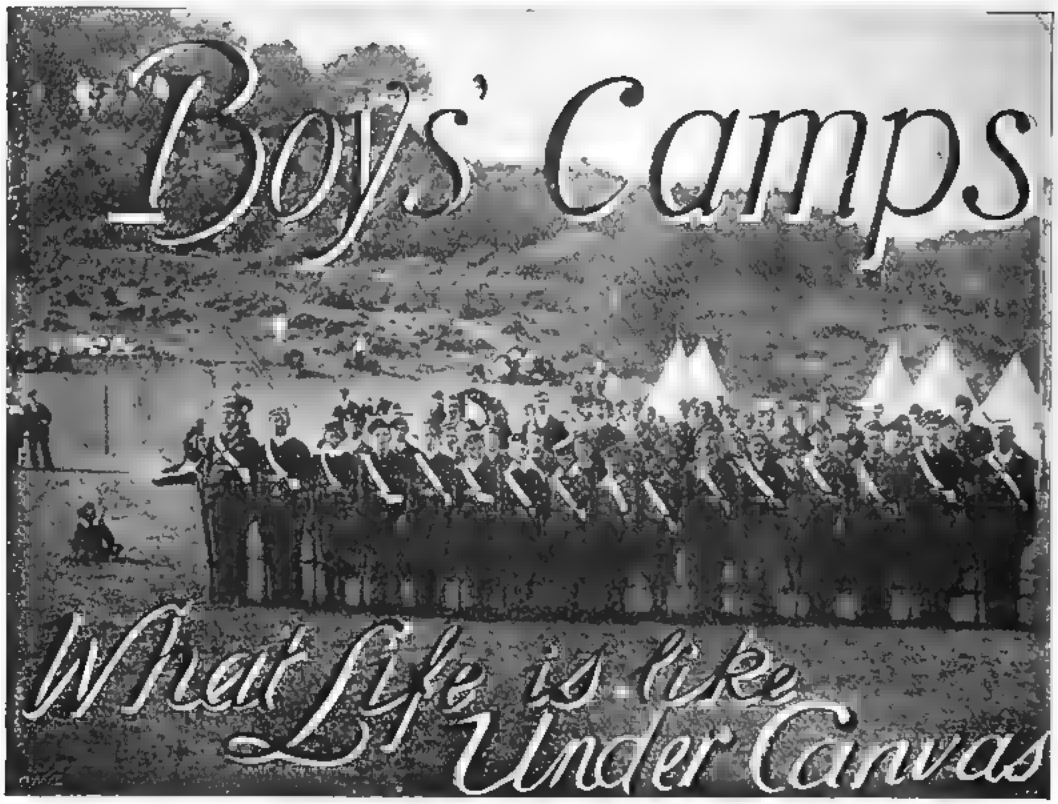
Cyril E. Moro.—If the batsman is in his crease before the bails are off, he is in. Personally, I find that when the ball hits the wicket the bails come off so quickly that there is no time between the two events.

"Weakling."—You are the first man I've met who measures his chest in feet. You are all right. Time will adjust your ins and outs. Inches don't count till you are some years older.

N. P. R. S. 100yds., under 13secs.; quarter mile, under 65secs.; long jump, 16ft.; high jump, 4ft. 7ins. But conditions vary so in school sports. Practise 50-yard spurts, with an occasional 300yds. Train four days a week.

F. A. F.—Go in for both, and chance it. Then you will begin being an all-round athlete. Play games when you can, and enjoy them for their own sake. A wonderful sprint means an exceptional fast time over a distance shorter than a quarter of a mile.

C. B. F.



By George Bullivant.

"I'm ready, captain!" a boy in a large town remarked to the gentleman who, on the morrow, was going to take a party of lads for a week's camp. But the boy in question did not finish his remarks at the above point, for he added: "And I guess there are thousands more who'd like to be ready."

That boy undoubtedly had a knowledge of human nature, for not one lad in ten would say "No" to an invitation for a week's camp in the country or at the seaside.

Of late there has been a great increase in the number of boys' camps throughout the country. This is due almost entirely to the Boys' Brigade and the Church Lads' Brigade, who have found out what the boys of the United Kingdom require. They have hit the mark so well that lads of all ranks have joined, and the public school-boy, as well as his fellows, have fallen into line and joined these societies.

There is such a charm about these organisations that the boy from Eton and his compeer from Harrow and other schools have acted as sergeants over lads in their native towns, and, what is more, have even consented to be privates. This is not surprising when such "old boys" as Lord Wolseley, Lord Roberts, Lord Chelmsford, General Edgecome, Major Dalbiac, M.P., and last, but not least, Mr. G. A. Henty, actually belong to one or other of the brigades, and in some instances put in a few days at the camp.

There is something about life in a camp that fascinates boys. First of all, it is conducted on military lines, and that means that discipline takes the first place. There are hundreds of boys who, when they are at home, are waited on hand and foot, yet these very boys enter with zest into the task of cleaning their boots or peeling

BOYS OF THE MANCHESTER B.B. CAMP PEELING POTATOES FOR THE DAY'S DINNER.

potatoes for the cook. To belong to the "fatigue squad" is one of the great delights of the camp, and the general regret is that it only lasts a day, or, at the most, two days.

Naturally, no two camps are conducted precisely alike, for the attractions of some are greater than others, but the ordinary duties of the day are similar at all canvas gatherings. The programme is as follows: At half-past six the bugle sounds, and the boys have to get up and dress. Half-an-hour is given for this operation, and then comes the bathing parade—but more about this later. Breakfast follows at eight o'clock, with prayers by the chaplain of the camp, while two hours and a-half later there is a full-dress inspection of camp, followed by a parade for drill.

At one o'clock dinner is served, and then in the afternoon, until tea, at half-past five, the boys are left to their own devices. At half-past seven there is either a "march out," or games, which last two more hours, when the time has arrived for "tattoo, supper, and prayers." Finally, at ten o'clock, comes the order, "Lights out," and in a minute the whole camp is in darkness.

This is the programme of events as it concerns seven-eighths of the boys day by day. As a rule one-eighth of the boys serve daily on the "fatigue squad." Their chief duty is to clean the camp, fetch water, trim the lamps, help the cook to prepare meals, wash the dishes, etc. While this work is in progress the other boys clean their own boots, put their kit in order, and get ready for inspection.

There are always "shirkers," and the boys who gain this character do not have a very pleasant time. Many amusing stories are told of the way in which culprits in this respect have been put right. On one occasion a boy was set to collect up bottles which had been left in the field instead of being returned to the canteen. He did not like the task, and did not

WHAT AN ORDINARY B.B. TENT HOLDS—OCCUPANTS AND FURNITURE.

THE CAMPING GROUND OF THE B.B. BRISTOL BATTALION.

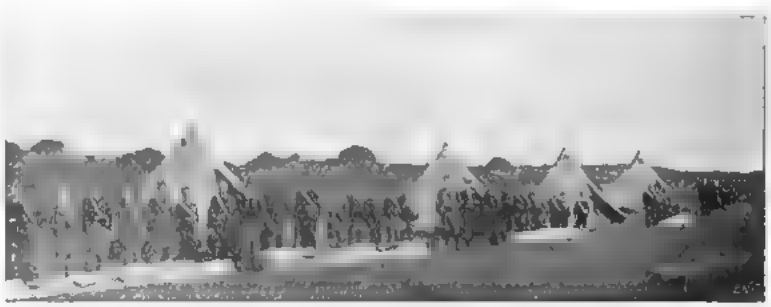
mean to find any bottles, but he came to grief in making his report to his captain by exclaiming: "Please captain, I've been finding bottles all over the field, and I can't find any." Of course, he intended to imply that he had looked in vain.

It goes without saying that the camp has sentries on duty at night for a few hours at a time. At the slightest sound the challenge is given, "Who goes there?" And the boys who are responsible for the safe conduct of the camp achieve the acme of strictness. No person is allowed to come to the camp or near it unless he has business and can give the password.

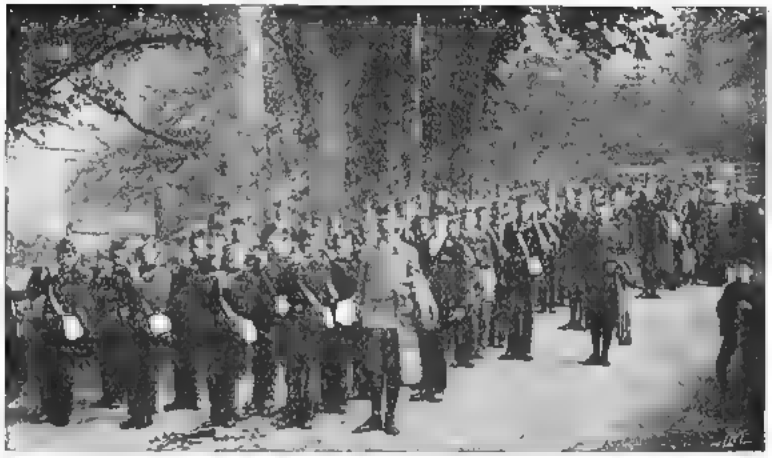
A good story is told of a camp in the Midlands. Two boys were on sentry duty, and one of them, to his horror, saw something white in the distance. He told his companion of this, but the latter laughed, and told him that his nerves must be out of order. But at that moment "the man in white" appeared again in the neighbourhood of some trees, this time with a friend. Promptly the challenge was given, "Who goes there?" but the only answer was a shrill, ghostly laugh.

This in itself was quite bad enough, but when the "ghosts" seemed to be walking towards the sentries the boys turned tail, and roused the whole camp with their shouts of "Ghosts!" Everybody jumped up in alarm, and then laughed at the story, and finally put down their comrades for "muffs" when the ghosts could not be found.

THE TUG OF WAR AT THE C.L.B. CAMP, SUTTON-ON-SEA.



READY FOR CAMP INSPECTION AT THE B.B. BEESTON CAMP AT SKEGNESS.
Photograph by J. B. Smith & Sons, Beeston.



MEMBERS OF A B.B. CAMP MARCHING BACK TO THE RAILWAY STATION AFTER TENTS HAVE BEEN STRUCK.

The sequel of the incident, however, took place the following morning, and was provided by the gentleman who had lent the field for the camp. He said that his son from the 'Varsity was at home with a chum. The previous day they had played in a cricket match, and as they did not return until very late they kept on their flannels and strolled out in the grounds for a smoke before retiring. In their ramble they came across the camp, and when the boys challenged them they burst into loud laughter at the unexpected adventure. So it turned out, to the amusement of the whole camp, that the ghosts were two cricketers. The chaffing those sentries had to submit to can be better imagined than described.

There are, however, two more stories that must be told in connection with the sentries of these boys' camps, and, oddly enough, both of them are about bishops. It is a remarkable thing that camps for soldiers and volunteers do not attract the bishops, but last summer no less than three prelates consented to act as chaplains at camps for lads.

In a boys' camp a bishop cannot do what he likes. He has to obey rules as well as the lads, and the Bishop of Bath and Wells found this out last year. When a bishop in Australia Dr. Kennion often had to camp out in the bush, and he gladly consented to act as chaplain and do the same in the "Old Country." He expressed a wish to rough it like the boys, and accordingly his tent was placed right amongst those belonging to the rank and file.

One night the order "Lights out" was given, and the officer in charge some time afterwards noticed that one of the tents had a light. Thinking it was occupied by lads he rapped viciously with his cane on the tent. In as military a voice as he could command he said: "Now, then, put that light out," and was somewhat disconcerted when he discovered it was the bishop's tent, his lordship informing him that he was not quite ready for bed, but that he would extinguish it as soon as he could. The next day the bishop laughed over the incident as heartily as anybody.

BATTALION MARCHING IN COLUMN AT THE C.L.B. CAMP ON RICHMOND RACECOURSE.

AFTERNOON TEA AT THE R.D. CAMP AT CHIPPERFIELD. WAIT SO FOR THE ORDER TO COMMENCE BUSINESS.

The Bishop of Wakefield was the hero of the other story. He was returning to camp one evening when the sentry challenged him. "Who goes there?" His lordship replied: "The bishop." "That won't do for me, my lord," the lad said; "you must say 'Friend.'" The bishop cried "Friend," and then was allowed to pass by the sentry with the words, "Pass, friend, and all's well!"

It goes without saying that one of the most popular items in camp life is the bathing parade. Most of the camps are held at the seaside, and every possible precaution is taken to see that the bathing is free from danger. Each day several of the best swimmers walk up and down the beach with lifebelts, so that in case any of their comrades get into difficulties they can rescue them.

THE AMBULANCE CORPS.

On one occasion, at a camp held at Killough, one of the camp officers was successful in saving a man from being drowned, and in consequence he obtained the certificate of the Royal Humane Society. At another camp, held at Minster, near Sheerness, the value of the bathing picket was proved, for one of the lads got out of his depth, and was being rapidly carried out to sea. The picket went in after him, and after an exciting struggle the drowning lad was rescued by his own chum, who had, in his eagerness to save his friend, out-distanced the rest of the picket.

BATHING PARADE, WITH NON-SWIMMERS WADING UP TO THEIR KNEES AS INTERESTED SPECTATORS.

At most camps sports are held, but, of course, a great deal depends upon the weather. At one camp last year the rain was a great offender, and the following extract from a diary, written in a somewhat sarcastic vein by one of those present, will be found interesting:—

"On Thursday it still rained, but the weather cleared a little later, and in the afternoon we started the sports, and ran through all the events but three before the inevitable rain came. One event scratched was the 'Go as you please' race to Richmond and back. A Sunderland officer was at the Market Cross to see that all the competitors went round it before turning up the hill again. We did our best to get him up again to camp by sending messenger after messenger, but without effect. There is a tradition that he is still there, a martyr to duty, declaring that he will not leave the spot till the last wet and muddy competitor has been round the Cross. On Friday we opened as usual with rain, and the lads swam out of their tents."

TOILET IN THE TENTS.

It is surprising what a variety of entertainments it is possible to arrange. The cricket matches between the officers and boys, and with clubs in the neighbourhood of the camp, always provide plenty of attraction. Then there is always the possibility of breaking a record, as one slogger was able to do. He managed to hit a ball over some cliffs into the sea. The distance was not great, but much laughter was heard when the batsman remarked: "Well, I reckon Grace can do many things with the bat, but he has never yet knocked a ball into the ocean."

When the camp consists of some hundreds of boys it is occasionally possible to arrange a sham fight. This is only practicable, of course, when those in charge have some military experience, and the movements executed suit the boys immensely. Some retired officer residing in the locality is asked to act as the "judge" and award the victory to the successful battalion. The task of deciding who has won is often exceedingly difficult, and it is on those occasions that a "drawn battle" is declared. At one of these "drawn battles" a boy, amid great amusement, designated it the "Second Bunker's Hill."

One cannot do better than close with the musings of one who attended a camp last year. "Which of all our doings will live longest in our minds? Perhaps it will be the journey over the heather to the summit of the mountain to an altitude few had ever attained before; perhaps the glorious bonfire on the eve of departure, which blazed into the night. Who can say?"

A TINY SNAP-SHOT OF THE SHAM FIGHT AT THE C.L.B. CAMP ON RICHMOND RACECOURSE.

THE TWO FAGS

A PUBLIC SCHOOL STORY.

By Albert Lee.

Author of "The Key of the Holy House," "The Inca's Ransom," etc.

Illustrated by T. M. R. Whitwell.

SYNOPSIS.—(Chapters I.—IV.)

On his arrival at Ellingham School, Harry Baldwin, a new boy, meets Boardman, captain of Furguson's House, who promptly dubs Baldwin "Snowdrop," because he's such a pale youngster, and makes him his fag. Toplady, otherwise "Blotch," a notorious bully, knocks Snowdrop down a flight of stairs, with the result that he is laid up for a week. During this period Snowdrop makes many friends among the Lower School boys in Furguson's House, chief of whom is Tom Sinclair, nick-named "Sparrow." These two both fag for Boardman (who is a real good sort), and, consequently, they become fast chums. Boardman acts as "banker" for the Lower School fellows at Furguson's, and keeps the money entrusted to his care in a large iron-bound box which stands in his room. One day, whilst the box is open, Blotch comes in to borrow a book. Unnoticed by all save Snowdrop, Blotch casts greedy eyes on the money in the box. However, Blotch takes his book and goes away, but Snowdrop does not forget the incident. Soon, however, his mind is taken up with other matters, for he, Sparrow, and the other fags, unite against their common enemies, Blotch and his ally, "Scrawly"—an equally objectionable Sixth Form boy. After a scrimmage in Blotch's room one day, the Two Fags dart into the passage. Blotch and Scrawly, in hot pursuit, tear blindly after them, with the result that they run full tilt into Mr. Furguson, and all three go down together with a crash, while the Two Fags make good their escape.

CHAPTER V.

THE MALTESE CROSS.

What passed between the tutor and those who knocked him over so unceremoniously, we never heard; but the supposition was that Blotch and Scrawly had some *poenas* to write on an extensive scale, for they were busy at their tables for the next two or three days, and were neither in the playing-fields nor on the river. Their fags had a pretty hard time of it, for Tony Anderson and Digby were in no sense sparing of uncomplimentary remarks concerning their fag-master, and Dapper Mordaunt, who fagged for Scrawly, vowed that he would wipe out his injuries in a way that would make his fag-master's hair stand on end so soon as the chance should come.

By the end of the week, however, Scrawly and Blotch were at large again, and, no questions being asked, they went on with school work and recreation just as if nothing had happened. It goes without saying that Toplady was unpopular. It could not well be otherwise, for a bully never stands in good odour with the rank and file of a public school. But neither was Scrawly—whose real name was Marmaduke Camberwell—one for whom any had much affection. He was not exactly a bully, but, on the principle that birds of a feather flock together, he seemed a fit comrade for Toplady, and no one tried to appropriate him at the expense of his boon companion. Scrawly was good-looking enough and smart enough. Some fellows said that he was a sap who construed as cleverly as anyone in the Sixth, and turned out verses that made his tutor have a sort of sneaking regard for him, although now and again he had days of idleness.

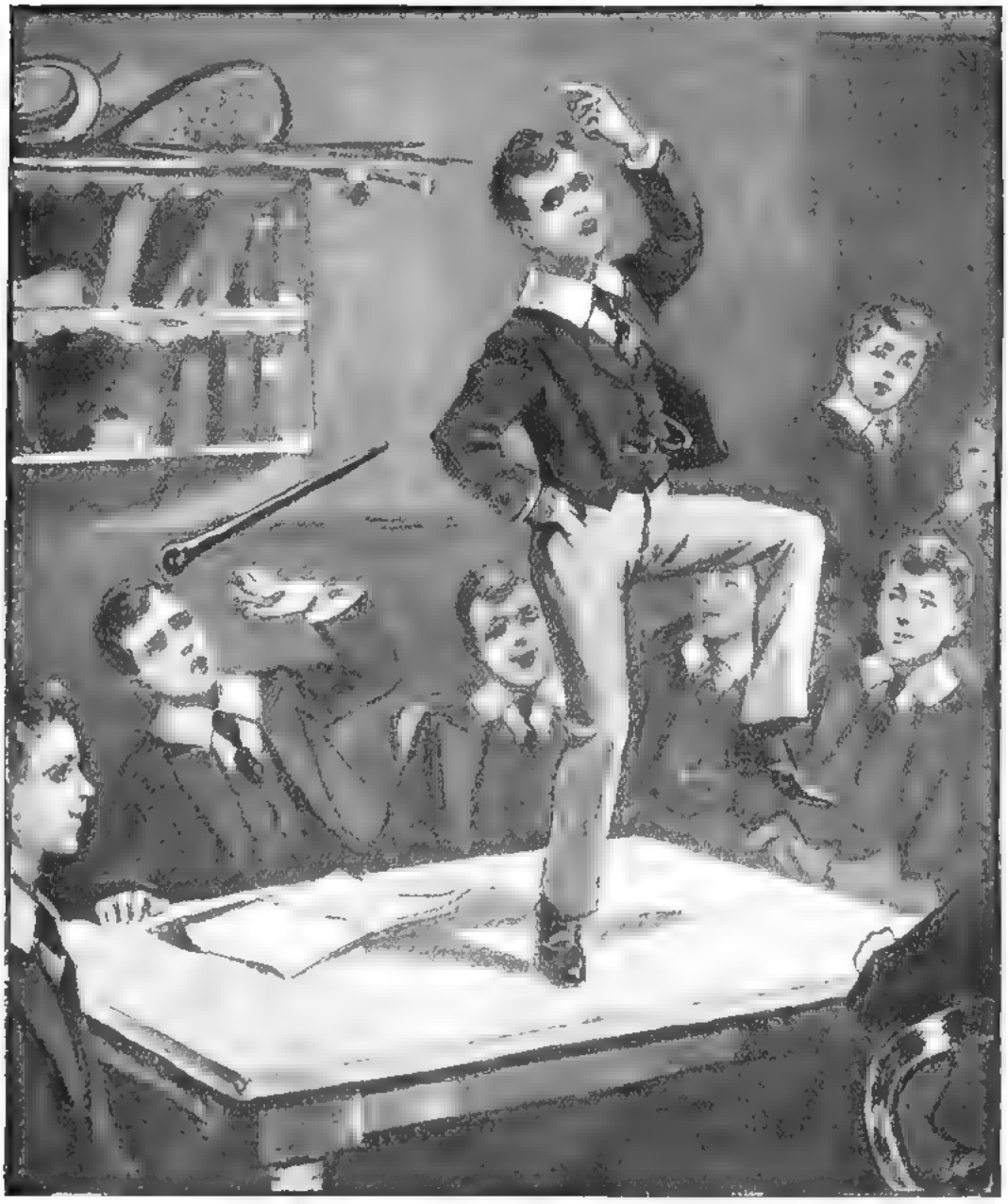
He was a "wet bob" chiefly, and was number four in the Eight, pulling a capital oar, without great dash, but conscientiously and in fine form. He was also a "dry bob," and in the Eleven, being a first-class wicket-keeper, his long arms scrawling out, as it were, for every ball that passed the stumps. I do not know whether the term is a right one, since scrawling, according to the dictionary, applies only to irregular and inelegant writing; but Ellinghamites never drew nice distinctions. When it suited them to do so, they coined a word without hesitation. They did so in this case, and, because they said that Camberwell scrawled behind the wicket, they called him Scrawly.

But when the boating and cricketing were all

allowed for, everybody except Toplady had done with him; and when it came to the every-day life of Ellingham, you found him isolated, as a rule, with only Blotch for a kindred spirit.

The next Monday after Blotch and Scrawly had begun to get about again was wet; at all events, it was too wet "after six" to go about, although it was not lock-up until a quarter to nine. Neither Sparrow nor I were in the mood to do any sapping, and Sparrow, having a bit of spare cash which was hot in his pocket, suggested a supper party; but Dame Martin would not allow it because our boys' maid was out that night. Determined to have something in lieu of the supper, Sparrow proposed penny readings, and in five minutes we were all over the house, beating up an audience.

At seven o'clock the place was full up to the door, and three fellows had to be refused



"WHO'LL TREAD ON THE TAIL O' ME COAT, ME BHOYS!"

admission unless they occupied the window-sill or stood on the washhand-stand. They accepted the conditions, and then the proceedings began.

Williams minor started off with "Mollie Darling," but it was voted slow, so that he was told that when he came on again he was to be ready with something of a livelier nature. Paddy Turner was in fine form, but complained that the platform—which, by the way, was the chairman's table—was too small to do justice to his song, "Who'll tread on the tail o' me coat, me bhoys?" However, he made up for want of platform accommodation by a free use of his shillelagh, which slipped from his hand, and gave the chairman a knock which nearly necessitated a bandaged head. Banjo-playing was in great request, for Dapper Mordaunt, who had blacked his face with burnt cork for the occasion, gave us some nigger songs, which were received with such rapturous applause that it was the general wonder of the audience that Scrawly, whose room was underneath, did not send up word that we were to be quiet because he was sapping.

Tony Anderson was called upon to perform one or two of his famous conjuring tricks. Tony began by producing an egg, which one of the boys' maids had purloined from the kitchen, after which he requested the loan of my silk hat. He looked at it critically, and remarked that he would have been better pleased if I had lent him my best, because he thought the experiment would come off better; but I declined, luckily, as it proved, for the egg cracked, and he was obliged to throw it out of the window.

A second or two later there came a yell, and Sparke, who had been sitting on the window-sill, and was leaning out, announced to the audience that Scrawly had been looking out of his window, just below, and that the egg had fallen smack on the Sixth's head.

Someone proposed an immediate adjournment, but it took some time to move the chairs and open the door, and when that was done, and the meeting was about to break up in some confusion, who should come into the room but Scrawly.

He pushed his way in roughly, and handkerchiefs were in requisition; for the egg, in its descent, not much broken when it tumbled into my hat, had completely smashed on Scrawly's auburn locks, and now we had olfactory and ocular evidence of the fact on his appearance in our midst.

"Who threw that beastly egg on my head?" he roared; but since no one answered, it was left to the chairman to make explanations.

"We had no idea that your head was there, Camberwell, and no one had any wish to insult you."

"But who threw it out?" Scrawly shouted again.

"Well, that, of course, we can't say," the chairman responded. "But I am sure we're very sorry."

Scrawly swung out of the room savagely, leaving us to our own devices; but, as the programme had come to an end, the meeting broke up with much silent laughter.

Five minutes later Sparrow and I were alone, and looking round before putting things tidy. But Sparrow chiefly spent his time in lying on the floor, tossing his legs about and laughing, while a handkerchief was thrust into his mouth to deaden the sound. He was rolling about like this when he espied something, and, reaching out for it, jumped to his feet.

"What's this?"

I was at his side instantly, and saw in his hand a handsome Maltese cross of solid gold, on the back of which was an inscription.

BARWOOD
ATHLETIC
CLUB.

M. Camberwell,

1st Prize
Quarter-Mile
Flat Race.

A debate followed between us as to what should be done with it. Dare we venture into his room? We decided to risk it, and went down. Scrawly was at his washing-stand, mopping away at his head, and sundry angry mutterings showed us that he was in a vile temper.

I had thought to beg his pardon, but feared to do so now. He had not seen us enter, being so occupied, and, tossing the cross on to the carpet as quietly as possible, we closed the door and came away.

We had cause to know that Maltese cross still more intimately before many days were gone.

CHAPTER VI.

ON THE ISLAND.

Later in that same week Sparrow and I went to Bodman's raft, took out a skiff, and pulled up the river as far as Frog-pool Island. There we found a quiet spot among the rushes and pollard willows. Having tied the boat to a tree stump we sat down to read, but now and again our reading was interrupted by the hiss of the swans that swam about in the reach where Frog-pool Island lay. Doubtless there was a nest somewhere near, and the birds suspected our intentions; or possibly they supposed that we had biscuits or other dainties, and would throw them out some for the asking, just as most of the picnic people on the river did.

But reading was not easy that afternoon, for our attention was distracted by an occasional swan fight, when a bird of another reach was bold enough to invade the domains of the feathered owners. At times, too, a four-oar pulled by, and shouted out for information as to other fellows who had gone up; or some excursionists, down from London for the day, and provided with concertina or banjo, would pass remarks which were by no means polite. Of course, reading could not go on under such distracting conditions, so that

we flung our books down and began to talk, lying full length in the bottom of the boat, with hands folded behind our heads, which had the seat for a pillow.

Away in the distance were the grey and massive towers of the world-famed Barwood Castle, on the opposite side of the river to that on which Ellingham stood. Had we been on some high ground we might have caught a glimpse of the red tiles of the houses of that ancient borough which nestled beneath the walls of this stronghold, as if the nearness afforded security. In between us and that great pile lay the meadows, rich with buttercups, cowslips, and patches of cuckoo-flower, while far back against the rising grounds which bordered the river valley were hundreds of beech trees which were refreshing to look at in the glowing heat of that early summer afternoon.

It was so silent that one could very well have gone off to sleep that day. The corn-crake was crying out not far away. Then came the distant note of the cuckoo. Again, the water would plash against the boat-side after a steam launch had gone by, making our skiff rock in the little willow-shaded bay. Far away among the beeches and chestnuts were the wood-pigeons, whose plaintive "kurroo" could be heard continuously.

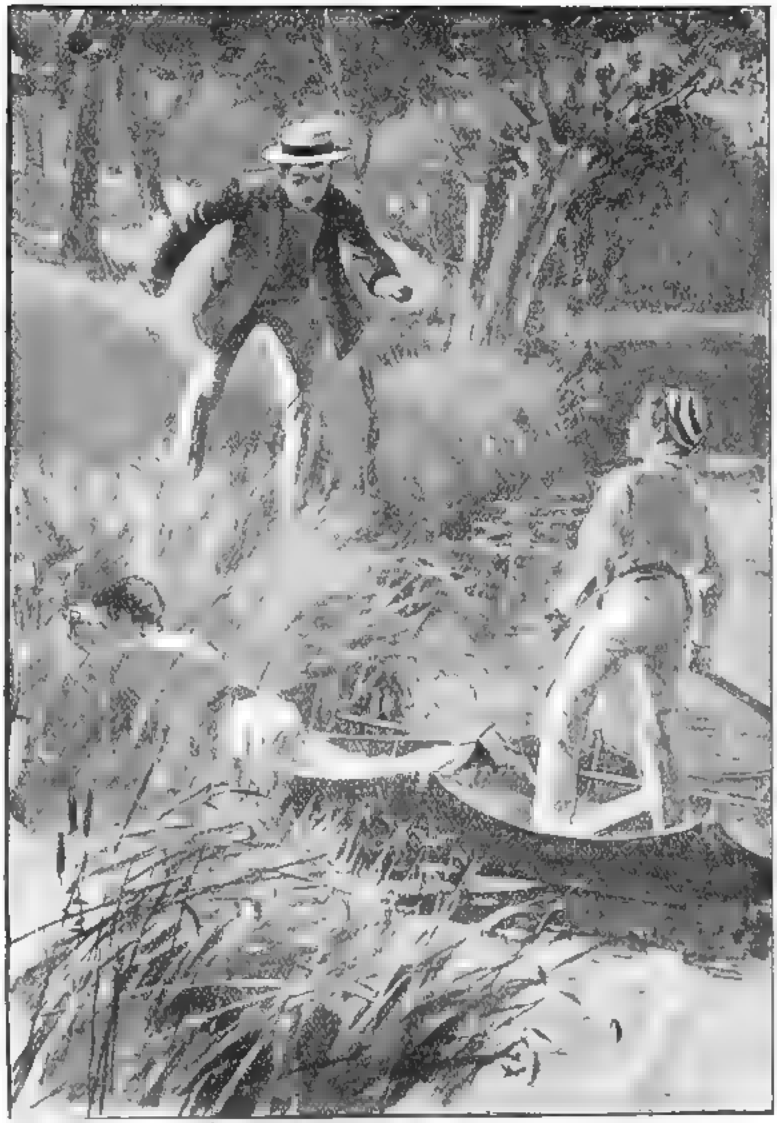
"I say, isn't this jolly?" said Sparrow. "But let's talk, or I shall go to sleep." And off he started on the topic of Scrawly's misadventure with the egg, and wondered whether the Maltese cross had been found by him on the floor of his room.

"Oh, it was," I interposed, for just then it was possible to get a word in. "I saw he had it on his watch-chain when we were going to chapel."

"That's all right, then," said Sparrow, with a yawn. "I say, Snowdrop, Blotch wouldn't have let us off so easily."

"He might have done when he thought of the *poenas* he would have to write if he did us any mischief," I suggested.

"H'm," reflected Sparrow; "there's something in that."



AS FOR THE BOAT . . . IT WAS AS GOOD AS A FIXTURE—THE KNOT WOULD NOT UNTIE. BLOTCH WOULD BOARD US, AND WHAT THEN?

Presently I shifted my position, and put my hands into my trousers pockets.

"Hallo! I forgot all about this," I cried, pulling a letter out. It was the same which I had absent-mindedly pocketed while hiding in Toplady's cupboard, and, as a matter of fact, I had worn another pair of trousers when we had gone on the river.

"Where did you get that from, Snowdrop?" asked Sparrow, now all alive. There was no semblance of a yawn about him, and when I told him all, and handed him the letter, he turned the envelope over and over.

"What will you do with it?" he asked, when I had ended.

"I don't know."

"Of course, you won't read it?" he observed.

"Read it?" I exclaimed, indignantly. "Of course not. It's not my letter. I can't imagine what made me put it into my pocket. I'll toss it into his room just as we did Scrawly's Maltese cross," I concluded.

"Then the fags might see it. Still, I know old Tony wouldn't be mean enough to read a letter that was not his to read."

Sparrow had scarcely said this when there was a sound close at hand, and looking up, to our horror we saw Blotch perched in a tree, but now beginning to descend. I jumped to my feet on the instant, and Sparrow, sprawling lengthwise, tried to undo the painter; but in his hurry he got the rope into a knot, which made it impossible for us to shove the boat off—a thing we were anxious to do; for who could say what Toplady might not do to us now that he had us all to himself, away from any who might stand by and see fair play?

"Give me that letter," shouted he, when his feet touched the ground; and then he came towards us with swift strides, saying, as he came, "I'll murder the two of you, if you don't."

We quite believed that he would do so, and began to cast our eyes round for a way of escape. There was none so far as we could see. On the land side was Blotch, able to run us down easily. Besides, if we got ashore, we could not get off the island without a swim where the river had a strong current. As for the boat, in the hurry it was as good as a fixture, for the knot would not untie. Blotch would board us, and what then?

"Cut the rope, Sparrow," I shouted, diving into my pocket for a knife, which I passed to him, opened, and ready for use. Sparrow held out a hand for it, and then turned back, intending to saw away at the painter; but before the blade had touched it I heard him say:

"Confound it, it's gone into the water."

At that moment Toplady had his foot on the rowlock.

"Slam him with the boat-hook!" cried Sparrow, who was reaching out for a scull

Self-preservation was everything then, and, snatching up the boat-hook, I brought it down smartly on Toplady's toes. The sudden pain made him yell out; but it did more. He forgot where he was, and threw his weight on the boat's side. The boat gave instantly, he lost his balance, tried to recover, but failed, then tumbled in amongst us, hitting his head against the seat when he fell. Not caring to be in such close proximity we jumped ashore. Thinking that the boat-hook might be useful for self defence, I stuck to it when I sprang out to the bank. Sparrow, too, tossed a scull on land and then jumped; but the boat, swaying with my own leap, swayed still more when he moved, so that he fell short, and slipped down the bank. Toplady, by this time on his knees, grabbed my chum by the shirt, and began to drag him back into the skiff.

"Prod him!" shouted Sparrow, who, though awfully scared, had not lost his wits.

Down I went to my knees on the grass, and gave Toplady a dig with the boat-hook, but he still held on.

"Let him go!" I cried; but he only swore at me, and threatened to flay me alive when he got hold of me. That settled the matter. I lifted the boat-hook again, and brought it down with a whack on Toplady's head, then gave him a vicious dig in the arm, hurting him so that he let Sparrow go, and began to rub the injured part.

"Run for it!" cried Sparrow, when he was on the grass beside me. We started off, with no more idea than the man in the moon how we could be any better off on the island than in the boat, except that we were not at such close quarters, and could play hide-and-seek to some purpose perhaps.

Thinking they might be useful, we took our weapons with us—Sparrow his scull, and I my boat-hook. They were somewhat of a hindrance, catching now and again in the trees; but we got a good start, and stuck to them. Toplady came on in hot pursuit, yelling out for the letter, which, however, Sparrow would not part with; indeed, he had pushed it into his pocket when Blotch appeared on the scene.

"Better give it up to him," said I, breathlessly.

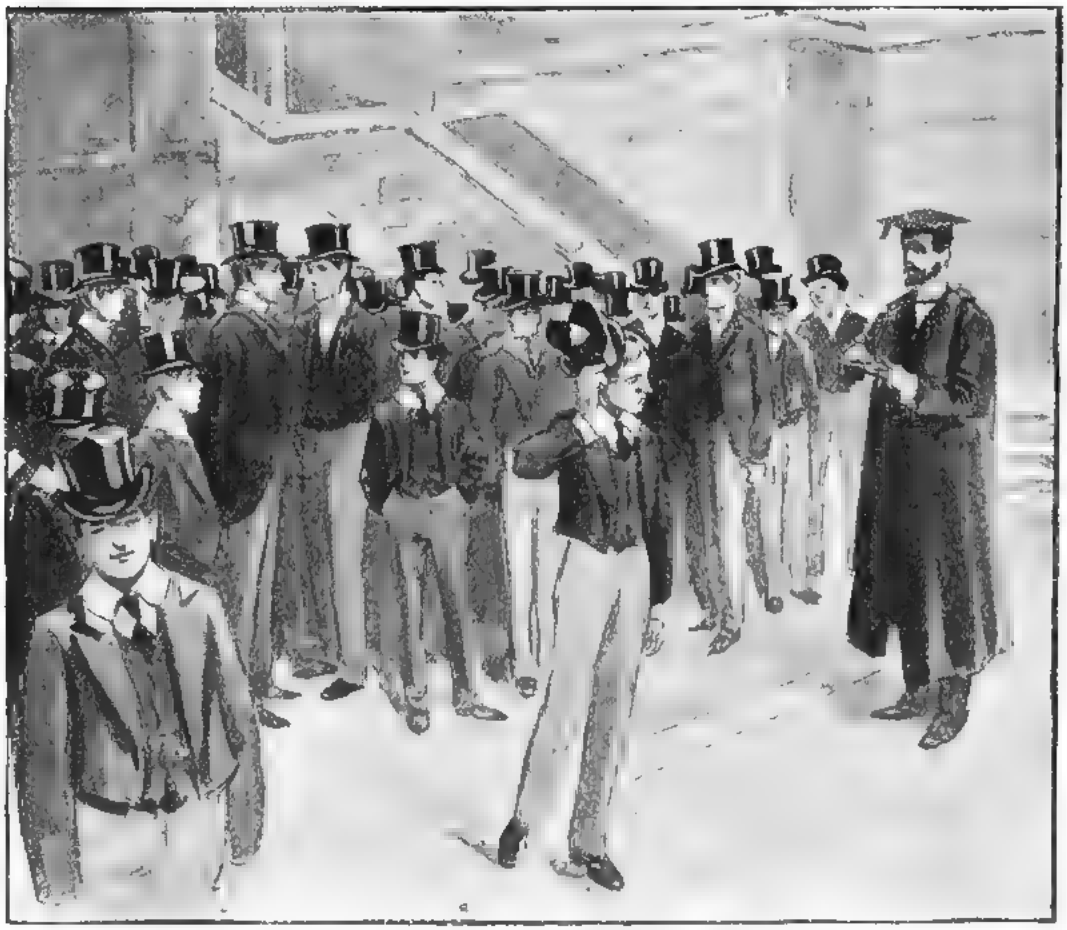
"All right—presently. But let him run for it," panted Sparrow; and on we went, dodging and doubling.

Many a time Toplady stood still, confounded as well as savage, because, just when we were almost in his grasp, we suddenly divided and doubled, darting off in some other direction while he was pulling up. But once he was so blown that he sat down on a tree-root, and contented himself with swearing at us, and bidding us throw down the letter. Then we gave the bully sundry bits of good advice, and said things sufficient to make one mad. This cut Toplady's rest short, for he finally jumped to his feet and came after us with a rush.

The next time he rested we found, to our satisfaction, that we were near our boat, and made for it. Toplady understood our intention, and bounded after us. He came so near that there was only time to jump aside, and this we did. But it so chanced that Sparrow was trailing the scull, that proving an easier method of getting on. As we leaped sideways, to right and left, the scull remained in the way, and our pursuer, not seeing it, caught his feet in it, and went sprawling.

"Toss him his letter," I shouted.

"All right." And Sparrow dropped it as he ran. Then, taking our opportunity, we made a dash for the boat and jumped in just as our pursuer got to his feet and pounced on the letter. It was clearly an important one, but we had no time to think of that. Sparrow whipped out his own knife and cut the painter just as Toplady came up. For my own part, I had a scull ready, the blade stuck against the bank, and as soon as Sparrow called "Shove off!" I gave a thrust, and we floated into the stream. Even now, however, we barely parted company with our foe. He saw what we meant to do, and began to scramble down the bank just as the boat began to move. The



AT STATED INTERVALS WE HAD TO COME BACK FOR CALLING OVER, OR "ABSENCE."

attempt to grab at it caused him to slide on the soft, slimy riverside, and souse he went in the water up to his waist.

"Pull hard to the willows," said Sparrow, quietly sitting down, and taking up his sculls. I asked no questions, but pulled. Presently we slid alongside, and saw Toplady's new boat—one he had bought of Bodman the boat-builder.

"I have half a mind to scuttle her," said Sparrow, in whom the spirit of mischief was now in full activity.

"No, I wouldn't do that," I remonstrated. "We shall get into trouble. Untie the painter, and let her drift."

"Snowdrop, you're a genius," shouted Sparrow gleefully; and in a few moments we accomplished the task, drew the boat into mid-stream, and let her go. As she drifted on, gathering speed while she went, now with her nose to the bank, and then twisting round again stern foremost, we saw Toplady tearing along to the spot where he had landed.

CHAPTER VII.

THE MAN IN THE BARN.

How Toplady got away from Frog-pool Island we never discovered; whether he had to swim for it and then walk on the tow-path at the riverside, or whether Scrawly, whom we met pulling up-stream, found him and took him in, I do not know; and, what is more, I am afraid we cared very little. Our chief concern was to keep clear of the vengeance which was pretty sure to come.

But later events showed that Toplady had graver concerns to look after, and while it is scarcely likely that he forgot to repay us, he was otherwise so much occupied and harassed that, for the time being, we got off scot-free. What happened also served to explain his eagerness to get back the letter which he saw in our hands and overheard us speaking about while we were moored to the bank.

There came, not long after that incident on the island, one of the great days of the year at Ellingham, known to all the country round as

"Founder's Day." It was a "whole holiday," and was looked forward to by everyone with such eager interest that, as the day approached, the fellows forgot preparation so thoroughly that the number of *pœnas* set in our form was something appalling, while the appearance of our exercises after the master had scrawled over them was quite as disconcerting. We had Founder's Day on the brain, and thought of nothing but that.

When it was actually with us we looked out of the window anxiously for signs of the weather. It was a tradition at Ellingham that it always rains on Founder's Day: but, if that was the rule, this one proved a glorious exception. It was one of those hot days when one thought of the cool river, and had longings for a visit to the Piræus, as our school bathing-place was called.

There was no lying in bed that morning, and whatever a fellow's health had been the day before, he was well enough now to take part in the festivities to which mothers and sisters, aunts and cousins came, however great the journey, sporting the Ellingham colours, and ready to spend unlimited cash in treating at the various hotels in Barwood, the town on the other side of the river.

The worry of it all was, that we could not get far away, since at stated intervals we had to come back for calling over, or "absence" in the school-yard. To our visitors this was a pretty sight enough, to see the boys standing in a semicircle, stretching from the fives wall, upon the steps near which the Head stood, half across the yard. As each boy's name was called he lifted his hat, said "Here, sir!" and walked away. Very pretty for the visitors, but to us who had this sort of thing every day, it had no charms.

In the afternoon came the cricket match, and it was then that Blotch's conduct set me thinking. Boardman had let me off all fagging for the day, except for the afternoon, when, like other Lower School boys, I had to do my part of carrying camp stools and hammock chairs for the use of the visitors who were friends of our respective fag-masters. There were many shady spots in the playing-fields, where the visitors could sit and watch the cricket, and notably beneath the gigantic elms, many of which had been planted by a provost in the time of the Commonwealth. Chairs set down in such places were esteemed the very thing by the Upper School fellows, and we who were fags were expected to carry them there. Still, we had the opportunity of watching the match, and noticing how the fellows of our own house got on, so that we had our fair share of the pleasures that were going.

The match was about three parts through, and Blotch, who had scored over five-and-twenty runs, was out, and had disappeared in the cricket lodge, when Mortimer, the porter at Furguson's, came up with a telegram in his hand.

"Do you know where Mr. Toplady is, sir?" he said, coming to the place where I was standing.

"Yes," I answered: but before I could say any more the Head caught sight of Mortimer, and sent him on an errand. While passing me the porter asked if I would mind finding Blotch, since he must hurry; so I took the telegram at once. When I stepped into the lodge Blotch was alone, pulling off his leg-guards. The other fellows were outside, talking about what was going on in the field. When I went forward Blotch looked up and scowled. He said nothing when I handed him the buff coloured envelope, but tore it open eagerly. It was a fairly long message, and while he read it he first turned red, then pale; after that a frightened look came into his face, and he swore to himself. He had, perhaps, forgotten my presence, for when he looked up he turned on me savagely, and ordered me out of the place.

I saw no more of him until the procession of boats was formed. I had not expected to be more than a sightseer, but an hour before the start Boardman looked me up.

"Snowdrop, you must act as cox in the third Lower boat presently."

I looked up, astonished.

"Tony Anderson is cox of the boat!" I exclaimed.

"That's true; but the youngster has been feasting so liberally on strawberries and cream that he's gone to bed with a bilious attack. Come along and try his suit on. It should fit you, for you are about his size all ways."

Boardman was captain of the boats, and was busy making final arrangements for the procession. When he saw that Tony's rig-out did for me he gave me a few instructions, and left me in a state of excitement that rendered me speechless. I was sorry for Tony, of course, but in the seventh heaven at having a place in the Lower boats.

At last the signal came for the start. I was sitting in the coxswain's seat, arrayed in the garb of a navy lieutenant, and on my knees was a splendid bouquet of flowers, three times the size of my head. What cared I for the discomfort of my position, sitting up stiffly and awkwardly on a little seat where I held the ropes? Tory Fellows and Sparrow were among our eight, and chaffed me, gave me instructions in a most patronising way, and said things which were complimentary, and the reverse, about my wearing cast off clothing. But what cared I? I was in the boat, which was enough for me, and I settled down, returning the good-natured banter of all the fellows with interest. Then off we went, each one in our eight wearing his gay flannels, coloured scarf, and ribbons, like those in all the other boats, but only differing in the special colour of our particular crew.

As for the first boat, where Boardman acted as stroke, that was made up of ten fellows, the crack oarsmen of the school, and with them were Blotch and Scrawly. But I did not see them until we had pulled down the open space, lined with steam launches and pleasure boats, backed by a crowd of relations, and the people from Ellingham and Barwood. The procession set off amid the ringing of the castle bells, and the music of the band, in a boat that got into everyone's way and generally made things awkward. That, however, was all a part of the day's proceedings, and nobody cared.

A pull up the river for a couple of miles brought us to Shoreham Meadows, where we landed. It is the custom for each boat on its arrival at Shoreham to go leisurely to its own

particular table, where a capital supper is laid out for them, and, having drunk champagne, and eaten the good things provided by the hotel keeper on the other side of the river—at college charges, of course—to come down to the Fellows Eyot to see the fireworks.

But we had started so punctually that there was time and to spare before supper was ready, and, leaving my bouquet in the boat, I went off for a stroll with Sparrow, to see a rat-hole, where he hoped some day to have some sport with the aid of a terrier, which Furguson's house-porter was going to lend him. Close by was an old barn, which I suppose was used as a cattle-shed by the farmer who rented the land. We mooned about a bit, and then sat down on the bank, with the barn serving as a back rest. We had already squinted into the place through one or two holes which gave us a view of the interior, but it was completely empty. Before long, however, we heard voices, and recognising one of these as belonging to Blotch, and being too far away from the other fellows to run any risk of discovery, we kept quiet, little suspecting that we were to unintentionally overhear a conversation. If we could have slipped off, we should have done so, for this interview was none of our business; but Blotch might have run us down easily, and none would know what he was doing to us, since two or three high-hedged fields separated us from the meadow where the supper was being prepared.

"WHAT'S DUE IS DUE, AND YOU OWE ME £70. WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO PAY?"

The other voice was unknown to us, and peering through the holes we saw that Blotch had strange company—a horsey-looking man, fat and vulgar, although he was well-dressed and wore rings which glittered whenever they caught the sun, as he smoothed his clean shaven chin. He had drawn a note-book from his pocket, and, having turned over the pages, began to talk in tones that were insolent to a degree.

"Did you get my letter, Mr. Toplady?"

"Yes, confound you!" said Blotch savagely.

"Softly, sir. I do not care for talk like that; but this I know, that you owe me a considerable sum of money over that betting transaction. And mark you, sir," the fellow added, holding up a forefinger, as if to emphasise what he had to say, "if the money is not forthcoming within seven days, I shall go and see your father first, and then the Head."

Blotch's face was turned towards the light, and we saw that he was awfully scared. He took off his straw hat, and mopped his forehead with a hand that trembled, and, much as we disliked him, we felt half sorry, and savage to think that a low-bred fellow like this betting man should talk so to an Ellinghamite. Blotch said nothing, for the man gave him little time to reply.

"I sent you a letter which you ought to have answered."

"I lost it," interrupted Blotch, telling half the truth.

"So much the worse for you, then, if anyone found it. But I was going to say, you ought to have answered that letter. What's due is due, and you owe me £70. When are you going to pay?"

"I haven't got as much," faltered Blotch.

"But you must get it; otherwise I shall tell your father."

"It would ruin me!" exclaimed Blotch. "He is so down on betting that he would cut me off clean, and I should be no better off than a crossing-sweeper."

"I can't help that. I intend to have my money, and it must be paid by this day week."

"Will you give me till the end of July?" pleaded Blotch.

"No, I won't!" said the man decisively.

"Will you give me a fortnight, then?"

The man smoothed his chin thoughtfully, and did not speak for a few moments.

"If you will make the seventy into seventy-five, you shall have a fortnight."

The great drops of perspiration stood out on Blotch's forehead, and he wiped them away

while there was a look of desperation on his face.

"I know no more where to find the money than the meanest cad in the country," he faltered.

"Then steal it," said the other, laughing, and putting the note-book back into his pocket.

"Serve Blotch right," whispered Sparrow; "but I'd like to punch that fellow's head just the same. Steal it! Nice one he to have anyone in his clutches."

"This day fortnight, Mr. Toplady," said the betting man, turning on his heel, and walking off without another word.

Now we understood why Blotch was so madly anxious about the letter I had found, and why he chased us about Frog pool Island.

"Serve him jolly well right," said Sparrow again and again, as, when the coast was clear, we went back to join the supper party on Shoreham Meadow.

CHAPTER VIII.

A TELEGRAM FOR THE CAPTAIN.

FOUNDER'S DAY had become a thing of the past, one among many others of the same—hundreds, one might say, for it was the proud boast of the Ellinghamites, from the Head and Provost down to the newest boy, that the school was a very ancient one, founded in the fifteenth century by a pious king, who one day arranged the establishment of a King's College of our Lady of Ellingham. But that far-off day was one of small things, seeing that there were at the start only twenty-five poor grammar scholars. It was a school now, however, which numbered a large number of collegers, or free scholars, and hundreds of oppidans, whose parents were prepared to pay handsomely for the admission of their sons into all the privileges and prestige which came of belonging to Ellingham.

But this is so much wandering away from what I meant to speak about. I had intended to say that when Founder's Day had gone by, the old routine asserted itself. *Poenas* came as plentifully as ever. There were the old struggles to maintain one's position in the school, evasions in the matter of fagging, grumblings about extra work, which the masters never forgot to ask for, dodges to make the work come as easy as possible, and lamentable failures in the attempts, scrapes with old Boardman because he caught us cribbing, and so forth.

Moreover, old Boardman kept his eye on Sparrow, and, on my advent to Ellingham, on me as well, in the matter of getting into debt. He would have his suspicions at times that we were buying in things beyond our means, and then would send for us to his room, and talk "like a father," as Sparrow put it. Sometimes he saw that his talk was not exactly palatable, and then he would go on to say that he had our good at heart, wanted to see us turn out well, a credit to our house and to our fag-master; which, when not in the best of humours, Sparrow would call "tommy-rot."

But, take him on the whole, old Boardman was hard to beat for downright goodness and generous feeling. Fellows like Scrawly and Blotch had to forego many a revenge, and stop short of many a cruelty because the captain was about.

The full swim of school work did not drive out the memory of that interview in the outhouse at Shoreham Meadows. Now I called to mind what I had nearly forgotten—the coming of Blotch into Boardman's room that afternoon when our fag-master was showing us the contents of the iron-bound box. I remembered the money that was lying on the table while Boardman was looking for his "Terence," and Blotch's greedy look at the gold and silver scattered about. It was easy then to put two and two together. This bookmaker had begun to dun Blotch for his betting debts, and he would have gladly had that money to clear himself; but, of course, he had not the chance.

During the days which followed Sparrow and I, knowing what we did, kept our eye on Blotch, and wondered how he would get out of the scrape.

We saw how absolutely miserable he was, and were not the only ones to remark it.

"Serve him jolly well right," said Sparrow one evening, when four or five of us were talking about it in the pupil-room.

He was saying something like that when Mortimer came in with a telegram in his hand.

"Where's Mr. Boardman?" he asked, quickly.

"Oh, I know," said Tory. "What's up?"

"A telegram for him," was the answer.

"Then give it to me, and I'll find him," said Sparrow, running across the room. It was his business or mine, as fags, to find him on emergencies; and beckoning to me while he slipped the envelope into his pocket, he put on his hat and waited.

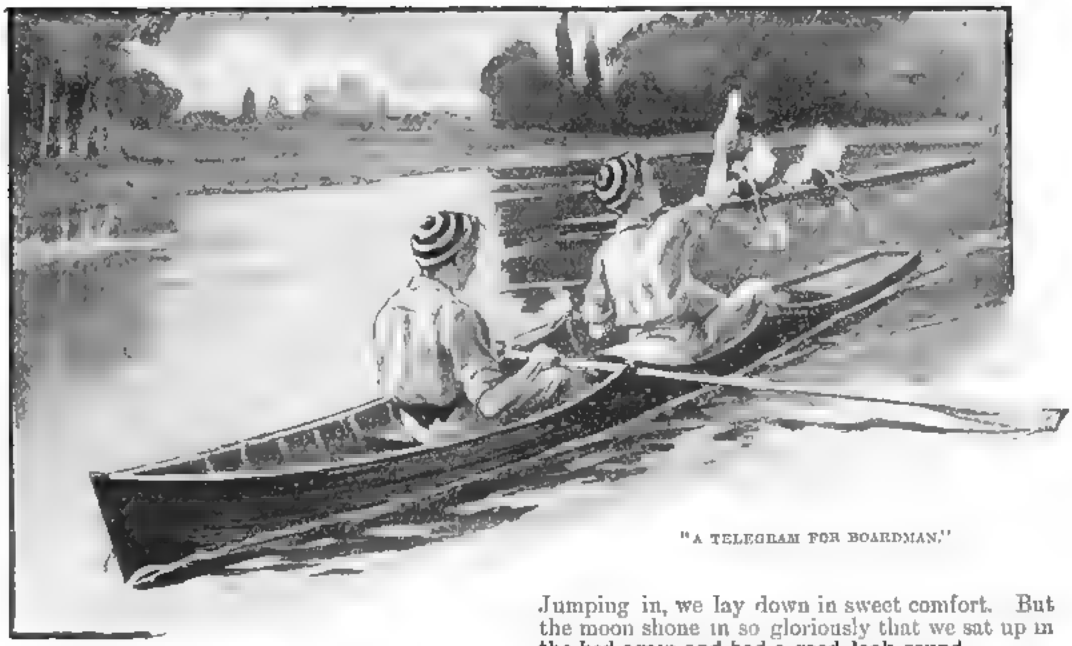
"Where did you see him last, Tory?" he called out.

"At Bodman's raft."

"Come along, Snowdrop." And off we started down High Street at a steady trot. "A telegram for old Boardman must mean something particular. I hope it's nothing that will trouble him"

In spite of all Sparrow's grumbles about the captain he thought great things of him, and did not like to fancy that the telegram might be an occasion for sorrow. "I wouldn't like him to be put out, you know, Snowdrop, for, after all, he's a trump through and through, if he does jaw one sometimes."

The man at the raft told us that Boardman had gone up the river with Chang, since they were practising for the school-house races; and, thinking it would save time, we put on our boating togs in the boat-house, and, taking a skiff, pulled up the river. Some of the fellows were bathing at the Piraeus, and when we shouted to know if the captain had been seen, we were told that he was up the river by the Burton Lock. Presently we espied Boardman and Chang coming down full speed. They shot past us, and would have gone out of sight and hearing had we not



"A TELEGRAM FOR BOARDMAN."

shouted to them, while Sparrow frantically waved the buff-coloured envelope.

"A telegram for Boardman."

The boat pulled up with a tremendous splash as the blades cut in and backed water; then, while they came towards us, we pulled down their way.

"Is it for me?" said Boardman, somewhat anxiously.

"Yes," said Sparrow, handing it over.

It was torn open instantly, and then the captain cried: "Good Heavens! '*Come at once. Mother ill.*'" He waited to say no more, but, slipping the telegram into his pocket, called on Chang to pull for dear life, and before long they were round the bend in the river, and out of sight.

"Poor old Boardman!" we said, spontaneously; for, while the captain said little, we knew how disappointed he had been that his mother was too unwell to come to Ellingham on Founder's Day.

By the time we had got back he was gone. Our tutor had looked out his train, and one served most conveniently, so that he lost no time.

When prayers were over, and we were coming out, Sparrow suggested that we should sleep in Boardman's room for the fun of the thing. We could fling ourselves on to our own beds and make them a bit untidy in case the boys' maid came in before we got back to our rooms in the morning, and then, when the other fellows were quiet, we could slip along the passage and lie in the captain's "lordly bed," as Sparrow called it. And that, of course, we did, because we knew that no boys' maid would enter the room till six o'clock at the earliest.

Boardman's bed was all ready for him, since the boys' maid knew nothing of his departure, and supposed that he would occupy it as usual. Jumping in, we lay down in sweet comfort. But the moon shone in so gloriously that we sat up in the bed again and had a good look round.

We had pushed the door together, but had not turned the key in the lock, and presently we heard a sound as of a handle being turned stealthily.

"By Jove, we're caught!" said Sparrow in a whisper, and, lying down quickly, he covered his head with the bedclothes. I lost no time in doing the same thing, fearing that the tutor was about to enter. Fortunately, the moon was not shining across the bed, but, coming slantwise through the window, lit up the room in that part where the iron-bound box lay, so that it could be plainly seen, while we were hidden in the semi-darkness.

"Let's hope he won't find us, if it's Furguson," whispered Sparrow. "If it is, there's forty lines for certain, and I've quite enough on hand at present."

"Hush!" said I. "He'll hear you."

"Not he," came the response.

But what followed startled us still more than if it had been our tutor. The door opened, and we heard some footsteps. Peeping out we saw someone standing in the moonlight, saw his shadow fall across the floor, and from the general shape we knew it to be Blotch. He stood irresolutely, as if he would turn back and go out of the room again, but while he hesitated, a whisper travelled across from the door.

"Go ahead. Don't waste time."

That was Scrawly's voice. Anyone could have sworn to it. We looked round, but could not see him. The door was ajar, and he was evidently standing half in and half out of the room, on the look-out.

We were fairly frightened; for we knew that we should stand small chance if these two big fellows found us. We could not think what their business was; but since everything was done so silently, so mysteriously, one might

say, and with such stealth, it was mischief of some sort that brought them to Boardman's place.

"Slip out your side, Snowdrop," whispered Sparrow. "Get under the bed; but go quietly, or we are done for."

There was no need to tell me to be quiet. The hint as to what to do was enough, and almost before Sparrow knew it, I was on the floor, and crawling under the bed, where we were in perfect hiding, unless anyone brought a light and searched for us. A moment or two later my chum was with me, and we lay, chests on floor, watching.

"Why don't you go ahead?" said Scrawly, again. "You'll lose the chance."

"I don't really like the job now I'm here," answered Blotch, and there was a tremor in his voice.

"Then more fool you. You have a chance you may never get again. Boardman's clean out of the way — make something of that."

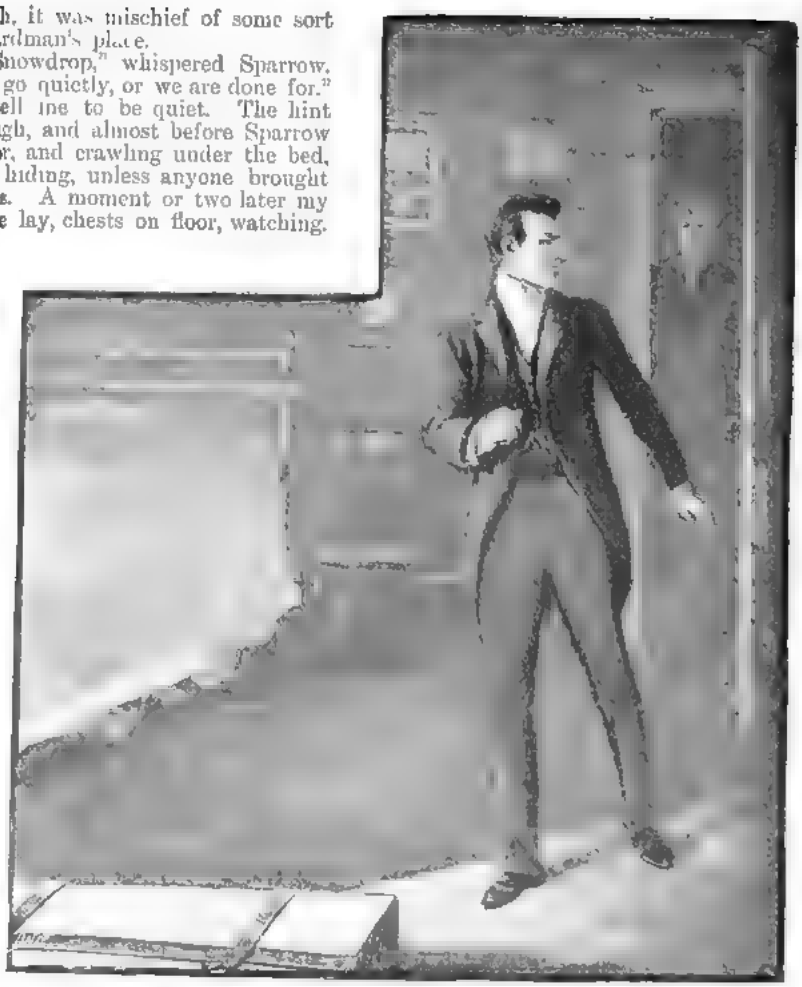
"That's right enough," said Blotch, still standing in the full flood of the moonlight. We could see his feet moving restlessly. Now he was turning this way, then that; now as if he meant business, then as if he were about to pass to the door, his task, whatever it was, undone.

"Do you mean to funk?" said Scrawly impatiently.

"I feel half like it," came the answer.

"Then take the consequences, since you haven't courage to save yourself. What do you suppose Swernton will say if you haven't the money when the day comes? As sure as you're alive he'll tell your father. And if he doesn't do that, he'll tell the Head, and—by Jove! I don't know which would be worse. You're in an awful fix, so the best thing is to go ahead, and get the thing done."

I lay there alongside Sparrow, watching intently, and full of wonder. We knew of Blotch's difficulty, knew of the alternative which that horsey-looking man had put to him, whom we saw and heard at the outhouse in Shoreham Meadows on Founder's Day: but what object Scrawly and Blotch had in view I could not imagine. Our only plan was to wait and see what was to follow.



"WHY DON'T YOU GO AHEAD?" SAID SCRAWLY, AGAIN. "YOU'LL LOSE THE CHANCE."

(*To be concluded.*)

Albert Lee

Google

ENGLAND *v.* FRANCE AND GERMANY.

A Story of a Cricket Match in India.

SKETCHES BY TOM BROWNE.

JUGGANAICKPALLIUM is a commercial seaport on the eastern coast. Beyond the usual complement of district officers — I was one — the society of the station was composed almost entirely of French *negociants* and German *kaufmanns*.

We freely intermingled; they and their womenkind took kindly to our lawn tennis, our badminton, our croquet, and our boating, while we equally appreciated their magnificent billiard tables, their open hospitality, where we would be regaled with music—at the German houses especially — such as our own fair daughters of Albion could not treat us to.

But lately — that is, about the time of my being appointed to Jugganaickpallium—some fresh blood had been infused into the English community in the person of a new district superintendent of police, a new civil surgeon, and myself. We liked the foreigners, but we missed one great desideratum, and that was cricket. We found, on inquiry, that, though we English mustered some twenty males, there was not such an article as a bat in the place. We sounded the others on the subject of starting a cricket club. The Britishers unanimously approved, but our French and German friends did not "cotton" to the idea. At a meeting convened for the purpose, M. La Rive, the chief French resident, supported by Herr Gorlitz, the most influential of the Germans, expressed the views of the "foreign faction"—as we termed them among ourselves—in unmistakable terms.

"It is not game, vat-you-call, intimate to French peoples," said La Rive. "I have seen ze Engleesh at ze play in Marseilles; thees contry it makes itself ver hot for ze creeket; we sall die, we sall suffaire of ze *coup de soleil*, vat-you-call, ze beat of ze sun. *Ma foi!* but it is dangerous. I spik for my contry peoples. We reserve ourselfs from ze vote."

This clinched the matter; we decided to start the cricket club ourselves. We set aside every other day from two to six in the afternoon; we selected the ground; we procured a complete outfit from Madras. Every Englishman, in honour bound—whether he knew a lob from a leg-guard—joined, and the consequences were that for half the week our French and German fellow exiles found themselves deprived of our society.

WE WERE REGALED WITH MUSIC.

Some of the original sojourners who joined us were very rusty, and Pack, the policeman (not in the home acceptation of the term, remember, but an officer drawing, all told, something like £800 per annum), Giles, the medico, and I, had hard work in licking our brethren into shape. At first, the French and Germans were conspicuous by their absence from our field; they kept studiously away—men and women. Some few of the latter, however, began turning up in our tent; but more to deride and endeavour to wean us away to the boats, than to look on and approve. But we were not to be so lured.

We intended, during the coming Christmas week, to challenge the team of a neighbouring station to a three-days' match, and we had barely six months before us to get into form.

At last our friends began to put in an appearance—La Rive and one or two others. We hailed their presence with acclamation,

and offered to initiate them into the mysteries of "ze creeket"; but they resisted our overtures, standing apart and whispering among themselves. In due course, not a cricket afternoon passed without many of them coming to witness the play. They kept aloof, and appeared to pay the greatest attention to our proceedings; talking, gesticulating, and scrambling for a small book, which seemed to possess an uncommon interest for them all.

The introduction of cricket seemed fated to upset the doings of our community; it had already extinguished two of the boating evenings; but as this pastime was so popular with our *Mesdames* and our *Fraus*, tennis and badminton had to give way thereto. Again, hitherto our mornings had generally been spent in riding parties; now however, we noticed a falling off at our equestrian meets on the part of French and German gentlemen riders; although their better halves showed up as usual. We sounded the fair horsewomen on the subject of this defection, but could obtain no satisfactory reply. "Ze gentilmans are busy; zey render zemselves togezaire to talk vat you Ingleesh call 'ze shop,'" they would laughingly tell us, and with which we were forced to be content. Another noticeable fact; La Rive, the head of the firm of La Rive, De la Nougerede et Cie, lived in a palatial bungalow on the extreme outskirts of the station, and it was generally there that we assembled after our morning rides; we were never invited to do so now. Further, our doctor, Giles, who had been called in to see little Félicité La Rive, remarked that the extensive lawn at the back of the house, and on which we had played many a good game of tennis, was now enclosed by a tall screen of palmyra leaves! All these little incidents taken together, though not actually proving a state of strained relationship between us and our neighbours, nevertheless rendered obvious the fact that things did *not* run so pleasantly as heretofore. However, we said nothing; we stuck to our cricket; we endeavoured to make ourselves as agreeable as possible in all other respects, and matters continued in the same semi-satisfactory manner.

"WE RESERVE OURSELFS FROM ZE VOTE."

Christmas drew nigh; we had knocked together a fairly respectable eleven, and we were thinking of sending our challenge to Godari, when on this particular morning at Pack's house, while discussing on ways and means, a large-sized letter was handed to our host.

"Who can this be from?" muttered Pack, opening the missive. He read for a few seconds, then threw down the paper, and chuckled unctuously. "The murder's out!" cried he. "Listen:—

"The Franco-German Cricket Club of Juggunaickpallium will hereby cast down the gage to the English Cricket Club of Juggunaickpallium, and request the honour of the game of play at the convenient time and place while the Holiday of Christmas.

"Achille, St. Cyr de la Rive,
"THE CAPTAIN."

"So that's what they've been up to," exclaimed Moggeridge, the sub-collector. "Deep beggars, making no sign, and bursting like a thunderbolt on us! We'll play them, of course, eh?"

"Gad! I should think so," said Giles. "'Twill be rare fun, I bet."

"No one has been coaching them, eh?" asked Pack.

There was no such traitor in the camp; no one had the faintest suspicion of our neighbours' intentions, so well had they masked their proceedings. The absence of the men from the morning rides; the enclosed tennis courts; their steady attendance at, and attention to, our practice games, were all now accounted for. Well, to make a long story short, the challenge was accepted, and, in due course, the day of the match came round. Our opponents were evidently in earnest, for at the hour appointed they all appeared, accurately attired in brand new flannels, with tricoloured "blazers" and tricoloured ribbons round their "deerstalker" hats. The tents were crowded with the beauty and fashion of the locality, and the ground was in first-rate condition. La Rive, who captained

WHISPERING AMONG THEMSELVES.

them, told us in a short speech that they had determined to try and like cricket, and had tried to learn the game. At first they were dead against it, but seeing that we were so enthusiastic, and matters as they stood being likely to cause dissension, which might tend to interfere with the friendly understanding which had hitherto existed among us, they had all put aside their own prejudices, accepted the inevitable, and made up their minds to assimilate themselves with their English friends in this respect as they had done in others. He confessed he intended this as a surprise for us; he thought he had fairly succeeded, and he hoped that France and Germany combined would be able to beat England in cricket, if not in anything else! It being a purely English game, they, on their part, he said, had decided to use nothing but the English language—even to each other—while playing it.

Now the fun began.

This being the first regular match, we had umpires, and their presence had to be explained to our antagonists. Pack and La Rive tossed. Pack won, and we elected to put them in, a proceeding which they looked on as a polite concession, for they broke out into a chorus of thanks, and only half believed us when we told them that our self-denial was somewhat qualified with self-interest. They were made up of six pure Frenchmen, two "Pondies," or Pondicherry creoles, and three Hamburghers. Describing the match *in extenso* would occupy too much space, so I will confine myself to recording the more salient comicalities thereof. Truly it was exquisite fooling from start to finish, and my very jaws ache from laughing as I write with the remembrances and recollections of that never-to-be-forgotten day green in my memory.

"The other way, sir—the other way round!" admonished the umpire at my end—I was to take first over—to Versonne, the batsman facing me, who held his bat convex side to front!

"Ze nonsense!" ejaculated Versonne in reply.

"No nonsense, sir," said umpire, our head lock-keeper, and an old soldier. "Turn your bat round, sir."

Versonne, still incredulous, hereupon took his bat by the blade and poked the handle into the block hole.

Naturally we were in smothered fits, and our wicket keep, choking with laughter, explained matters to the mystified Versonne, who bowed and raised his hat in acknowledgment of the hint; whereupon, wicket-keep, in duty bound, also bowed and raised *his* hat.

Straight or wide, lob, half volley, full pitch or half pitch, slow, medium, or swift—it mattered not; they swiped at everything that came, and ran as if they were on hot bricks, encouraging each other in grotesque English the while. We laughed till we could scarcely stand; and for myself, who bowled from one end throughout the innings, often had I to wipe the tears from my eyes before delivering a ball.

Their vociferations from the tent, all in our tongue, added to our risibility; the roll they gave to the letter "r" in the reiterated cry of "Rron! Rron!" when their men made a hit; their vituperations when anyone bungled or got out were intense in their drollery; all enhanced by their earnestness, and the evident idea that everything they said and did was quite *comme il*

"THE MURDER'S OUT!" CRIED PACK, "LISTEN:—

fait. Whenever they did get on to the ball, they either skied or tipped it; they had the crudest notions of defence, ignored block, and often stood to receive either with all three stumps uncovered, or with their legs where their bats ought to have been. But what more could we expect? Their knowledge of the game was the outcome of a few weeks' observation and the superficial study of the rules book, only a single copy of which they appeared to have among the lot of them. It was altogether French, this undertaking of theirs; something quixotic, beyond all doubt.

At the first call of "Over," which the old lock-keeper delivered in stentorian tones, the two batsmen, seeing a general move on the part of the field, and not comprehending the term in its correct sense, evidently concluded that play had come to an abrupt termination, for they exchanged glances, shouldered their bats, and walked off towards the tents! We had to run after them, explain, and bring them back again.

We disposed of them in rapid succession, and La Rive came in half way down.

"Hourrrrah, La Rive! Go for ze bik score! Mak ze numerous rrons!" were the cries that helped their champion on his walk to the wickets.

"How's that?" asked Childs, after delivering the first ball.

"Out!" ejaculated the umpire. I was wicket keep. Childs had put on no break. La Rive was plainly "l.b.w." The Frenchman did not move.

"You are out, La Rive," I remarked.

"Who has said?" he asked fiercely.

"The umpire at the other end."

"*Ze ompire!*" he echoed. "Vy you haf said I am out?" he added, shouting to that functionary, who happened to be another soldier, employed in the Customs.

"Ne'er a doubt of it, sir," he replied. "You was leg before wicket."

POKED THE HANDLE INTO THE BLOCK HOLE.

Hereupon La Rive left his ground, walked across, and towered over the umpire, a little sturdy old Kentish Buff. "I vas not!" thundered the Gaul.

"Yes you was!" retorted the Briton, his choler rising.

"I vas not! I tell it to *you!*"—(*crescendo.*)

"Yes you was, and I tell it to you there!"

"Again I tell you mine leg vas not before ze wicket."

"Well, all I can say is you *was* leg before wicket! Ain't I got eyes?"

"Pack!" cried La Rive to our captain, who, shaking with laughter, stood amid the crowd which the altercation had attracted. "Vat is ze nonsense zat ze old Smeed spiks? How he arrives to ze decision? Is it imperatif zat one obeys him?"

"My dear fellow," explained Pack, struggling with his mirth, "Smith is umpire, and his decision is final; he's there for the purpose of answering appeals. Child's ball, you see, did not break, it hit your leg; and if your leg had not been there it would have taken your wicket. Smith also saw this, and on Childs appealing to him he gave you 'out.' It's all fair and square."

Poor La Rive! He walked away crestfallen. Evidently, on getting back among his fellows, he warned the balance yet to come in on the subject of "l.b.w.," for now the batsmen carefully stood about a yard to the "on," blindly slogging from that position, and, of course, getting bowled out one after the other.

They were all disposed of for twenty-three runs; but the fun, so far from taming down with the close of their innings, continued fast and furious. After the given interval they issued forth from their tent, headed by La Rive, armed with leg-guards and gloves. He was evidently going to wicket-keep; but when the whole eleven streamed out similarly accoutred we simply choked.

"Halloa, La Rive!" cried Pack, who was

going in first with me. "I say, all don't want guards and gloves."

"But vy? It is optional, is it not?" asked the Frenchman.

"No!" laughed Pack. "Only allowed for wicket keep."

La Rive's travesty of that important post was excruciatingly funny. His imitation of us intensified in absurdity when we recollected that he and his fellows were acting in all seriousness, and that, under the impression of having mastered the game, they deemed themselves justified in making this attempt to beat us with our own weapons.

Renaud and Cardorrier, their bowlers, were very swift underhanders, and it was worth a king's ransom to watch La Rive standing boldly to his wickets during intervals, only to dodge and even hop out of the way when the ball came. Was there ever such delicious folly? I felt perfectly unstrung; Pack and I did nothing but laugh, and we were unable to do much more than block every ball.

"How you are amused yourselfs! How ze great joke!" remarked La Rive, sardonically, during a watt.

"Can't help it, my dear fellow," I replied hysterically. By now we were quite out of hand, and made no effort to subdue our mirth. To their credit be it said, our opponents took our hilarity wonderfully well; but this only added fuel to the flame, and turned the whole affair into a veritable saturnalia for us; we did nothing but laugh, and our tent resembled a pandemonium from the same cause.

Gorlitz stood point; I cut a ball at him. So far as position went, he could not have been better; he copied our own point perfectly; but as the ball flew at his shins, he jumped clear of it with surprising agility; cover point also failed to stop it; so Gorlitz and he raced after it. Cover had just picked up the ball when the German got up to him, and tried to snatch it away. Cover resisted; they grappled, and the field concentrated round them to see the fun. I and Pack could not run for laughter, and there ensued a break in the game. The disputants, followed by the rest, came to La Rive, who kept his place at the wicket, growling choice French under his beard.

"The ball it was mine!" commenced Gorlitz breathlessly, on coming up.

"Zen, duffaire zat you are, vy have you permitted it to rron?" asked cover, a Frenchman.

"The ball is it not to me?" appealed Gorlitz to La Rive.

"But you let it, and Querrieux he vas correct to pursue. Go you all back to your stations," continued La Rive loftily, and the farce proceeded.

"AGAIN I TELL YOU MINE LEG VAS NOT BEFORE ZE WICKET!"

"Peetch him the more, Cardorrier," admonished the captain, as that bowler was about to commence an over.

"No ball!" shouted Smith.

"Vat ees zat?" asked Cardorrier.

"No ball, sir; counts one for t'other side."

"My friend, you vill please explain to me."

"You see this 'ere line, sir? Well, one of your feet must be ahint of it as you bowls."

"But ze Capitain M. La Rive, vat he tell me now?"

"Told you to pitch 'em up, sir."

"Vell, for to do so it must to approach near, is it not?"

I and Pack having made forty runs between us, he declared the innings closed. The other side did not understand this, and, with creditable sporting spirit, were anxious to continue. However, we explained the matter to them, and they accepted their defeat without more ado.

The "match," though a burlesque from beginning to end, had the effect of reconciling

WHEN THE WHOLE ELEVEN STRAIGHTWAY GOT REGULARLY ACQUAINTED WE SIMPLY CHEERED.

our opponents to the advisability of joining us; at the same time showing them the futility of trying to master cricket without the aid of British exponents of the game. From that day forth they identified themselves with us heart and soul, and during the following season, when we did actually play Godari, our eleven—with three Frenchmen and one German incorporated therein—won the match by some thirty runs!

H. HERVEY.

COVER HAD JUST PICKED UP THE BALL WHEN THE GERMAN TRIED TO SNATCH IT AWAY.

"Hæc olim meminisse juvabit."

The Aberdeen Grammar School Magazine, "special enlarged summer number," bristles with the names of old boys who have become famous men. Chief among these, of course, comes Lord Byron, whose statue is to be erected under the shadow of the school walls. Then we have Mr. A. L. Danson, secretary of the Oxford University Athletic Club, whose prowess is rather physical than mental. Mr. Danson has lately distinguished himself by walking from Cambridge to Oxford, a distance of eighty-two miles, in less than twenty-four hours, thus establishing a record for that journey. Another great old boy is the Colonel Macdonald known as the hero of Uganda. He sat side by side with the hero of Omdurman at the banquet given in honour of the latter at the "Hotel Cecil."

The Acorn is rural both in appearance and contents. I do not say this in any disparaging sense, for the rusticity of the little April number comes as a welcome relief after the jaded round of the Strand and Fleet Street. "Stray Leaves" is the heading to one column, and a little further on we get "Oak Apples" from the tree of knowledge. These I take to be extracts from examination papers. "Corpulent is just running," says one examinee, and another informs the world that "Vi is another form of the perfect indic. of Ego." A budding dramatic critic writes about "A Peep into Drury Lane Theatre," and has put together a very readable article.

The Blue for May contains much matter that cannot be at all interesting to the ordinary boy at Christ's Hospital. Passing over this, we come to school news. It appears that Ward VI. subscribes the most money to the *Blue*, with Ward I. a good second, and Ward XI. a bad last. Ward VIII. won the tug-of-war in the Athletic Sports.

The Bradfordian for April does credit to the advertisement canvasser, and that is the only thing about it that we don't like. Mr. F. W. Dyson contributes a very interesting article on the Royal Observatory, Greenwich, and all Bradfordians ought to feel proud of the honours that this former member of the school has won. An excellent portrait of Mr. Dyson is reproduced, and also a photograph of the large Antique Room attached to the School of Art.

The Bramptonian summer number is imposing in bulk and full of brightly-written school notes and news. The theatricals are particularly well done, and sporting matters receive very evident care and attention. The school poet lets himself go on the subject of Nansen.

The Burfordian's spring number is honoured by an article from the pen of no less a personage than Mr. G. L. Jessop, who writes on the Cambridge cricket prospects for this season. Mr. Jessop is careful not to commit himself, and his contribution mainly consists of names. The chances of the Light Blues against Oxford are not touched upon, but by the time these lines are in print my readers will know exactly what happened in the great match. The *Burfordian* revels in the possession of a real live artist, "specially engaged" on the editorial staff. Some sketches from his "versatile pen"—good old phrase—are reproduced as a frontispiece, and I must congratulate "S. M. H." on the very promising talent he displays.

The Carthusian for June reaches a high literary standard, and I congratulate the editor on his opening remarks. If he would only consent to turn off two or three pages of school notes, written in the same dignified but humorous vein, how much brighter and more interesting his paper would be! But even now the June number is one of the best magazines that has reached us, and makes a perfect record of school events that will be of the greatest interest to all Carthusians, past and present.

The Haileyburian for June is, as usual, in perfect taste, and thoroughly relevant from first to last. Letters from O.H.'s in all parts of the world take up a considerable portion of the magazine.

and are of real interest to all members of the school. "R. M. G.," in some clever little verses, surrounds us with the atmosphere of the summer term in the most realistic manner. Here they are:—

THE SUMMER TERM.

A sunny sky, an Eastern breeze,
Light robes of green about the woods,
The cuckoo calling through the trees,
The hawthorn flecked with breaking buds,
Some fellows very hard at work,
And many very hard at play,
A few, whom both appear to irk,
These usher in the month of May.

Heavens of unfathomable blue,
With soft airs sighing from the West;
Three more Eleven colours, who
Intend to take a fortnight's rest,
Cherries at sixpence by the pound,
And strawberries expected soon,
Dull care in lemon-squashes drowned
About the 20th of June.

Bright breathless noons
and balmy nights,
Aflame with myriad-
sprinkled stars,
A strong desire for breezy
heights,
And drinks, which dis-
cipline debars;
Sweet nightingales "in
beechen plot,"
That soothe us as we
sleepless lie,
Prospects of Lord's and
Aldershot—
These are the signs of
late July.

The Herefordian for April is quite in the best style. We trust that other 'old boys' in residence at the 'varsities will take due warning from the following:—

[This is where the Oxford Letter ought to be. The senior O.H. in residence at Oxford seems to consider it beneath his dignity to comply with our request for a letter.]

The editor has also been at pains to collect some amusing answers to a general knowledge paper, of which these are a fair sample:—

Who wrote "Oliver Twist"?—Martin Luther; "Adam Bede"?—King Alfred.

Difference between a sketch and a picture—A sketch is made up of a lot of little lines, but a picture is done by a machine or drawn.

The near side of a horse is its hind legs.

The *Royal George* was a ship mentioned in a piece of poetry which sank. (Heavy reading! no doubt.)

The *Victory* was a ship in which Nelson won the Battle of Waterloo.

The Hurst Johnian, which takes for its motto, "Manhood, Learning, Gentleness," is a delightfully quaint little volume. Its size, indeed, is so modest, that the publication blushes a deep red all over the cover at its temerity in venturing to appear at all. But good things, we know, may sometimes be found in the smallest packets, and the June number of the *Hurst Johnian* is excellent.

The Ipswich School Magazine is one of the few which illustrate contents with photographs. In the number before us we find excellent pictures of the school chapel, the swimming bath, and the gymnasium. We note, with interest, that Mr. Edward Rose, a famous Ipswich "old boy," has offered an annual prize of £5 for an essay on some subject connected with history or political economy.

The Leys Fortnightly, dated June 7th, contains an article entitled "Nineteenth Century Barbarism," which is well and powerfully written. Congratulations to D. Green (captain) on his 175 not out for Prefects *v.* School.

The Lincolnian for April is not lavishly got up, but covers all the school doings very thoroughly.

The Malvernian for June is the 247th number of an excellent journal. The editor congratulates Mr. H. K. Foster, the distinguished Old Malvernian, on crowning his career by winning the Amateur Racquets Championship for the sixth time in succession, and getting married in the same week. The fact that the head master of Malvern preached the University sermon at Cambridge on April 23rd is also chronicled.

The Newtonian for June, the organ of the Newton Abbot College, confines itself strictly to school news. We observe that it has reached Volume XXIII. The editorial might be longer, otherwise we have no fault to find with this neat little periodical. It is interesting to note that the famous author, Mr. A. T. Quiller-Couch, is an Old Newtonian.

The Reptonian for June is a very sound number. Particularly interesting is the page of "Repton Records." I observe that "our Mr. C. B.'s" name figures in it more than once.

The Sex hails from Peterhouse College, Cambridge, and consists principally of humorous essays and poems by Peterhouse undergrads. We learn that—

The Clinker four owed their success mainly to two facts. First, their knowledge of how to use their weight; second, their hard leg drive at the end of the stroke, by means of which, combined with a comparatively steady swing forward, they were able to hold any of the other crews at a much slower stroke.

Rowing school crews please note.

Want of space compels me to hold over reviews of the *Alperton Hall Magazine*, the *Askean*, the *Blundellian*, the *Boltonian*, the *Eastbournian*, the *Elizabethan*, the *Erasmian*, *Lowell Annual*, the *Mason University College Magazine*, the *N.E.C.S. Magazine*, *Owen's School Magazine*, the *Portmuthian*, the *Shastonian*, *Sons of the Brave*, *St. Winifred's Magazine*, the *Victorian*, the *Whitgift Magazine*, and many others. All will be noticed in due time.

Illustrated by M. A. Boole

It happened while we were up in Barroch for the summer vacation, and it was certainly a very narrow escape for old McAllister.

My chum, Jack Graham, and I were staying at Barroch with old McAllister, the governor's bailiff, as the mater and he had gone abroad, and Glencorm was shut up.

It was jolly fun being up at Barroch. It was a rambling old place, where we could do exactly as we pleased, and we were only a mile from Glencorm, so we could go over there every day if we wanted to.

Angus McAllister's daughter, Jeanie, was home for her holidays.

She wasn't at all a bad sort of girl, and was always ready to do anything she could for a fellow—and she could make a rattling good salmon fly.

The village of Barroch is a dull, sleepy old place, and we rode over to Glencorm nearly every morning to fish or loaf about.

I did not do any shooting (excepting to pot a few rabbits), as Jack's governor would not allow him to shoot, and it was poor fun going by myself.

Jack was not keen about sport. He was a quiet, dreamy sort of chap, and seemed to enjoy sketching or meandering about with Jeanie more than anything else.

Well, now for our adventure. It was our last evening. Jack was finishing off a sketch, and Jeanie was doing some girl's work and talking to us. Old McAllister was away; he had gone to Dunnalton to sell some of the governor's cattle. We were expecting him home that night, but Jeanie said he would be sure to be late, and could not be back for another hour or more.

It was a very wet night, and, as we sat listening to the rain blustering against the windows, and to the wind howling round the house, I think we both felt rather low at the thought that our holidays had nearly come to an end.

All of a sudden a bang came against our door, a sort of thud, as though something heavy but soft had fallen against it.

Jeanie jumped up in a hurry and called out, "What's that, Jack?" If Jeanie is startled she always calls out to Jack. (Rum things, girls.) He looked up in his dreamy way and said "What?" But Jeanie had run and opened the door.

Standing in the passage, leaning up against the wall, quite out of breath, with her hair and dress all untidy, stood Maggie Adams, the daughter of one of the worst characters in the village—John Adams, poacher and blackguard.

Jeanie pulled Maggie into the room and shut the door, while Jack, who is always a polite sort of chap, took off her wet shawl and put it over a chair in front of the fire with the air of a prince in a fairy story.

"What is it, Maggie?" asked Jeanie. "Whatever is the matter?"

At first the girl could not speak, but, by dint of coaxing and promising not to tell her father, we at last managed to extract her story—and a most extraordinary tale it was. She said that her father and her brother knew all about old McAllister being away, and they knew he was expected home late that night, and that he would have the farm wages with him, and they had made up their minds to set on him and rob him on the road. They meant to waylay the cart with the farm pony in it, and stop it. John Adams was to stand at the back and hang on to the cart while his son, Sandie, pulled McAllister out on to the road. Maggie heard the two villains talking and arranging their plans while they thought she was asleep, and she had run all the way to tell us, because

she was so fond of Jeanie. She said she daren't go home again for fear they would kill her.

Jeanie was in an awful funk and began to cry and sob. I hardly knew what to do, or what advice to offer. We couldn't, of course, sit still and let any harm come to old McAllister, yet I didn't exactly see how we could stop it, because we couldn't set on the two men nor take them up before they made their attack. While I was wondering what on earth we could do, Jack sat very still and solemn, with his hand on his head—not speaking a word, although Jeanie kept crying (I wonder why all girls cry so much), and saying: "Oh, Jack, dear, what shall we do — what can we do?"

"WHAT IS IT, MAGGIE? WHATEVER IS THE MATTER?"

At last he sprang to his feet, and said, quite suddenly and excitedly —for him:—

"Hurrah! I've got it!"

I asked him what on earth he was driving at, but he only said :—

"Go out at once, Bob, old chap, and tell Andrew"—(Andrew was the farm boy)—"to put Polly in the light cart; and you, Jeanie, come and get me an old coat of your father's, and a cap. Here, make haste, Bob!" he added to me, and I went off.

It's wonderful how these quiet chaps come out when there's any danger about. I never thought Jack had it in him to order me about, but I went out and had the pony put into the cart while he and Jeanie went upstairs, and Maggie sat and cried in the parlour.

"Come on!" Jack called out presently. "Hurry up, Bob! We've no time to lose! Good bye, Jeanie," he added; "I'll explain to Bob as we go along."

"Oh, Jack, dear, do be careful!" cried Jeanie.

But he only laughed, and said cheerily: "All right, we shan't be long. Put the kettle on the fire, Jeanie. Your father may be glad of a glass of hot grog when he gets in."

We set out, armed with a big stick each. Andrew had already driven out at the other entrance, after many whispered directions from Jack.

On our way we stopped and picked up old Turriff, the road man—a sandy-haired giant, who would have thought as little of knocking anyone over the head as he did of breaking stones on the road.

We had to pick our way, rather carefully, and as we went along the dark and muddy road Jack whispered what his plans were to Turriff and me.

Everything helped us. It was pitch dark, still pouring with rain, and a tremendous wind blowing from the south-west. In fact it wasn't at all a cheery sort of a night for the job we had in hand, and, to tell the truth, it almost made my blood run cold when Jack suddenly whispered the word "Halt!" in a sepulchral voice.

We had reached the edge of the Cory Wood, and were just outside Glencorm. I wished the governor had been with us; it would have suited him down to the ground—he is such a thorough sportsman.

We stood quite still, but we saw nothing of the two Adamses, and I was just beginning to wonder whether we had not come to the wrong end of the wood when suddenly, a few yards away, a match was struck—it seemed almost in our faces.

The owner was evidently trying to kindle his pipe. Twice the match was put out by the wind and the rain, but the third time he succeeded in keeping it alight, and we distinctly saw by its light the faces of John and Sandie Adams —and a nice couple of blackguards they looked.

We were much too near them for comfort or safety, yet we dared not move for fear of their hearing us, when suddenly a furious gust of wind came shrieking and screaming through the wood, and, under cover of the noise, we stepped back into the dark wood and waited breathlessly for them to make their next move.

The next ten minutes or so passed very slowly. It was bitterly cold, as these autumn nights so often are, and we were soaked through to the skin. I felt a little anxious, too, about the success of Jack's plan, when suddenly he touched my arm and whispered, "It's all right! Listen, Bob."

I listened eagerly, and presently I plainly heard the steady trot of old Polly's steps on the road. My heart thumped like a sledge-hammer, and Jack gripped my arm hard. The cart came very slowly up to where we were standing, and without a sound the two villains sprang into the roadway.

By the dim light we could see John Adams hanging with all his might to the back of the cart while Sandie, making a terrific effort, pulled what he thought was the figure of old McAllister into the road.

The two men seemed surprised at their easy success and at the dead weight of the figure they had assaulted, for I heard John Adams cry hoarsely, "He's blin' foo'!" (dead drunk). Now was our time. We sprang on to them as they knelt over their victim, and, with a shout of triumph that rang through the wood and fairly scared their wits out of them, we jumped on them, and, with Turriff's help, secured them, although their struggles and language were things to be remembered!

How had we circumvented the villains? It was through Jack's cleverness. He had dressed up a dummy figure of old McAllister and tied it into the cart. Andrew, who was driving Polly—who really needed no one to drive her—was kneeling in the body of the cart. He jumped up the moment the dummy was out, and, doubtless glad enough to get safely away, poor little chap, gave Polly a cut with the whip that fairly woke her up and set her off at the nearest approach to a gallop she was ever likely to reach in her old age.

"HE'S BLIN' FOO'!"

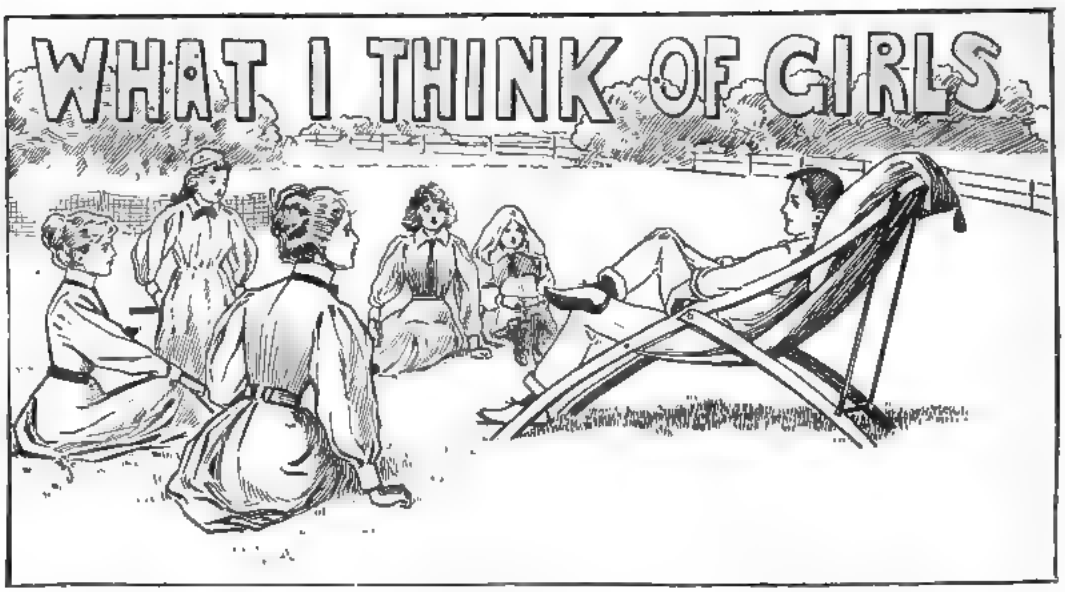
Jack's plan had been a most perfect success. We securely tied the wretches to two trees with the ropes Jack had brought, and left them in Turriff's care while we walked down the road to meet old McAllister.

* * * *

An hour later we were all sitting round the fire again, and Maggie Adams was asleep upstairs, while her two deserving relatives were lodged in an outhouse, with Turriff and two collies in charge.

Old McAllister was very jolly to both of us, and Jeanie was quite affectionate to Jack—but he didn't seem to mind a bit.

WHAT I THINK OF GIRLS



By a Boy.

A GIRL is a very *mean* person. I intend to say that a girl is not endowed with that very high sense of honour that you always expect to find in a boy. Take a girl, for instance, who is playing tennis. You want to keep a very keen eye on the back line and on the service line. It isn't that she means to cheat you out of a point exactly, but she is so dead set on winning that she really *thinks* at the time that the ball which goes on the back line is out. Of course, no boy would ever do that. For one thing, it's against his nature, and, for another thing, he'd get his head punched.

And that's just where a chap's handicapped when he's playing with his squissies—or another chap's squissies. He may know perfectly well that they're jolly well cheating, but he always has to bottle up his wrath, and it isn't fair to take it out in slanging them, because they can't punch your head either.

Of course, a girl knows where she has the pull, and you bet she pulls hard. But if you do happen to get the best of her at any time, she doesn't forget it till she's *paid you out.* Sometimes you come across boys who are vindictive, but they're not a patch on girls for spite. I remember once dropping Syb's white rabbit into the brook at the bottom of our garden. It really didn't hurt the rabbit much, and it was great fun seeing the fat creature trying to swim. Just as I was going to lasso it with an eel line, Syb came down the path.

"Have you boys seen my rabbit?" she said.

"Yes," said I; "it's fallen in the brook."

"You're a beast!" she said. "You put it in."

And I'm sorry to say she scratched the back of my neck, and kicked me on the ankle.

Now, in an ordinary way, Syb is a very quiet person, and you wouldn't give her credit for the spiteful thing she did to pay me out for the rabbit business. She bided her time for ten days, and then, one afternoon, when I wanted my bike in a great hurry, she deliberately ran a pin right through both tubes of the back wheel. What was I to do? I couldn't tell the guv'nor, because she'd have split on me about the rabbit. I couldn't knock her down, and I couldn't go for my ride. She was as pleased as Punch about the matter.

And that's what I call "spite." I made it up with Syb very soon after, because I knew that it was simply in her nature, but I've always let her rabbits alone since. The curious part of it was that when this little affair had blown over she was quite ready to be good friends again, and I think that shows that girls are really affectionate if you let them have enough rope.

Now, you can't call a boy affectionate exactly. He may be very chummy, and he may be willing to do you a good turn, but he *won't go*

out of his way much to please you. You see a boy doesn't like fag, and his time is much more precious than a girl's. Of course, if a boy were shut up in a house half the day he might not mind knitting his pal a pair of cuffs, or writing long letters to his brother at school. But I will say that a girl generally manages to find time for these little things whether she's shut up in the house or not—and that's the way she has of showing her affection. And another funny thing about a girl's affection is that it takes a lot of killing. Now, I know some chaps who are beastly to their sisters—won't take 'em out biking, won't take 'em out fishing, won't let 'em have an innings at cricket, or anything of that sort, and yet their sisters really think an awful lot of them.

Talking of cricket, by the way, reminds me that a girl is generally a horrible funk. You can see that it is absolutely repulsive to them—much more so than it is to a boy—to get a whack on the shin with a cricket ball, or a knock over the thumb, if they happen to be batting. I suppose they're not built the right way to stand knocks, and cuts, and bruises, and, somehow or other, they don't mind showing it. Quite different to a boy. Now, when a boy is batting he doesn't ask you not to bowl at his legs. He waits to see where the ball is coming, and if he thinks it's going to hurt him, he skips out of the light, but a girl goes just the other way about it. She first of all makes you promise not to bowl fast—a thing that any boy would scorn to do—and then, if you do bowl fast, and she happens to be leg before, she will let the ball come whack up against her leg rather than get her stumps knocked down. Very likely, after she's been hit she throws down the bat and blubs, but if you suggest that she shall go out she kicks up no end of a fuss.

THE PRINCIPLE OF L. B. W.

You see, a girl can't understand the *principle* of L. B. W. She knows that when the ball hits the wicket she's out, but she can't understand *why* she should put up with the inconvenience of getting a crack on the shin and go out as well. She seems to suppose that the mere fact of having incurred the pain entitles her to another innings. And it's very much the same with fielding. Did you ever see a girl try and hold a swift catch? *I* never did, and I've got five sisters who think they can play cricket. No. They'll put out a hand gingerly, and let the ball come whack up against it; but they never seem to think that it hurts much less, and is far better cricket, to catch the ball properly. If you jeer at them for not holding it they point out, with many tears and reproaches, that they saved ever so many runs by stopping it, ignoring the fact that a man generally makes fifty after he has been let off like that—at least, *I* do when I'm playing with my sisters. I never make more, because there's a distinct understanding that all boys shall give up at fifty. Sometimes one gets rather annoyed about this, but, as the girls never make more than fifty between them all the holidays, perhaps it's a fair rule, and whether it's fair or not they keep us to it.

And that brings me to another thing about girls—their obstinacy. I once heard of a small girl whose mother told her to go down the village to the vicarage and ask the time of the children's service on Sunday afternoon. Now this little girl had a great objection to children's services, and she told her mother so. But the mother insisted that the small child should go on her errand, and escorted her as far as the front gate. Then the mother went indoors and continued her household duties. *Three hours later* the good lady went down the path to see if the small girl was returning, and, to her utter astonishment, she found that the obstinate little thing was standing on the exact spot where she had been left three hours before, and hadn't budged an inch! How's that for obstinacy? Now, a boy wouldn't have done that, you know. He would have waited till his mother was out of sight; then he would have thrown a stone at the nearest pig or chicken, found an apple or a bit of toffee in his pocket, and gone off happily—in the other direction. I don't know which would be the most admirable behaviour, the boy's or the girl's, but I know which seems to me the most sensible.

Now, I've said a good many slanging things about girls, but before I choke off I'm going to give them one pat on the back—they always

turn up trumps when a chap has a birthday, or at Christmas-time. I believe, as a general thing, girls don't get so much pocket-money as boys, but I know jolly well that they spend more of what they do get on other people. It always surprises me at Christmas-time when I find five clinking presents on my plate, and know that I haven't done much to deserve them. I feel rather a beast when I open them; but if I say anything about that they always begin to look like doing a blub, and I think that's a mean advantage. I would far rather that a girl whacked me over the head with a stump than begin giving the show away by crying. And so I just pocket the presents, and give them a nod by way of thanks; but I don't mind telling you in confidence that I think a good deal about my squissies when I'm at school, and find them jolly good pals when I'm at home.

FOR VERY LITTLE BOYS.

(1)

"WHAT'S THE USE OF A HAT LIKE THAT?" SAID PHILOMEL PHAT.

(3)

"THIS MORTAR-BOARD WILL MAKE A NICE DOMICILE FOR MICE."

(2)

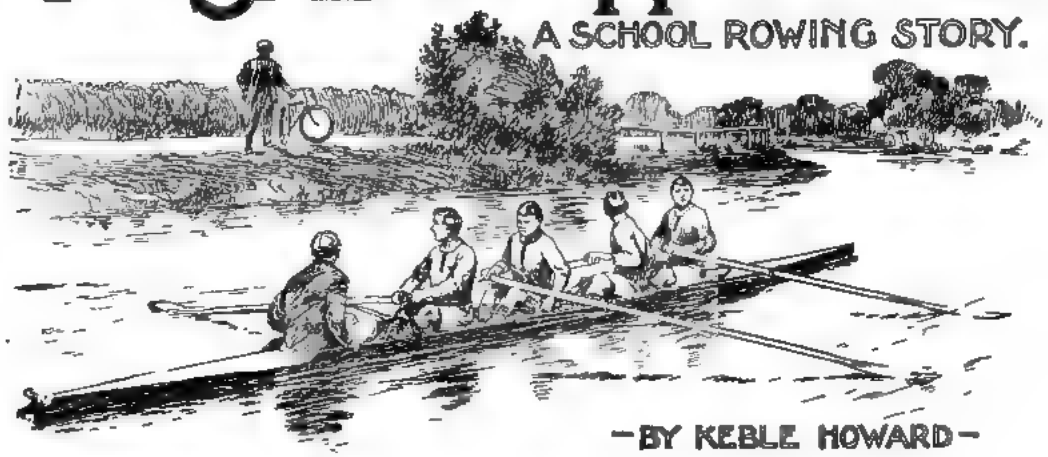
"I KNOW!" SAID PHILOMEL PHAT; "YOU HUSH! HERE COMES A THRUSH!"

(4)

"BOO-BOO! I DIDN'T KNOW IT WOULD FLOAT! I'VE LOST MY BOAT."

THE SAINT OF HARVEY'S.

A SCHOOL ROWING STORY.



—BY KEBLE HOWARD—

Illustrated by T. W. Holmes.

I.

"STRIP!"

Every man in the Harvey's four had his scarf and sweater off in an instant, and was waiting for the next word of command from the coach on the bank.

"Now," said the great man, who was no less a personage than the captain of the St. Quentin's Boat Club, "I am going to give you a burst of rowing. Be very careful about the start. Immediately on the word 'row' I want to see you get off with two short snatches. Then the stroke will lengthen out, and the rest of you must pick it up at once. We are going to do one minute by the watch, and let each man put in every ounce he knows. Try and imagine that this is to-morrow, and that the Rats are alongside of you. Hug the left bank, cox, and don't take the corner too fine. All stretchers right? Come forward. Ready? Row!"

With one splash the four oars gripped the water, the stretchers creaked as the Mice rose in their seats and swung back with a will, the light craft leapt under the force applied by those supple young muscles, and seemed to shoot forward upon the very surface of the stream.

"Keep it long, stroke! Don't hurry forward, three! Eyes on stroke's left shoulder, two! Come off your seat, bow! Mind the corner, cox! Last three strokes! E-e-e-asy all!"

Harvey's four glided alongside the raft, and the crew disembarked, joyful in the knowledge that they had done their work right well. The captain of St. Quentin's leaned his bicycle against the side of the boat-house, and proceeded to give the oarsmen a last word of advice. He knew better than to accord unstinted praise, but at the same time he let them understand what he expected them to do in the great race that was to take place on the morrow.

For many years there had been the keenest rivalry between Harvey's and Lowe's houses; the Mice and the Rats, as they were respectively dubbed, lived only to assert their superiority the one over the other, but the culminating interest of this historic contention centred in the four-oared race at the summer regatta, when they annually fought—and fought desperately hard—for the Senior House Cup.

As the Mice hurried on their sweaters, scarves, blazers, caps, and doubled off along the path which led to the old school buildings, somebody came softly out of the boat-house, and watched, with no friendly eyes, the retreat of the confident crew. Walling, who now stood alone on the deserted raft, was the captain of the Rats.

"Gently, gently," he murmured, slowly drawing the palm of his right hand over his left fore-arm. "You may be a fine crew, my Mousie people, but you have yet to reckon with the captain of the Rats. We may win on our merits, though I hardly like to risk it. I think the time has come to play my ace of trumps."

The Mice had by this time disappeared, and so Walling bent his cat-like tread in the direction taken by his school-fellows. Reaching the school, he turned into the library, and looked round in an expectant manner. There was only one boy in the library, and he had just finished dressing after his burst on the river. Norman Whiteleafe, for all that he was a regular *habitué* of the school reading-room, was not altogether a milk-sop, as may be judged from the fact that he had been elected to stroke Harvey's four at the regatta.

Walling's beady eyes soon spotted the famous Mouse, and the captain of the Rats gave vent to his customary gurgle as he wound his way, in tortuous fashion, up the room. Walling had a trick of moving very quietly, and it was not until he felt a claw-like hand placed upon his shoulder that Norman was aware of his rival's presence. He gave a little start of surprise.

"Ah," said Walling, in his most dulcet tones, "a little bit nervous, Normy? That's a bad sign, you know. Anyone who wasn't aware of your high moral character would think that you had something on your conscience. But we all know that the Saint of Harvey's could do no wrong, don't we?"

WALLING, WHO NOW STOOD ALONE, WAS CAPTAIN OF THE RATS.

Norman had by this time recovered his self-possession, and returned the Rat's glance with straightforward gaze.

"Do you want me?" he said simply.

"Oh, no," said Walling, "not particularly, but of course it's a great privilege to exchange a few words with such a model person as the Saint of the Mice."

Whiteleafe, in common with most other people, disliked Master Walling intensely, but he did not intend to be drawn into a wordy warfare if he could possibly avoid it. Walling had brought to perfection the unpleasant art of personal repartee.

"Well, look here," said the Mouse, "I want to finish reading this stuff before the tea-bell rings, and so, if you will allow me——"

"Awfully sorry," said Walling slowly, looking at the other through his eyelashes, "but I feel sure that you have something on your mind, and I shan't go to bed happy unless you confide in me."

"I don't know what you mean," said Norman, rather impatiently. And with that he sat down and tried to go on with his reading.

Walling bent over the stroke of Harvey's until his thin lips almost touched the other's ear. Then he whispered:—

"*How about Rutherford's money?*"

Whiteleafe looked round quickly, and gazed at his tormentor in blank amazement.

"What do you mean?" he said.

Walling returned his gaze with half-lowered eyelids, and repeated his remark.

"How about Rutherford's money? I suppose you know that he had some stolen out of his study yesterday, and that all the school is trying to discover the thief? Of course, nobody would suspect the Saint of Harvey's."

Norman quickly perceived the insinuation, and flushed up to the roots of his hair.

"Ah," cried Walling, "that pretty colour tells tales, Normy. Of course," he continued, bending down and peering into Whiteleafe's face, "I haven't told anybody that I happened to see you rummaging Rutherford's study yesterday morning, about half-an-hour before

the money was missed. Nasty trick to play on the captain of your own boat, wasn't it? Still, you can rely on me, Normy; but you won't mind my making a bargain, will you?"

The hot colour died out of Whiteleafe's face, and he became deathly pale. Nobody knew better than he the dangerous character of Walling's disposition, and Walling, in his turn, knew his man. He understood Whiteleafe's pessimistic nature; he knew the nervous dread that would be aroused in this sensitive boy by the slightest breath of suspicion; and he was determined to use his knowledge without a trace of mercy.

After giving Norman time to fully realise the gravity of the situation he said, with an assumed air of good-fellowship: "Now I don't want to get you expelled, dear old chap. You are one of the few men in Harvey's house for whom I have a genuine respect, and I know how awfully cut up your mother would be if you were sent away from St. Quentin's in disgrace. But it needn't come to that if you'll only be reasonable."

COMPARING NOTES ON THE SUCCESS OF THEIR EFFORTS TO SQUEEZE "COIN."

Then Norman made a grave mistake. He felt that he ought to have stood up boldly and defied this loathsome creature to do his worst; he knew that he was guilty of an unpardonable weakness in suffering his contemptible schoolmate to breathe his odious insinuations into his ear; and still he waited there in dumb fashion to hear the dread alternative of denunciation.

Walling drew up a chair, sat down close to his rival, and gently played with a button on Norman's coat.

"Of course, Normy," he said, "I ought to go at once to Rutherford and tell him what I know, but we don't always act as we should, do we, dear old man? And there are two excellent reasons why I should like to make a bargain with you. The first is that I value your friendship very highly. The second is"—and here the captain of the Rats modestly lowered his eyes—"that I wish my house to win the race to-morrow."

Norman shrank back aghast. As the enormity of the suggestion flashed upon him he shuddered from head to foot, and felt the chill horror of the situation slowly numbing his finest feelings. He looked up weakly and met the other's glance.

"What do you want me to do?" he said huskily.

"That," said Walling, "depends upon circumstances. If our house draws ahead to-morrow you need not make any mistake in your rowing. But if matters turn out as most people seem to expect, and Harvey's house draws away from us in the race, I leave it to you to see that your boat does not win."

A faint feeling of despair caused Whiteleafe to bury his face in his hands. When he looked up he was alone.

I

BLAZING sun, sparkling water, bright blazers, pretty girls, crowds of "people," fun and good humour everywhere, made up a picture that no old St. Quentin's boy who had ever been present at the regatta could in after days forget. Here was a small knot of parents and guardians chatting to the head master and his wife, there

a group of Lower School fellows comparing notes on the success which had attended their efforts to squeeze "coin" out of good-tempered uncles and indulgent aunts.

Inside the boat-house the Rats and Mice were stripping for the contest of the day. The condition of either crew, as Brimmell the boatman said, "couldn't be beat." School-boys are always in pretty good training, and when they can be persuaded to leave off imbibing overdoses of gassy lemonade, or to desist from stuffing themselves with jam puffs and pork pies—by no means ethereal as regards their outer crust—then their state of "fitness" will arouse a flame of envy in the breast of many a 'Varsity Blue.

But one member of the Mousie four was distinctly off colour. Whiteleafe's pale face had that morning excited universal comment throughout the school, but, in reply to all questions, he merely said that he was "beastly nervous," and showed evident anxiety that the matter should be discussed no further. Rutherford, the captain of Harvey's four, was particularly distressed at the change that had come over his stroke. Yesterday the boy was eager, confident, alert; to-day saw him nervous, weak, despondent. Nothing could have been more unfortunate.

As the captain of the Mice was ruefully turning over in his mind this unexpected misfortune, he observed, to his astonishment, that Norman had retired to the furthest corner of the changing-room, and was in close confabulation with that pariah of the school—the captain of the Rats. Closely watching the pair, Rutherford noticed that Walling was adopting an attitude distinctly threatening, whilst Whiteleafe appeared to be pleading with his rival with unwonted passion and vehemence. The conversation between the two did not last long, but it seemed to leave Norman more dejected than ever, whilst Walling glided out of the boat-house with a look of satisfaction on his crafty features.

Rutherford strode across to Whiteleafe, and gripped him by the shoulder.

"There's something up between you two," he said fiercely, "and I insist upon knowing what it is."

"No, no," said Norman nervously, "there is nothing the matter, but I am feeling beastly seedy. I wish, old man, you would row somebody in my place."

"Can't," said Rutherford bluntly; "there's nobody else we can rely on, and I see no reason why you shouldn't row. You're as fit as a fiddle as far as training goes, and if you're nervous—you'll forget all that after the first ten strokes. Come now, old chap," he continued, laying his hand on the boy's shoulder, "make a clean breast of it. We have been pals ever since you came to St. Quentin's, and you're not going to fail me in our last fight together for the old house. Now, Norman, what's wrong?"

Whiteleafe's fortitude was fast giving way under the appealing words of his old chum. His lip trembled, and two bitter tears started to his eyes.

He felt that it would be an unspeakable relief to get the dreadful nightmare of Walling's terrible accusation off his mind, and he suddenly resolved to tell Rutherford the whole story.

"I am in great trouble," he began. "Walling——"

But alas, the crowd without had been waiting for some time with growing impatience, and now, egged on by the unfriendly Rats, they set up a terrific howling and jeering, that was taken up all along the course!

Norman stopped short in his tale.

"We must go at once," he said; and Rutherford was bound to consent.

As the two chums stepped out on to the raft another shout rent the air; but this time it was the Mice exulting in the fact that their heroes had come up to the scratch after all.

The rival crews were quickly in their places, and paddled off, amidst another burst of applause, for the starting point. Those who intended to keep pace with the boats along the bank had long ago taken up their positions, and were immensely relieved to see the competitors coming up the stream. The two boats were soon in position, the minutes and seconds were counted out, and the dull boom of the starting gun told the anxious crowd at the winning-post that the race had begun.

It is impossible for me to describe the mixture of sensations that Whiteleafe experienced when he found that the race had actually started. A true sportsman at heart, his first impulse was to do all he knew to win. But then, as his boat began to draw away from the other, he caught a glimpse of his enemy in the other craft, and at once there came over his mind the dream that he had dreamed all through the last long night. He saw his mother—his widowed mother—sitting alone in her drawing-room, and thinking of the boy at school of whom she was so proud. He saw the door open and himself coming into the room, and the glad cry of welcome with which his mother greeted him mingled jarringly with the yells from his supporters on the bank. And then he was telling his shameful tale—how that he had been expelled from school

THE TWO BOATS FORGED ALONG AT A DEAD LEVEL.

for stealing money which he had never stolen—and he watched the grey shadows stealing over that beloved face with an agony at his heart that bit and choked him.

All this passed rapidly through his mind as he rowed on mechanically, heedless of the cries from the bank that grew harsh and angry as the Rats began to draw away. But suddenly a well-known voice sounded in his ear.

"For God's sake—and mine—Norman, pull yourself together."

It was Rutherford, sitting behind him at three, and gasping out his dismay at Whiteleafe's wretched display. The tone and the words aroused Norman as effectually as the first plunge into the morning tub, and love for his friend swept away all regard for his own fate. Why should he care what became of him? Was he to sacrifice his old chum's last school race to save himself from unpleasantness? It was not too late to win, perhaps! Away with consequences! He was a sportsman still.

Norman had never known until that moment what was meant by the expression of the determination to "do or die." With his feet firmly planted on the stretcher, his seat running easily on its well-oiled wheels, his blade gripping the water with a precision born of long practice and careful coaching, three good fellows behind him following his lead with the perfect timing of a well-regulated machine and the buoyancy of human enthusiasm, the boat leaping beneath the combined efforts of the crew like a living, breathing thing, and the bows cleaving the dancing waters with a swirl, he felt that the truest happiness of life lay in fighting the Rats on the river, and winning glory with an oar for Harvey's house.

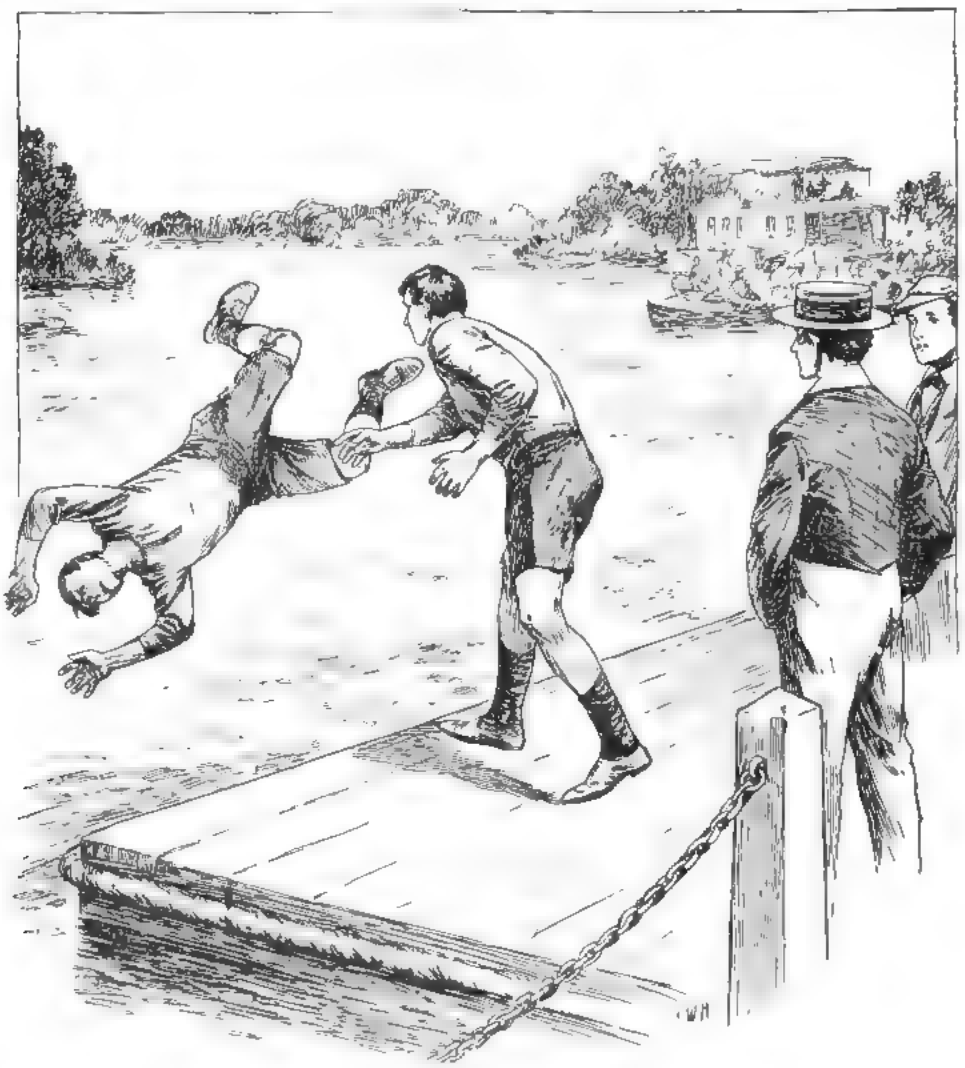
Both boats were now in the straight piece for home, and the shouts of those waiting at the winning-post, suddenly uplifted as they caught sight of the approaching crews, came rolling up the course in a jangled, muffled roar. Still the Rats increased their lead, and many a backer of Harvey's crew looked glum.

Then, in the nick of time, Whiteleafe seized his opportunity. From a steady rowing stroke he gradually quickened up into a truly magnificent spurt, the like of which had seldom been seen on the Home Stretch at St. Quentin's. Rutherford, at three, like lightning took it up; the dainty craft quivered and shook herself under the irresistible impulse of the crew that meant to conquer, and the flagging cheers of the Mice once more filled the air as the two boats forged along at a dead level.

And Norman was not the man to be content with the verdict of "dead heat." Again he put new life into his boat with a well-timed, winning stroke, and again the Mice delighted all beholders by taking up the lead. The spectators on the boat-house, filled with enthusiasm, rose in their seats, and shrieked at the oarsmen who were now close on the winning post, and many an old member of Harvey's house chuckled with glee to think that he was there.

"Now! Now! Now!" The crowd on the bank yelled and yelled again, until at last the Mice increased their lead still further, and shot past the winning-post three-quarters of a length to the good. The scene of enthusiasm that followed will long be remembered by everybody who was there. The boys surrounded the door of the boat-house and cheered to the echo as the crews disembarked, even the beaten Rats joining in the general chorus, filled with the exultation that is born of witnessing a good race. The "old boys"—and some of them were very old boys—crowded rashly on to the raft, and, many of them with tears in their eyes, shook the crew of Harvey's by the hand, and congratulated them most heartily on a magnificent victory.

And then, without any warning, a harsh note was struck. As Whiteleafe struggled through the enthusiastic crowd towards the boat-house



THE CAPTAIN OF THE MICE SWUNG HIM ONCE ROUND, AND THEN HURLED HIM INTO THE RIVER.

a hand clenched his shoulder, and he was brought suddenly to a standstill. He turned round and found himself in the midst of the throng, face to face with Walling. The Rat was trembling with rage; his face was twitching, and his eyes gleamed viciously at his victorious rival. And then, raising his voice till it rang out high above the clamour, he screamed:—

"*Thief! Thief! Thief!*"

In an instant the most deadly silence took the place of the previous hubbub. Walling seized his opportunity, and repeated his accusation that all might hear.

"Whiteleafe's a thief! I said I'd denounce him, and I will. He's a thief!"

Norman stood perfectly still, but every vestige of colour left his face for a moment; no one moved or spoke, until dear old Rutherford, swelling with the pride of his final victory, strode up to Walling.

"What do you mean?" he said Walling looked up at him defiantly.

"I saw him steal the money," he said, "out of your study."

In a moment Norman's chum saw through the whole cowardly scheme. But he was equal to the occasion. Looking straight at Walling he said, in tones that could be heard distinctly by everybody present:—

"You lie! The money was not stolen at all. I found it this morning where I had left it."

But that was not all. The crime of the whole thing was too much for that honest Britisher, and Walling was temptingly near the edge of the raft. Stooping suddenly, the captain of the Mice seized the other firmly about the waist, swung him once around, and then hurled him headlong into the river.

With a cheer St. Quentin's closed in upon the two heroes of the hour, and, leaving the discomfited Walling to crawl out as best he might, bore the captain and the Saint of Harvey's home in triumph

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"CAPTAIN" COMPETITIONS FOR AUGUST.

The highest age limit is twenty-five

CONDITIONS.—The Coupon on Page 11 of advertisements must be fastened or stuck on every competition submitted. If this rule is disregarded the competition will be disqualified.

The name and address of every competitor must be clearly written at the top of first page of competition.

We trust to your honour to send in unaided work.

GIRLS may compete.

You may enter for as many competitions as you like (providing you come within the age limits), and have as many tries as you like for each prize, but each "try" must have a coupon attached to it.

In every case the Editor's decision is final, and he cannot enter into correspondence with unsuccessful competitors.

Address thus:—Competition No.——, "THE CAPTAIN," 12, Burleigh Street, Strand, London.

All competitions should reach us by August 16th

No. 1.—**ONE GUINEA** for the best poetical extract on the subject of "Loyalty." Age limit: Twenty-five.

No. 2.—**TWO GUINEAS** for the best suggestion for improving THE CAPTAIN, written on a post-card. NO COUPONS REQUIRED IN THIS COMPETITION. Age limit: Twenty-five.

No. 3.—**ONE GUINEA** for the best amateur photograph of a landscape or seaside scene. Age limit: Twenty.

No. 4. **ONE GUINEA** for the best drawing of "An Open Window," or a study in foliage. Age limit: Eighteen.

No. 5.—**ONE GUINEA** for the best essay, not exceeding four hundred words, on "How to Become Popular with One's Schoolfellows." Age limit: Seventeen.

No. 6.—**ONE GUINEA** for the best of map Cape Colony. Age limit: Sixteen.

No 7. **ONE GUINEA** for the best letter, not exceeding four hundred words, supposed to have been written by a Cat. Age limit: Fifteen.

No. 8.—**ONE GUINEA** for "The Best Riddle I ever Heard." Answers to riddles must be sent. Age limit: Fourteen.

No. 9.—**ONE GUINEA** for the best bit of coast line most resembling a man's leg and foot. Italy excluded. Age limit: Twelve.

No. 10.—**ONE GUINEA** for the best written copy of the first paragraph of the "Old Fag's" editorial. Age limit: Twelve.

[The Editor reserves to himself the right to award Consolation Prizes to deserving competitors, age being taken into consideration.]

Dr. Gordon Stables writes me from his leafy home at Twyford that he is forging steadily ahead with his story of "The Battle and the Breeze," which will commence in October. Here you will see depicted life in the Royal Navy as it is to-day, with plenty of gun-room fun and frolic sandwiched between the more serious happenings. Dr. Gordon Stables is thoroughly at home with his subject, and he will show you how a boy progresses through the navy, beginning at the time he leaves home for the *Britannia*, and following him when he passes thence to a man-o'-war, and smells powder in foreign waters.

Poetry.

I sighed for wealth, and ease, and pomp,
To win fame at a bound;
I went in for a CAPTAIN comp.,
And, lo! I won a pound!
I did!
I went in for a little comp.,
And won a little pound!

"The King's Red Coat" has reached its last stage but one—next month comes Waterloo, and the end. I have seldom read a story which smacks so bravely of a soldier's life as does this gallant record of Cornet Mortimer's doings. Jostled by so many other stories, "The King's Red"—as the printer calls it—has necessarily been condensed somewhat, but Mr. D. H. Parry tells me that before publishing it as a book he will lengthen it, and otherwise round it off. What Mr. Parry says about soldiers is worth listening to, let me tell you, for he is an acknowledged authority on "Tommy"—past and present—and has on many occasions supplied well-known artists and actors with particulars relating to uniforms and accoutrements. The study of soldiers has been the hobby of his life. He does his writing in a studio the walls of which are covered with war-like trophies—helmets, lances, sabres, plumes, and belts, which have "seen service" on many a battlefield.

MR. D. H. PARRY.

The Boy's Guide to Knowledge.

QUESTION: "What is to be won in this month's CAPTAIN comps.?"

ANSWER: "Sovereigns—lots of them!"

QUESTION: "Is it true that consolation prizes are to be awarded?"

ANSWER: "It is indeed true!"

(*O. F. weeps copiously as he disgorges gold.*)

I make a point of getting hold of contributors who speak from actual experience. Nobody will dispute Mr. C. B. Fry's right to lay down the law about cricket, or Mr. H. M. Gooch's ability to discuss and advise upon all sorts and conditions of stamps. By the way, as this is rather a "dead season" in the stamp world, Mr. Gooch's article is held over until next month; thus space is afforded for more topical matter. Mr. Herbert Vivian, the well-known writer, being an "Old Harrovian," is eminently qualified to describe "A Harrow Boy's Day"; while Mr. George Hawley, the author of "Dark Luck," is bad to beat in sea tales, seeing that he was for several years a sailor. It is apparent that he knows life at sea as you, O reader, know what life in a school is. Mr. Hawley is a clever combination of artist and author, for you will observe that he is illustrating

"Dark Luck" himself. The story, being a long one, will be concluded next month.

The New Sandford and Merton.

MR. BARLOW: "My good boys, when you—ah—tire of viewing Nature in all her guises and listening to my—ah—discourse——"

SANDFORD AND MERTON: "Hear, hear!"

MR. BARLOW (angrily): "Silence! I intended to say that when you tire of my discourse you may go in——"

SANDFORD AND MERTON (together—bolting): "For THE CAPTAIN comps.!"

MR. BARLOW (gazing after them): "Dear, dear! How times are changed! Now when *I* was a boy there were *no* magazines for boys, and no—ah—*'comps!'*"

Mr. John Mackie is another man who, when in search of an idea, turns over the pages of his own life until he strikes a memory that will shape into a yarn. His adventures when filling the *rôles* of explorer and stock-keeper in the lonely Never-Never Country of tropical Australia, as a gold-digger in Queensland, and as one of the Mounted Police in North-West Canada, have enabled him to impart much actuality and local colour to the scenes of his romances. "The Last Creek"—his contribution to the present number of THE CAPTAIN—is a true story.

MR. JOHN MACKIE.

I might dilate in this way every month upon our list of contributors, but once in a way is enough. Among our other contributors this month you will see several names with which you are familiar. The Rev. A. N. Malan has for years been a prime favourite—good wine needs no bush. Mr. Keble Howard contributes a rowing story, the opening portion of which is merely a reproduction of the sentences which were often thundered into the ears when he was being "coached" by his captain at Oxford. Mr. Manning Foster's straightforward and informative article speaks for itself. He tells me that he is overwhelmed with letters from boys who are "leaving school," but he succeeds in tackling them all. Now I'll turn to the letters which have been overwhelming *me*.

Suggestions arrive every day. Here are a few:—

The College,
Winchester.

DEAR OLD FAG,—I hope you will not be offended if I make a suggestion. Why not have a mathematical and classical competition to run alternately, as some of your readers, who could not attempt the easiest of your competitions, could do the hardest problems in Euclid or algebra.—Yours truly,

H. F. M.

I hardly think such competitions as these would meet with general favour. What does the next say?

Royal Naval Ordnance Depôt,
Woolwich.

DEAR OLD FAG,—I should like you to publish special articles on "Walking," and "How to Become Strong."—Yours sincerely,

C. T. C.

I shall be publishing an article on "Walking" all in good time. Articles having to do with "Strength" have already appeared, and more will appear in future. Now what else does my Suggestion Bag yield?

Cheltenham College.

DEAR OLD FAG,—Your new magazine is already very popular here; in fact, everyone in our house reads it, and there is quite a rush when it comes out. I have a suggestion to offer. One cannot be long in a public school photographic club without hearing a great many comments on one thing and another, and I have come to the conclusion that the kind of articles to be really useful must be:—

(1) Short.
(2) Simple, and to the point.
(3) Free from formulæ and tables that take up space.

Hoping that you will bear this in mind when publishing articles on photography,—Yours sincerely,

PHOTOGRAPHIC FIEND.

I have handed Mr. P. Fiend's letter to our photographic expert, who will digest its contents before he dares again put pen to paper for THE CAPTAIN.

Steadily forging through the heap, this comes next:—

DEAR OLD FAG,—If you don't mind me making a proposal I think it would be a very good thing if you could give some account of the Public School Cricket in Scotland—*i.e.*, Fettes Loretto, Merchiston, Blair Lodge, and Academy. Sorry to trouble you, but I am so pleased with your magazine that I would like to try and give any little hint.—Yours truly,

J. R. B. S.

I have had this cricket idea in my head for some time. So take notice, if you please. Every public school captain in England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales is requested to send in a return of:—

(1) MATCHES PLAYED—won, lost, drawn; (2) BEST BATTING AVERAGE; (3) BEST BOWLING AVERAGE; (4) BEST SCORES by ——. Thus I can publish all returns this autumn, and compare school with school. The returns, records of centuries made, etc., are sure to catch the eye of the "powers that be" at Oxford and Cambridge, so I trust school captains will realise and appreciate the value of such an article as this will be.

Rowing Schools will please note that I shall be pleased to publish photos of School Crews from time to time. Crews may be taken either in their boats or grouped on the bank. Names and weights should be affixed.

Here is a kind offer of which cricket enthusiasts may like to avail themselves:—

Surrey County Cricket Club,
Kennington Oval, London.

DEAR SIR,—I shall be pleased at any time to answer (free of charge) any questions you may have addressed to you dealing with the history of cricket.—Yours faithfully,

F. S. ASHLEY-COOPER.

To the Editor of THE CAPTAIN.

Many happy returns to the following eminent cricketers:—

T. RICHARDSON (Surrey), b. August 11th, 1870.
F. MITCHELL (Yorks.), b. August 13th, 1872.
LORD HAWKE (Yorks.), b. August 16th, 1860.
J. T. BROWN (Yorks.), b. August 20th, 1869.
G. MCGREGOR (Middlesex), b. August 31st, 1869.

With the Old Fag's compliments.

"Ancient Schools" strikes me as being a good subject for an article. I shall be glad to receive photographs or drawings of ancient schools, with some particulars as to their history.

"Frances" is a girl-reader who writes on behalf of the other girls at her school. She says:—

The chief object of this letter, dear Mr. Fag, is to ask for your advice. We want to get up a club for the elder girls. It may sound absurd, but we do not know what to have for an object. Can you suggest a good subject and name for the club? We live by the sea, and almost in the country; are out all Saturday afternoon with the whole school, and have no other regular half holidays. We have to get up early (5.30 a.m.), and go to bed at 8.15 p.m. We shall be very much obliged if you can help us. I shall write again after the club has been started, and tell you of its success. I may add that some of the girls are rather half hearted. This was not put in to say anything nasty about them, but to show you that we shall want something very interesting.

Now here is a nut for a toothless veteran to crack! I am to think of a name for a girls' club, and of "something very interesting" for the club to do. . . . Why not have a "Reading Club"? Nowadays you can get well-known books for 4½d. Take one book a week, read it, and meet on a certain night to discuss it. Choose another book, and so on from week to week. In this way you will become acquainted with the best prose works of the century.

Mr. Tom Browne tells me that, as a result of our interview with him, he has received a big budget of letters from boys who wish to follow in his footsteps, and become popular black-and-white artists. "In fact," he adds, "willing as I am to help everybody, I'm getting rather tired of answering all my correspondents, as I don't keep a secretary." With the object, therefore, of affording Mr. Browne's pen a well earned rest, I will give aspiring artists a few hints: (1) Any indelible black ink may be used. (2) Draw on smooth Bristol board. (3) Use whatever pen suits you, but not a "J," or any broad point. (4) Drawings are generally made to reduce to one-half or one-third of their original size. (5) Drawings should be sent to editors between cardboard, with sender's address written on back of each picture. Stamps for return should be enclosed. (6) Necessary, in addition to pens, ink, and board, heaps and heaps of practice, perseverance, and talent.

The Editor would be obliged if School Football Captains (Season 1899-1900) would send in their portraits for publication in THE CAPTAIN.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Sandow (TUNBRIDGE WELLS.)—(1) One hour is quite enough for lunch. If you have to walk some distance, and therefore have not time to eat slowly, get a bike. A good walk morning and evening, with cold bath and dumb bell exercise before breakfast, ought to keep you in pretty good condition. (2) Lizards eat flies and other small insects. (3) I do not care for a photo of your muscular development, thank you.

T. E. S. Glad to know you followed my advice with such satisfactory results.

D. J. H. S. (BELFAST).—I daresay we shall have a tale by him some day.

H. H. C.—Thanks for Latin Grace.

Old Boy.—Glad to know I have such a staunch supporter at Pontefract. I read the "Red Ram" three times myself, and liked it better each time. By the way, "red" seems to be our lucky colour.

Another Old Boy.—Sorry you were unsuccessful, but pleased to hear that you intend to try, try, try, try, try, TRY AGAIN!!!

M. M. S. (Argyllshire).—Pray don't apologise for being "only a girl." I do not think you are a poetess, if you want my candid opinion.

H. L. (Swindon).—Nor do I think *you* are a poet, "H. L." Try boat-building for a change.

J. H. (Hornsey).—Before you write another story you must improve your grammar and spelling.

Dominus (Sheffield).—The sort of tale you mention is more suitable for a halfpenny paper than for a sixpenny magazine.

Montague Newton.—You can obtain No. 1 of The Captain by writing to the publisher and enclosing price of postage—three stamps. "A Yankee Boy's Success" can be bought at any bookstall, or send eight stamps to the publisher, Geo. Newnes, Ltd., Southampton Street, London.

L. B. R.—So long as the food you take is good, and you have enough of it, I do not see why you should grumble. A good many boys do not get as much as you do. The palpitation you speak of is probably due to the fact that you are growing. However, I should advise you to go and see a doctor, and ask him to give you his advice. You are quite right to get as much fresh air as possible, and to sleep with your window open. Eat plenty of vegetables, if you can get them, and rub yourself down with a rough towel morning and night.

Junior Clerk (Crouch End).—If you wish to perfect yourself in shorthand and foreign languages, and have only your evenings available for such study, you had better go to Messrs. Pitman, of Southampton Row, W.C. Write for the prospectus of their evening classes.

C. Jenkinson.—I forwarded your letter of inquiry to the chaplain of the *Worcester*, and no doubt you have received the information you require by this time.

Would-be Middy.—Order from your bookseller a very instructive little book, called "How to Enter the Royal Navy." Price 1s. The author is Ernest J. Felix, and it is published by Simpkin, Marshall & Co., London.

N. E. C. S.—As far as I know yours is the only school whose "houses" are named after counties. At other big schools they take their titles from the masters who control them, or from their architectural position, such as "Middle House," "East House," etc.

Northern Scot.—As you are only seventeen I do not think you will earn much pocket-money by literary work. Why don't you go in for our competitions?

J. T. C. (Newtownards).—Your letter was mislaid; I have handed it to Mr. Fry, who will doubtless reply to your numerous questions in due course.

Albert Andrews (Bristol).—Put the wild flowers between sheets of blotting-paper, and place a light book over them. Change the blotting-paper from time to time, increasing, as you do so, the pressure on the flowers.

"Dum Spiro, Spero."—Look out for "Birds' Eggs" article early next spring.

Raggling.—(See above.)

Long Vac.—You will get on all right with your people if you learn to "bear and forbear." Sisters are a little trying sometimes, but they are all right if you treat them properly. You are strong; they are weak. Remember that with the greatest strength one generally finds associated the greatest tenderness.

"Theta" (Epsom).—Mr Rudyard Kipling is 34, Mr. Rider Haggard is 43, and the Old Fag is—never mind!

Oberland.—Your competition was just six weeks too late, friend.

E. C. H. E.—We may have a chess page in time. We advance by degrees.

Achilles van Swae (Antwerp).—Very good of you to send me such a thoughtful and well-expressed letter. Considering the short time you have been learning English, you really have quite a good grasp of our "barbarous tongue." As for your suggestion, I fear it would not be to the liking of many readers.

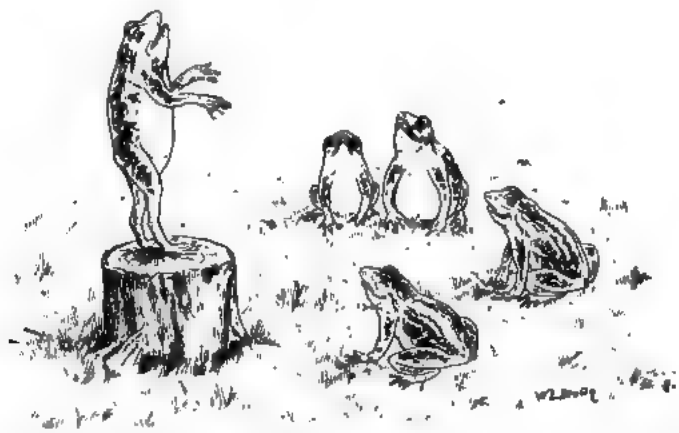
Juvenis.—(1) Do not publish your History Notes yourself. (2) You will find addresses of educational publishers in your class books. Write and offer them before you send manuscript. (3) Yes, I pay for contributions.

H. K. W. (Llandaff Cathedral School).—Your letter was not opened in time for me to send you a reply before comps. closed. You will find plenty of new comps. in this number.

Gerald Bullivant.—We cannot send result of any comps. by post.

Dulcie Smith.—In reply to your request, you will observe that this month I break into poetry in the course of my editorial observations. Glad to hear your black rabbit is well again.

THE OLD FAG.



"Men and brudders, our bread's taken out of our mouves. (Groans.) Who is it? (Groans.) Who's leapt furver than we leap? (Renewed groans.) What's his name? (Cat-calls and croaks.) Fry! C. B. Fry! To the ponds with him! 'E's jumped furver than any of us." (Exit in search of C. B. Fry.)

Results of June Competitions.

No. I.—The Best Essay on "My Profession."

WINNER OF £2 2s.: LEONARD R. TOSSWILL, 8, Guildford Place, Russell Square, W.C. (*The Medical*).

WINNER OF £1 1s.: JOHN R. GILL, 1,811, Van Buren Street, St. Paul, Minnesota, U.S.A. (*Newspaper Artist*).

HONOURABLE MENTION: Allan Arthur (*Electrical Engineer*), Frederick George Jackson (*Solicitor*), Alice M. Hill (*Music Teacher*), William H. Davies (*Civil Service*), Chas. L. Gibbs (*Architect*), Archibald Webb (*Tailor*), Francis E. Bawden (*Canadian Railway Engineer*), Daisy Kilroy (*Author*), Violet M. Vincent (*A Womanly Woman*), Sapper Robert Edwards (*The Army*).

No. II.—Best Poetical Extract on "Courage."

PRIZE of £1 1s. is divided between WILFRED M. HALL, 18, Mount Preston, Leeds, and AYMER EDWARD COOKES, High Row, Richmond, Yorks.

WINNER OF 10s. 6d.: WALTER V. HAYDON, 35, Bouverie Street, Chester

HONOURABLE MENTION Arthur H. Fowler, Paul Thomas Kirk, Guy Centaro, Walter Clulee, E. Greville, Hilda Bigg-Wither, Ethel Wiatt, Percy Grist, Alice K. Walker, A. Kathleen Morgan, John Ryan, Janie Gillespie, Henry Grant, D. Newill, Wilfred Wiatt. (The best extracts are printed on another page.)

No. III.—The Best Snap-shot of "A Game of Cricket."

WINNER OF EASTMAN'S TWO-GUINEA KODAK: H. L. WIMBUSH, The School, Rugby.

WINNER OF £1 1s.: WALLIS JONES, Dale Villa, Knebworth, Stevenage, Herts.

HONOURABLE MENTION: B. R. C. Tombs, Herbert Grapes, F. Overton, R. S. Oldham, J. Vert.

No. IV.—"My Favourite Character in Fiction." (Age limit: Twenty.)

WINNER OF £1 1s.: E. C. WILLOUGHBY, Courtfield, Charlton Kings, Cheltenham (*The Vicar of Wakefield*).

WINNER OF 10s. 6d.: H. S. W. EDWARDS, 30, Buckland Road, Upper Norwood (*D'Artagnan*).

HONOURABLE MENTION: G. W. Hurst (*Little Nell*), P. R. Whalley (*Colonel Newcome*), Ethel Harland (*Sydney Carton*).

No. V.—"My Favourite Character in Fiction." (Age limit: Eighteen.)

WINNER OF £1 1s.: PHILIP A. CURLY, "Kilkenny," Willingdon Road, Eastbourne (*Mark Tapley*).

WINNER OF 10s. 6d.: STANLEY V. FIELDING, Royal Hospital, Dublin (*Captain Cuttle*).

HONOURABLE MENTION: Fred Lucas (*Sam Weller*), Harold Kershaw (*Little Dorrit*), James Anderson (*John Halifax*), J. Llewellin Jenkins (*Leonard Outram*).

No. VI.—"My Favourite Character in Fiction." (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF £1 1s.: ARCHIBALD NEALE, Xaverian Lodge, Mayfield, Sussex (*Adam Bede*).

WINNER OF 10s. 6d.: GERALD BULLIVANT, Colebrook House, Winchester, Hants (*Sherlock Holmes*).

HONOURABLE MENTION. George P. Grainger (*D'Artagnan*), Florence Mann (*Sentimental Tommy*), Frederick Cox (*Sherlock Holmes*), William Lyne (*Amyas Leigh*).

No. VII.—"My Favourite Character in Fiction." (Age limit: Fourteen.)

WINNER OF £1 1s.: NELLIE BESCOBY, "Fernleigh," Victoria Road, Romford, Essex, whose favourite character is *Derrick Vaughan* in Edna Lyall's novel of that name.

WINNER OF 10s. 6d.: GWENDOLEN BRADDELL, "Tremaine," Grove Park Gardens, Chiswick, W., whose favourite character is *Hilary Leigh*, the hero of "In the King's Name," by George Manville Fenn.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Frederick Good (*D'Artagnan*), Arthur W. Morrison (*Louis de Rougemont*).

No. VIII. Drawing of "A Master's Desk."

WINNER OF £1 1s.: F. HOLMES, Rose Terrace, Sherburn-in-Elmet, Yorks.

WINNER OF 10s. 6d.: ALLAN NEWTON SUTHERLAND, 21, Deemount Road, Aberdeen.

HONOURABLE MENTION: W. B. Montgomerie, Albert S. James, Osborne J. Crabbs, F. Stanley, Leonard Norman Gardener, J. A. Flynn.

No. IX.—Best Map of China.

WINNER OF £1 1s.: EDGAR J. BENNET, 23, Springfield, Upper Clapton, N.E.

WINNER OF 10s. 6d.: EVELINE PEARSON, Tamerton House, Lee, E.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Fred. H. Watt, William Faulks, Everest Windsor, A. H. Grigg, Evelyn D. Johnson, C. F. P. Blatchley, Jeanie Robertson, Amy E. Palmer, H. Shaw, O. C. Wileman, Nellie de Brum, H. Merritt, C. Cheoney, J. C. F. Hood, W. Walker, H. H. Hutchinson, R. S. Bagnall, O. M. Malkin, A. J. Bamber, Donald E. Brown, H. D. Ashby, Thos. Walker, Victor R. Wiscote.

No. X.—Handwriting Competition.

WINNER OF £1 1s.: CHARLES CLARKSON, Church Road, Southgate Road, London, N.

WINNER OF 10s. 6d.: JOHN F. HARLOW, 40, Whitmore Road, Small Heath, Birmingham.

HONOURABLE MENTION: William Leslie Hallworth, Eveline Wannell, Mary Anna Airey, Charles Harwood, Eric Mackintosh, Thomas B. Cox.

Result of Pipes and Faces Competition.

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The prize of £5 has been awarded to. ALBERT BRETT, 15, George Street, Ramsgate, whose list most nearly agreed with the correct one.

HONOURABLE MENTION: P. Mallet, W. Morrison, C. W. Price.

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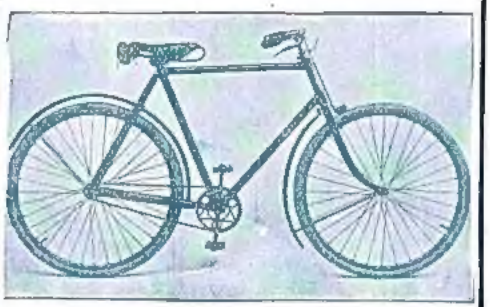

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